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- Art. I.—1. *Vita di Vittorio Alfieri, scritta da esso.* Milano, 1848.
2. *Dissertazione in lode di Vittorio Alfieri.* SERAFICO GRASSI. Turin.
3. *Biografia di Vittorio Alfieri e delle sue opere.* Napoli, 1835.
4. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri.* Written by Himself.
5. *Tragedie di Vittorio Alfieri da Asti.* Milano.
6. *The Tragedies of Vittorio Alfieri.* Translated by CHARLES LLOYD. London.
7. *Oeuvres dramatiques d'Alfieri traduites en français, par CL. B. PELITOT.* Paris.

THERE is no germ more uncertain in its development than that of genius. Perhaps in the majority of instances it lies dormant forever. Even those who have immortalized themselves by their intellectual productions have in general realized the possession of the divine gift only by accident. This is particularly true of poets. There is scarcely one of the first rank who commenced to write poetry until prompted by some strong passion. So far as is known, it was the indignation of Shakespeare at being arrested for poaching that led him to court the muses. Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Milton, Spenser, and a host of others, found their inspiration in love.

Most of the other passions have, in turn, served to vivify the germ. Thus, it was pride that made a poet of Alfieri, whose life and works will form the subject of the present paper. Until actuated by the love of distinction, none of

his contemporaries seemed less poetical than he ; none to possess less claim to genius ; those most disposed to form a favorable estimate of his character regarded his talents as below mediocrity. Nine out of ten of those who knew him in youth gave him credit for no talent that would ever benefit himself or others ; nor was his own opinion much more favorable until he began to reflect how pleasant it would be to gain distinction by the labors of the intellect. At first this was but a vague notion ; it does not appear that he cared much how the distinction was to be obtained ; whether as an historian, an orator, or a poet. He would like to be a Sallust or a Livy, a Cicero or a Cæsar, although he knew but little about any of those great thinkers except from hearsay. As for poetry, it does not seem that he had any taste for it until he became acquainted with French and began to read some works in that language merely for pastime.

He has given us a full account of his life in his Autobiography ; * he has, indeed, told us many things which it had been better he had suppressed. His confessions reveal quite as much vice as those of Rousseau, and are far more injurious. The reason of this will sufficiently appear as we proceed. Vittorio Alfieri was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749—the same year in which Goethe, whom he resembled in more than one feature of his character, also first saw the light. He tells us himself that his parents were “noble, opulent, and wealthy ;” but he omits to add that both were illiterate, or nearly so. His father, Antonio, was a nobleman of high rank ; and his mother, Monica Maillard di Tournon, was a descendant of a highly respectable Savoyard family. The Count was fifty-five years of age when he married this lady, who, though quite young at the time, was the widow of the Marquis di Cacherano. At the time of Vittorio’s birth his father was sixty years of age. The child having been entrusted to a nurse within two miles of Asti, the fond parent went daily on foot to visit him, careless of the state of the weather, until, being over-heated on one occasion, he caught cold, from which he died in a few days, before the future poet was quite a year old. The influence of all these circumstances are fully described by Alfieri. “Noble birth,” he says “was of great service to me in after times, for it enabled me, without incurring the imputation of base and invidious motives,

* Vita di Vitt. Alfieri, scritta da esso.

to disparage nobility for its own sake, to unveil its follies, its abuses, and crimes, while its salutary influence prevented me from ever dishonoring the noble art I professed."

Whether it has had this last effect has often been questioned; nor can the question be very satisfactorily answered at the present day, except it be admitted that it is not dishonorable to violate the confidence of generous friends—female as well as male—sometimes publicly boasting of inflicting irreparable injury on families who had deserved nothing but kindness and good-will. But, without enlarging on this point for the present let us see what he thought of his other advantages. "Opulence," he says, "made me free and incorruptible to serve only truth. The integrity of my parents never made me feel ashamed that I was born of noble blood. Had either of these things been wanting to my birth it would have lessened the virtue of my works, and I should probably have been either a poor philosopher or a worse man." This shows the spirit in which the autobiography is written; and it is for this purpose—not for its truthfulness—we quote it, since far greater geniuses and benefactors of mankind than Alfieri have been born in poverty and obscurity. But if our author is far more egotistic and boastful than he is judicious or moral in his account of his own life, he is not the less attractive in it to the general reader; for there is no other autobiography of a literary man—not excepting that of Rousseau—more full of romance and at the same time more devoid of all passion, save the ruling one of elevating himself above all others, careless whom he may offend or injure in doing so.

When about six years old his mother placed him under the care of a priest named Don Ivaldi. It is evident, from his own account, that the good father treated him kindly and faithfully. In the brief period of three years he taught him writing and arithmetic, and advanced him in Latin so far that he was able to translate Cornelius Nepos and Phaedrus. But what the honest Padre receives for his pains at the hands of his pupil is to be handed down to posterity as an ignoramus so stupid that had Alfieri remained under his tuition any longer the probability was that he would have made him an irreclaimable dunce.

He was not long from under the care of Ivaldi, however, when he was seized by that melancholy which, he says, never entirely left him afterwards. While laboring under one of its attacks, when a mere child, he attempted to commit suicide.

He very nearly succeeded in this, for he suffered severely for several days ; but he tells us that the severest punishment he ever received was to be sent to the neighboring church in his night cap. This was for telling a lie. Its effect on his proud spirit was great and permanent. "Who knows," he says, "whether I am not indebted to that blessed night cap for having turned out one of the most truthful men I ever knew?" He still continued indolent, however ; he would make no progress under any teacher. It is not strange that he would throw the blame on any one rather than on himself ; he had the same disposition through life. In his autobiography he makes every succeeding teacher worse than his predecessor. As he was making no proficiency under private tutors, his friends placed him at the Turin Academy. Here he was put in the third class under the tuition of Father Degiovanni. This gentleman he describes as still more ignorant than Father Ivaldi. "Being thus an ass," he says, "and under an ass, I translated Cornelius Nepos, some of Virgil's Eclogues, and such like ; we wrote stupid, nonsensical poems, so that in any well-directed school we should have been a wretched fourth class." To this he takes care to add, however, that he soon reached the top of the class ; then he informs us further : "None of us, probably not even the master himself, knew who the men were whose lives we were translating, nor their countries, nor the times in which they lived, nor the government under which they flourished, nor even what a government was."

There are not many of the world's master-spirits who would speak of the teachers of their youth in this style, even if they deserved it. But Alfieri shows, himself, though unintentionally, that his teachers did not deserve what he has said against them. Thus he mocks at the translations the students had to make, and at the "stupid" nonsensical themes they had to write ; but because it was impossible to make him attend either to the translations or the themes, he felt the loss of classical knowledge through life ; so that at the age of forty he began to learn in earnest those very stupid things which he affected to despise so much, not only as a boy, but as an autograph writer whose fame was established. He describes his promotion from one class to another as rapid, but gives us to understand at the same time that his teachers grew more and more stupid. It is true that his sketches of his academic experience are sometimes amusing, although in general they are too bitter and

personal ; such as to awaken our sympathies for those whom he denounces as " ignorant, stupid," &c.

Among the exceptions is his description of the philosophy class. In this he is not personal ; and it must be admitted that if the picture was not true of the class in the Turin Academy, there are many classes at the present day—some of which we have seen ourselves—which might easily enough identify themselves with it. "The school of peripatetic philosophy," he says, "was held after dinner. During the first half-hour we wrote out the lecture at the dictation of the professor, and in the subsequent three quarters, when he commented upon it (Heaven knows how) in Latin, we scholars wrapped ourselves up comfortably in our mantles and went to sleep ; and among the assembled philosophers not a sound was heard except the drawling voice of the professor, himself half asleep, and the various notes of the snorers, who formed a most delightful concert in every possible key." None would make any serious objection to such as this, although there are not many worthy men who would reflect in any way on their own teachers ; but it is always reprehensible, even in a great poet, to mention his teachers by name, long after they are dead, in the disrespectful, depreciatory manner in which Alfieri has mentioned his. We note the fact, however, as a trait in his character ; it is not strange that one who would turn his wit, if such it can be called, against his old teachers—men who are proved to have been as kind to him as his parents—would not scruple in after life to bring scandal on those who had treated him with friendship and kindness, without any provocation on their part, or any motive on his further than his inordinate desire for notoriety or his ambition to be considered as superior to all rivals.

This will be sufficiently understood when it is remembered that there is no subject on which he is more communicative than his intrigues with women ; especially those with married women. Far from concealing anything through a feeling of delicacy or consideration for the feelings of others, there is no doubt that he grossly exaggerates the facts. In his Memoirs he details the particulars of three different intrigues with married women, leaving not the slightest doubt as to the identity of the parties who had the misfortune to confide in his sense of honor or manliness. His "first love" he describes as "a bride of a year, full of natural charms," &c. Lest any one might doubt his power, he

tells where the lady lived, and then proceeds to give particulars as follows: "But my Holland felicity did not last long. The husband of my mistress was very opulent, and his father had been governor of Batavia. He frequently changed his residence, and having recently purchased a baronial estate in England, he was going there to pass the autumn. In August he made a trip to Spa with his wife; and, as he was not very jealous, I followed them." An intrigue of his with an English lady he describes still more plainly, if possible, although it brought him into such disgrace that he had to leave England on account of it. In speaking with the utmost composure of the deplorable consequences of this intrigue to the lady and her family, he admits that he was the occasion of them, "though innocently;" that is, because a great poet and born of noble and opulent parents he could not be supposed to be aware that there was any harm in his having an intrigue with a married woman. Instead of its being a degradation to the lady, the public should have considered it an honor to her!

It may seem incredible that even so proud and vain a man as Alfieri could have entertained such thoughts. But be it remembered that he gravely informs the world in his autobiography that the sister of the adulteress had assisted her in carrying on the intrigue, and that the father paid a visit to his daughter to congratulate her on having made a choice worthy of herself. All belonging to the lady were thus disgraced, with the exception of the husband, who acted in so manly and generous a manner as fully to have vindicated himself and wiped out the stain on his honor. He challenged Alfieri on his avowing his guilt, and a fight ensued. Alfieri boasts that he accepted the challenge at once, and that when they went to the field he put himself on his guard and rushed on the husband like a madman, wishing, he says, to die at his hands. But the journals of the day give a very different account of the affair. What they tell us is that Alfieri did his best to kill the man whom he had already so grievously injured;* that he rushed upon him with the utmost impetuosity, while the husband contented himself with parrying his

* That his temper was very bad is beyond question. The remark just made in the text reminds us of his brutal conduct towards his faithful servant. While Elias was combing his hair he happened to give him a little pain, upon which, without saying a word, he seized a candlestick and felled him to the ground, leaving a huge wound in his temple; and then, on his offering to make some resistance, he drew his sword to dispatch him.

thrusts, but finally made a thrust in return, which having slightly wounded Alfieri in the arm, the former lowered the point of his sword, declaring that he was satisfied, when all who witnessed the fight agreed that he could have stabbed him to the heart.* Alfieri boasted, however, as usual ; proclaiming how the lady assured him that the happiness of always living with him would amply repay her for the loss of her character. But while thus exulting in what he called his double conquest, it transpired that he had another rival ; the lady herself confessing that she had previously had an intimacy with her husband's groom !

It is not necessary to proceed any further in this direction in order to be able to form an estimate of Alfieri's sense of honor. But the facts just stated show more than this ; they must be regarded as the results of his early training. But it is not his teachers we must blame for this, but his own relatives, with whom it was a favorite adage that "a gentleman had no need of being a doctor"—that is, no need to be educated. Naturally indolent, irascible, and disobedient, lessons like these were well calculated to render him averse to study ; and those who remain ignorant under such circumstances are very apt to throw the blame on their teachers ; whereas it is impossible for the latter, no matter how learned, experienced, and conscientious, to make any one intelligent who not only refuses to study, but mocks them to their face and is thought witty and clever by his friends for doing so. This was the case with Alfieri. Translating ancient authors, writing essays, discussing philosophical subjects, seemed to him very absurd, stupid things. He could not be induced to pay attention to them, as greater geniuses than he had done. It is by the very same system which he laughed at as too puerile for him that the minds of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Michael Angelo had been trained, as well as those of the greatest philosophers and discoverers of modern times, including Copernicus and Kepler, Bacon and Newton ; and if all had their faults as men, they all learned at least how to draw a veil over what was offensive to public decency and injurious to public morals. Even Bacon, though called the "meanest" as well as "the wisest" of mankind, never exulted in his misdeeds ; if it be true that

* Thus it was that Alfieri was first known to the English public as a defendant in a case of crim. con. The verdict was in favor of the husband. He wanted no more. He required no damages, and therefore Alfieri had only to pay some costs.

he was vicious himself, it is equally true that he has uniformly taught others to be virtuous.

But it was not alone in his boyhood that Alfieri set his instructors at defiance. For this we have his own admission. With a singular perversity he boasted of it to his latest breath. True, there would not be much use in his denying it, for his conduct is fully described in the records of every institution he belonged to. Most disobedient, disorderly students become ashamed of their conduct as they approach manhood; but all agree that the course of Alfieri was the reverse of this; and he corroborates the fact himself. "Having buried my uncle," he says, "changed my guardian into a curator, obtained my Master's degree, got rid of my attendant Andrea, and mounted a steed, it is incredible how proud I became. I told the authorities plainly that I was sick of studying law, and that I would not go on with it. After a consultation they determined to remove me into the first department, which I entered on the 8th of May, 1763."

It is almost superfluous to remark that Alfieri was not entitled to the degree of Master to which he thus refers; but degrees have been conferred in all countries and ages in which there are colleges or universities under similar circumstances; they are conferred at the present day. It is well known by all who have devoted any attention to the subject that degrees are conferred at Cambridge and Oxford on the sons of the nobility without their being qualified by "learning and ability" for that honor; although Alfieri does not seem to have been aware of the fact, when writing his autobiography, since he refers to his degree more than once as a reflection on the institutions and professors of his own country. The result of the consultation recorded in the paragraph just quoted is substantially the same as to have decided on mature deliberation, that Alfieri was incorrigible; that there was no use in trying to give him that regular, systematic training which, however much it may be sneered at by the idle and thoughtless, is essential to a good education.

Accordingly we are told that he now led an extremely idle life. Nor was he merely idle. He soon began to conduct himself so badly that the authorities of the institution found it necessary to place him under arrest, and he remained for some months a prisoner in his own apartment. Such was his pride, or rather his arrogant stubbornness, that he preferred to continue in this degraded state rather than make any apology for his persistent disobedience and general miscon-

duct. He thought the rank and opulence of which he boasts so much a sufficient excuse for all. He did not find the professors as pliable as he thought, however, for they refused all overtures for his release until they had a decent opportunity of doing so. This they found in the occasion of the marriage of his sister Giulia to the Count Giacinti di Curniana, in May, 1764. He was then let loose as a person who had been too much spoiled by his wealthy friends to render it possible to make anything good of him, and whom, accordingly, it was well to get rid of. Having now command of a large portion of his fortune, he soon drew around him a class of young men who do not seem to have been much better than the companions of Catalina as described by Sallust. With his new associates, who flattered him to the full extent of his d^r sires, he indulged in dissipations of every kind. Now commenced that passion for horses which formed a striking feature in his character through life. This is included among his faults; but had it not been for the manner in which he treated those noble animals it ought rather to have been regarded as a redeeming virtue. Before the end of the year he had eight horses—the best he could get. His companions could use these as freely as himself. It was a favorite amusement with all to drive as fast as possible down hill; and if one broke the horse's foot or his neck the sport was all the greater.

The transition from conduct like this to falling in love was perhaps natural enough. At all events, Alfieri did fall in love; but, as usual, it was with a married woman—the wife, we are told of an elder brother of some intimate friends of his to whom he was on a visit; but, fortunately for the lady and for all to whom she was dear, his overtures were treated as they deserved—he was told never to show his face in the house again. His becoming a military man seemed a transition equally natural; although he only got the appointment of ensign in a provincial regiment which met but twice a year. But even the restraint of this was too much for him. "I could not adapt myself," he says, "to that chain of graduated dependence which is called subordination, and which, although the soul of military discipline, could never be the soul of a future tragic poet." This would show by itself what a difficult task was that of his teachers; but it also shows that the extent of his information was not very great even when he wrote his autobiography. Almost any boy educated in the way that he considered so stupid and absurd could have told him that far

greater tragic poets than he, high as his merits undoubtedly are, had submitted to "that chain of graduated dependence," since both Æschylus and Sophocles served their country as soldiers, and none were more obedient to those placed above them—none complied more cheerfully with the rules of the army in which they served.

On withdrawing from his regiment—doubtless without being much regretted by his military brethren—Alfieri goes to travel. In his travels also he everywhere shows that his mind is utterly untrained; and here again it is easy to see that the fault was his own, or that of his friends who encouraged him in his disobedience to his teachers and his contempt of all "rules and regulations." During the first two or three months of his travels he was accompanied by two of his fellow-students of the Academy of Turin, the three being under the care of the same tutor. They were persons who had not regarded translating and writing essays as mere drudgery too absurd and stupid to be tolerated; and they also proved to be persons who knew how to appreciate what they saw, and—what was perhaps better—how to conduct themselves like gentlemen, which was far from being the case with Alfieri. Indeed, the contrast was so great and obvious in these respects that he soon parted with them in a fit of anger. But it is sufficient to note what he says of himself in order to understand how much wrong he had done himself while at the Academy. He tells us that, on visiting the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the librarian placed in his hands a manuscript of Petrarch; "but," he says, "like a true Goth, I threw it aside, saying that it was nothing to me. The fact was, I had a certain spite against the aforesaid Petrarch; for, having met with a copy of his works some years before when I was a philosopher, I found, on opening it at various places by chance, that I could not understand the reading in the least; accordingly I joined with the French and other ignorant pretenders in condemning him, and as I considered him a dull and prosy writer I treated his invaluable manuscript in the manner above described."

After Milan he visited Florence, Rome, and Naples; but he had now grown so tired of his tutor that he applied to the authorities of Piedmont for permission to dismiss him. It is worthy of remark that the English journals of the time were very much pleased with the depreciatory account he gave of his Italian teachers, especially of the priests already mentioned. In this they were sure he was right; his genius,

they thought, enabled him to see how ignorant they were and how absurd was their system of teaching. We are reminded of this by the fact that the tutor whom he took these pains to get rid of was an Englishman—one whose system of teaching was entirely different from that of Ivaldi or Degiovanni. But Alfieri discovered that he, too, was an ignoramus ; his real fault was, however, that, like the *Padres*, he had certain notions about propriety and decency, as well as the importance of education. That is, he also was "antiquated" in his views; far too much so for one born a noble and who was destined to be the greatest tragic poet of modern times. At least this is Alfieri's own explanation. Now, when he has neither tutor nor fellow-student with him—nobody but his faithful servant Elias—he feels under no restraint, and, accordingly, whenever mischief is to be done he tries to have a hand in it. He first visits France, England, and Holland, in turn, then Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. He gives his views of each in his autobiography, but they are rarely correct or just. He speaks of every country and people according as they seem to fall in with his own peculiar notions of morality, liberty, &c. He admits himself that from none did he learn so much as from the French. He knew their language much better than his own ; it was in it he wrote, as well as spoke, almost exclusively at this time ; whatever he knew of literature was from French works ; yet he never ceased to abase the French. According to him, they were mean, stupid, pretentious, ignorant—even Paris was but a contemptible place in his eyes. In giving an account of his first visit to the Gay Capital, he tells us that "never, in his life did he experience more disagreeable feelings than on entering the damp and dirty suburb of Saint Germain!" "What inconsiderate haste," he says, "what mad folly has led me into this sink of filth and nastiness!" On entering the inn I felt myself thoroughly undeceived ; and I should certainly have set off again immediately had not shame and fatigue withheld me. My illusions were still further dissipated when I began to ramble through Paris. The mean and wretched buildings ; the contemptible ostentation displayed in a few houses dignified with the pompous appellation of hotels and palaces ; the filthiness of the Gothic churches ; the truly Vandal-like construction of the public theatres, besides innumerable other disagreeable objects, of which not the least disgusting to me was the plastered countenances of many very ugly women, &c."

Louis XV kindly permitted Alfieri to be presented to him at Versailles; but because the King does not recognize him as of noble blood and carry on a familiar conversation with one he had never seen before, and whose reputation was none of the best, while many others wait to be also presented, he is angrily condemned as "supercilious," &c. "It was," he says, "as if somebody said to a giant, 'I beg to present an ant to you,' and he were either to stare, or to smile, or to say, it may be, 'Oh, what a little creature!'" While there is little doubt that Alfieri really hated the French, it is remarkable that he preferred residing amongst them rather than amongst any other people, although few would think so from his language. As soon as he could, he made Paris his regular residence, and remained there until the breaking out of the revolution. He was an eye-witness of the terrible events of the 10th of August, when the Tuileries was taken by the mob after a bloody conflict. Seeing now that it would be dangerous to remain any longer, he hastily procured passports and started with his mistress on the 18th of the same month. In passing the barriers he had a narrow escape from being brought back and, perhaps, massacred by a mob of the lowest order.

Soon after he reached Florence he learned that his books had been seized and confiscated. This gave a new impulse to his hatred against the French, and prompted him to write his *Misogallo*, a miscellaneous collection in prose and verse, consisting of the most indiscriminate and violent abuse of everything French. This is in such execrable taste, although it contains some striking passages, that it has been but little read.* It is but justice to the French to say that, whatever wrong they had done Alfieri, they evinced every disposition to make amends to him for it. The only complaint he had against them personally was that the revolutionary government had seized on his books, as already stated; but, whatever excesses that government had committed, it was not altogether without provocation that it had done this, for his very first production after reaching Florence was an Apology for Louis XVI. Soon after, however, M. Ginguené, the ambassador of the French Republic at the Court of Turin—who was himself

* Ce recueil, says M. de Latour, intitulé *Misogallo*, commencé en 1790 achevé en 1798 (à l'époque à les Français, après le traité de Campo Formio, entrèrent à Rome et enlevèrent le pape de sa capitale), est plein de mauvais goût et de plavanderies grossières; mais on y trouve aussi de l'originalité, de l'énergie, et, de temps en temps, d'admirables mouvements d'indignation.—*Mémoires d'Alfieri*, p. 22.

a distinguished *littérateur*—wrote him a polite note offering his services for recovering the lost books ; but he declined the offer with his usual rudeness. A year or two later (1800) when the French occupied Florence, another friendly overture was made to Alfieri by the general in command. He replied haughtily, but much more civilly, than he had to the Ambassador :

"If the general, in his official capacity, commands his presence, Victor Alfieri, who never resists constituted authority of any kind, will immediately hasten to obey the order ; but if, on the contrary, he requests an interview only as a private individual, Alfieri begs leave to observe that, being of a very retired turn of mind, he wishes not to form any new acquaintance, and therefore entreats the French general to hold him excused."

It is sufficiently evident from these facts, which we have grouped without regard to the order of time, what the feelings of Alfieri were towards the French. But in proportion as he hated and despised France, he admired England. Everything in the latter country seemed to him beautiful and praiseworthy ; but his praise of the English is as indiscriminate as his abuse of the French. "The roads," he says, "the inns, the horses, and, above all, the incessant bustle in the suburbs, as well as in the capital—all conspired to fill my mind with delight." Byron and other Englishmen, who had travelled as much as he, pertinently ask, in commenting on this eulogy of everything English, where must his eyes have been ; and he has been criticised still more severely for saying that the happy, glorious state of England made him "ashamed of being an Italian," and led him to wish "not to possess anything in common with this nation" (Italy).

Most of our readers will remember how different was the estimate of Heine ;* his views were the very opposite of those of Alfieri. To the former everything English was as hateful as everything French was to the latter. But the English had no such claims on Heine as the French had on Alfieri. The German had, indeed, read a few English books, through the medium of translations ; but the Italian scarcely read any books but French, and seldom spoke any other language for nearly a quarter of a century. Even his tragedies are chiefly modelled on the French, as we shall see more particularly as we proceed, whereas he scarcely knew anything of English literature. It may be doubted whether he ever read one

* See National Quarterly Review, No. xxv., Art. "Heine."

of Shakespeare's dramas from beginning to end. Then, if we compare the two poets together, it will be seen that no two ever differed more as critics; but the difference was this: Heine was a trained, experienced critic—one employed as such from year to year by different journals of the first class; whereas Alfieri was really no critic; he wanted culture; his powers of observation were exceedingly slight; he could hardly be said to have any perception of the ridiculous.

There is abundant proof of this in his writings; his *Misogallo* is a collection of coarse, abusive caricatures, not satires worthy of the name; accordingly they have scarcely ever been read except by a certain class of Englishmen who would relish anything at that time which deprecated the French. The cultivated and enlightened class utterly refused to admit them into their families, for Alfieri detested the French so much that he had a large edition of the Antigallican published for free distribution among the gentry of England as well as those of his own country. Heine, upon the other hand, had no need to make any such sacrifice; for his *Reisebilder* (Pictures of Travel) was read everywhere, from one end of Europe to the other. Not only did it secure him renown at once, at home and abroad, as a satirist, but also established his fame as a poet. We do not think he was right in everything he said against the English or in favor of the French. In each case his prejudices led him too far; but when he indulges in most exaggeration he keeps reason and common sense in view, which is much more than can be said of Alfieri in regard to his satires. It is worthy of remark that, persistently as Alfieri has abused the French, his tragedies have been more popular among them than among any other people, not excepting the English; and the French are also his best critics; it is they who have done most to extend and perpetuate his fame as a tragic poet.*

In short, Alfieri had been several years travelling before he capable of turning what he saw to any useful account; he was was not capable of doing so until he turned his attention to what he neglected in his youth; that is, until he began to study. For the first three or four years after leaving home, far from studying himself, he sneered at those who did, as pedants. Until he learned sense enough to see the folly of

* There are several translations of his tragedies in the French language. The principal are those of Pelitot, 4 vols., 8vo; Trognon, 5 vols., 18mo; De Latour, 4 vols., 12mo. And among his French critics are Sismoudi, Ginguené, Mme. de Staél, Villemain, Chasles, &c.

this, it was in vain that he visited great libraries, art galleries, botanical gardens, &c.; of this he gives several illustrations himself in his autobiography; but one will suffice for our present purpose. "I might easily," he says, "during my stay at Vienna, have been introduced to the celebrated poet Metastasio, at whose house our minister, the old and respectable Count Canale, passed his evenings in a select company of men of letters, whose chief amusement consisted in reading portions from the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics. Having taken an affection for me, he wished, out of pity to my idleness, to conduct me thither. But I declined accompanying him, either from my usual awkwardness or from the contempt which the constant habit of reading French works had given me for Italian productions. Hence I concluded that this assemblage of men of letters with their classics could be only a dismal company of pedants."

Thus we see that he had still the same notions which he had when at the Academy of Turin—that is, he regarded the reading and discussing of the classics as a sort of superstition which, however it might do for plebeians and stupid people in general, was altogether unsuitable for a young nobleman, especially for one who, like Alfieri, had genius. Until he changed his mind, however, all his pride and pretensions could effect nothing for him, but subject him to disappointment and mortification. It was not until he went to Lisbon in 1774, and formed the acquaintance of the amiable and learned Abbé di Caluso that he took any serious thought of study. The Abbé had the perception to see that he was naturally brilliant, and did all he could to draw him away gradually from his habits of idleness and dissipation, and give him a taste for nobler pursuits. Although he was but partially successful in the beginning and soon had reason to fear that his protégé would relapse hopelessly into his old habits, his influence and example had in time the desired effect.

There is nothing more agreeable in Alfieri's autobiography than the account he gives of what he owed to the good Abbé: "It was one of those dulcet evenings," he says, "that I felt in my inmost heart and soul a true Phoebian impulse of enthusiastic ravishment for the art of poetry; it was, however, only a brief flame, which was immediately extinguished and slept under the ashes many a long year afterwards. The kind and worthy Abbé was reading to me that magnificent ode to Fortune by Guido—a poet of whom

I had never heard even the name before that day. Some stanzas of that canzone, and especially the very beautiful one on Pompey, transported me to such an indescribable degree; that the good Abbé persuaded himself and told me that I was bound to make verses, and that by studying I should succeed in making very good ones. But when that momentary excitement passed away, finding all the powers of my mind so rusted, I did not believe the thing would ever be possible, and thought no more about it." The seed thus sown, however, was not destined to perish. Returning in 1775 to Turin, his first care was to take a house and form a literary society—the members of which consisted chiefly of his former fellow-students at the Academy. The rule was that all should deposit their essays and other compositions in a box, which was opened once a week and its contents read by the President. Influenced by the encouragement of the Abbé di Caluso, Alfieri contributed several pieces, which were well received, the principal of which was a scene in the Last Judgment. This elicited great applause, although none but the author knew who wrote it. This convinced Alfieri that the Abbé was right, and led him to hope that he would one day attain distinction as a writer. But he had great obstacles to encounter. Not only was he utterly without culture; he was incapable of writing even a correct letter in his own language. Now he commenced to study in earnest; but his first attempt at tragedy was purely accidental.

At this time he was engaged in an intrigue still more disgraceful than usual; the lady was of high rank but of bad character and some ten years his senior. He was anxious to study, but her influence over him was such that he found it impossible to do so to any extent. In order to remedy this state of things, he caused his servant to tie him every morning to his arm-chair, so that he could not leave his study. In order to relieve himself from the ennui of this situation, he wrote a sonnet, and sent it to Father Paciaudi for his opinion. The priest was quite pleased with it, and sent him a tragedy by Cardinal Delfino entitled *Cleopatra*. Alfieri thought he discovered a strong resemblance between his own case and that of Mark Antony; and he at once resolved to treat the same subject. He tells us that he wrote some scenes at random without knowing whether he should call them tragedy or comedy. The first effect of this work was to cure him completely of his unworthy passion. On the

lady's recovery, he laid the manuscript under the cushion of her pillow and forgot it for twelve months. When breaking off all further intercourse with this woman he happened to remember the fragment ; he took it up and, glancing over it, hastily said to himself : " This is not so bad ; it must be finished." The result is sufficiently known. " No sooner," he says, " had this idea passed through my mind than, forgetting my mistress, I began to scribble, to alter, to read, and re-alter, and, in short, to become a fool in another manner, for this unfortunate Cleopatra, born under such unhappy auspices." The criticisms which he thought so pedantic and useless as a student of the Academy he now solicited earnestly. Every friend who visited him had to give his opinion, and make any such suggestions as occurred to him.

Thus did he labor with indefatigable zeal for several weeks until the play was completed. In order to disarm the criticism of the public, he wrote an afterpiece entitled " The Poets," in which he satirized his own tragedy. Both were performed at Turin June 16, 1775, and were repeated the following night. " From that moment," he says, " a devouring fire took possession of my soul. I thirsted to become a deserving candidate for theatrical fame. The passion of love never inspired me with such lively transports." But the more he wrote the more certain he became that he must either persevere in his studies or fail in his attempts to secure a permanent reputation as an author. Now he sees how unwise both his friends and himself were in his youth in regard to his education, although he still gives as little credit to others, and as much to himself, as possible. The great change produced in his mind by his intercourse with educated men he proclaims as follows : " At length a powerful voice arose from the bottom of my heart, which cried more energetically than that of my few friends : ' It is necessary to retrace your steps in order to study grammar and the art of composition.' In conformity with this divine and powerful admonition I at length submitted to the *hard necessity* of recommencing the studies of my infancy at an age when I thought and felt like a man. But the flame of glory shone in my eyes, and, resolving to wipe away the shame of my deplorable ignorance, I assumed sufficient courage to combat and overcome every obstacle which opposed my progress."

Before it had been decided upon to put *Cleopatra* on the stage he had written two other tragedies, *Philip II* and

Polinices, but conscious of his ignorance of his native language, he wrote both in French prose with the intention of translating them into Italian verse as soon as he found himself capable of doing so, and felt satisfied that they were worth the trouble. With this view, he read them in private, in their rough state, to his literary friends, and was delighted with their evident effects. Those on whose advice he depended most were Father Paciaudi and Count Tana, who advised him to translate them first into Italian prose. Having done this as well as he could, they taught him to weed out the French idioms and phrases with which his Italian was corrupted. This was perhaps the second time in his life that he was grateful for instruction and literary assistance; these good, kind men aided him so much, he declared that if ever he should be deemed worthy to rank as a poet he ought to subjoin to that title, "By the grace of God, of Count Tana, and of Father Paciaudi." He did not confine himself, however, to the instructions which his friends were willing to give him. At the age of thirty he employed a Latin tutor, and performed all the exercises at which he sneered when a boy. When his teacher examined him, he could not understand a passage in Virgil; after one year's patient and careful study, he could read almost any Latin author with tolerable facility. In the mean time he had been an indefatigable student of Dante, whom he greatly admired in proportion as he could understand him, and he had gone to Tuscany with the view of chastening his style by learning the pure dialect of that country.

But almost constantly as he studied now—leaving himself but little time for recreation—he was destined to fall in love once more; and now, too, the object of his passion was a married woman—no less a personage than the wife of Charles Edward Stuart, the lawful heir to the British crown, known as the Pretender. The exiled prince was much older than his wife; and it is said that disappointment and misfortune had so embittered his mind that he was a very disagreeable husband. His wife was the beautiful Duchess of Albany, a daughter of the princely house of Stolberg. She was, in a word, just the sort of person that Alfieri was most anxious to meet at this time, when his literary tastes had improved so much. Those acquainted with his character would readily believe this from his description of the lady. "The sweet fire," he says, "of her very dark eyes, added (a

thing of rare occurrence) to a very white skin' and fair hair, gave an irresistible brilliancy to her beauty. She was twenty-five years of age, was much attached to literature and the fine arts, had an angelic temper, and, in spite of her wealth, was in the most painful domestic circumstances, so that she could not be as happy as she deserved. How many reasons for loving her!" In short, there was none like her now. According to his language she wanted nothing in body or mind. And in proportion as he elevated her thus he lowered the objects of his former passions. "This fourth and last passion," he says, "manifested itself by very different symptoms from the others. In the three former the *mind had no share*; in the present instance a sentiment of esteem, mingling with love, rendered the passion, if less impetuous, more durable and profound. Far from impeding my progress in useful knowledge, like the frivolous women with whom I was formerly enamored,* the object of this attachment urged me on by her examples, by everything dignified and laudable. Having once learned to know and appreciate so rare and valuable a friend, I yielded up myself entirely to her influence."

The Pretender is blamed for having a violent temper, by certain of Alfieri's biographers, because he objected to his constant visits to his wife, and to her constantly keeping company with him. Whithersoever she went, with or without her husband, thither Alfieri went also before many days had passed. It is not strange that a separation between Charles Edward and his wife soon took place; even then she was under the protection of the Pretender's brother, Cardinal York, at Rome. First, the Cardinal placed her in a convent; at the instigation of Alfieri she implored him to allow her to reside at private lodgings in the city. With the permission of the Pope he gave her apartments in his own palace. No sooner does Alfieri hear this that he resolves on taking up his residence at Rome. He immediately paid his court to the Cardinal and begged to be permitted to have an occasional interview with the Countess. First it did not occur to his Eminence that

* Many years afterwards he happened to get a glance of one of the women thus disparagingly alluded to as he was hastening to the packet-boat at Dover. As he had not time to speak to her he wrote her a letter from Calais full of affection, kindness, &c. She, confiding in him still, wrote him a long letter in reference to their former relations and other circumstances evidently intended for no eye or ear but his own. This frank and generous letter he publishes in full in his Memoirs!

there could be any harm in this, and he acceded to his request. But his visits became so frequent that suspicion began to be excited, and supposing that he could induce the Pope to save him from expulsion from the residence of the Cardinal, he presented copies of some of his recently-printed tragedies to his Holiness, who graciously received them and, according to the author's own words, instead of suffering him to kiss his toe, he "patted him, with a grace truly paternal, upon the cheek." The kindness of the Pope emboldened Alfieri to make another offer. He told his Holiness that he had an unpublished tragedy on Saul, which, being a Scriptural subject, he wished to dedicate to him. The Holy Father replied, in as gentle terms as possible, that he could not allow any theatrical subject to be dedicated to him, let the subject be what it might. All of a sudden Alfieri discovers that Pius VI is but "a narrow-minded monk" and that all his clergy at Rome are but "priestlings." Nay, in his anger he betrays his own meanness by proclaiming that before he made either offer to his Holiness he had but little respect either for his office or his person. If Alfieri had had as much power as Henry VIII., he would doubtless have pursued a course somewhat similar to that of his British majesty. As it was, he thought it better to leave Rome as quickly as possible. Soon after the Countess announced to the Cardinal that she was very unwell and that her physician thought her health would be much benefited by a visit to Baden, in Switzerland. His Eminence could not refuse a request that seemed so reasonable. She only stayed at Baden a week or two, when she proceeded to Paris, where Alfieri immediately joined her, and they separated no more. It was not long after until the Pretender died; then the Countess was entirely free and they lived together openly. Some say that a private marriage took place between them; but there is no evidence of this fact. The more general, and doubtless more correct, opinion is that Alfieri never married any one.

So early as the age of forty Alfieri regarded his intellectual powers as in a state of decay; and accordingly resolved to write no more tragedies. He was also in the habit of predicting his own death. When he heard that the French were about to invade Tuscany, after he had published his *Misogallo*, he regarded his early death as almost certain. Under the influence of this feeling he sent copies of the work to all his friends, in order that they might distribute them after his

death. His first care was to write his own epitaph and that of the Countess, but he had to admit afterwards that if he was in any danger of being killed by the French, it was only by their polite attentions to him. We have already seen illustrations of this; we may now add another, namely, that after the battle of Marengo Napoleon offered him an important position in the Academy of Sciences at Turin, which had now become a National Institute.

Although Alfieri changed his resolution as to writing after the age of forty, he said that it was a weakness to do so, and the results showed that, however erroneous most of his other predictions had been, he was right in this. At the age of forty-eight he resolved to try what he could do in comedy; accordingly he wrote the six which are published with his other works, but only one of these, *Il Divorzio*, is even tolerable; the rest are utter failures as dramas. But he proves himself a much better satirist in them than in any of his earlier productions, not excepting his *Misogallo*.

At the age of forty-seven—long after he had written his last tragedies—he became ashamed of his ignorance of Greek, and resolved to master that language if possible. He applied himself with such untiring perseverance and industry to his self-imposed task that before the end of one year he could read almost any Greek author with very little labor; in two years he was capable of translating the most difficult; and he even acquired considerable skill in writing the language. The chief fruits of his Greek studies are his *Alceste Prima* and *Alceste Secunda*, which, however, are little more than paraphrases of Euripides' fine play of that name. His severe and almost constant study of the Greek for three years, combined with the labor he bestowed on his six comedies—writing four in less than one month—completely broke down his health. Thus, on the 8th December, 1802, he wrote the last stanza of his poetry, and on the 8th October of the following year he breathed his last. In the meantime he amused himself in writing the conclusion of his *Memoirs*, until one of those attacks of inflammatory gout to which he had recently been subject put a sudden stop to all his labors.

However much the conduct of the Countess of Albany may be censured in other particulars, it is certain that she bestowed the tenderest care on Alfieri to the last; and when he died she had him interred in the Church of

Santa Crosa, side by side with Machiavelli, Galileo, and Michael Angelo, and had a monument erected to his memory by the famous sculptor Canova. This truly magnificent tomb bears the following simple inscription: "Victorio Alfierio Astensi Aloisia e principibus Stolbergis Albaniæ Comitissa, m. p. c. an. MDCCCX." In addition to this she got out a splendid edition of his complete works in thirty-five quarto volumes soon after his death. His posthumous writings, including his translation of Sallust into Italian, his imitation of the Panegyrie of Trajan by Pliny, some satires, and his Autobiography, fill thirteen of these volumes.

The personal history of Alfieri is so prolific and interesting a theme that it has left us but little room for criticism on his writings; but we cannot take leave of the author of *Mirra*, whatever his faults may have been as an individual, without giving our impressions of the peculiar character of his genius. It is hardly strange that a man like Alfieri should be in turn the subject of exaggerated praise and exaggerated censure; that his friends should declare him equal if not superior to the greatest dramatists of the ancient and modern world; while his enemies would hardly allow him the third rank. As men of undoubted abilities have written on both sides, it is easy to understand how it is that scarcely two of those who have depended on the opinions of others without making any effort to examine for themselves agree in their estimate of Alfieri either as a dramatist or a poet. It is idle to deny that he is entitled to high rank; no unbiased person who has read his works and is capable of appreciating them would deny this. At the same time no such person would maintain that he is equal to any of those who are recognized in every enlightened country as the world's greatest dramatists; such as Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Corneille, Racine. It is true that those German and English critics who refuse to rank him with the greatest of their own countrymen do not hesitate to place him above the leading French dramatists. In our opinion this is not just; Alfieri is really not superior as a dramatist, or as a poet, either to Corneille or Racine—nay, more, he is not superior to Voltaire; it is by no means clear that he is equal to the author of the *Henriade*. Judging him by the test applied by his most ardent admirers—namely, the influence he has produced on his own countrymen—he can hardly claim a higher position than any of the three French dramatists we have mentioned.

Probably neither Corneille, nor Racine has been so popular in France as Alfieri has been in Italy ; but either of the former has improved the taste of his countrymen much more than the latter. Nay, Corneille and Racine have improved the taste of all Europe ; this will not be denied by any intelligent person. But can the same be said of Alfieri ? His writings have been very little read out of his own country ; and of the foreigners who have read them, the majority have been led to do so much more on account of the romantic character of the author than their intrinsic merits. As to the criterion of influence, it may be doubted whether Voltaire has not influenced the mind even of Italy more than Alfieri ; that he has more influenced the philosophic mind of that country is beyond question. But need it be asked which has exercised the greater influence on the mind of Germany or England ? Who will deny that it is Voltaire ? Nor must it be supposed that we mean by the influence alluded to, what the arch-scoffer has said and done against religion. This is Voltaire's great fault, and it is the one that has done most injury to his fame ; it has made most of us blind to his virtues. It is just because he was such a scoffer that comparatively few appreciate the true universality of his genius, and that wonderful fecundity of ideas which enabled him to furnish thoughts on human progress to every country in Europe.

We speak of Alfieri, more particularly in comparison with the French dramatists, because his tragedies are more like theirs than those of any others ; and what is more, he has undoubtedly borrowed more from them than from any others. From none has he borrowed so much as from Voltaire ; by none has he profited so much ; although he affects to despise him more than he does almost any other dramatist, which, however, is rather natural than strange.*

But whatever conclusion we may arrive at when we compare Alfieri to the dramatists of other countries, he is undoubtedly the best dramatist of his own country. But he is by no

* The Countess of Albany once mentioned to him in a letter that she had been much pleased at seeing Voltaire's *Brutus* performed on the stage. This excited his jealousy. "What!" he exclaimed, "*Brutus* written by a Voltaire? I'll write *Brutuses*, and two at once. Moreover, time will show whether such subjects for tragedy are better adapted for me or for a *plebeian-born Frenchman* who, for more than sixty years, subscribed himself 'Voltaire, Gentlemen in ordinary to the King.'" The "plebeian-born Frenchman" was, however, a much greater thinker than the "noble-born Italian" who thus summarily, but illogically, condemns him.

means the best poet ; on the contrary, he is far inferior not only to Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, but to at least as many more, including Petrarch.* He takes the palm as a dramatist in Italy, not because even modern Italy has not produced as great intellects as any other country, but because the opera takes the place in Italy which the regular drama does in other countries. Metastasio would unquestionably have been a great dramatic writer had he not devoted his fine talents almost exclusively to the opera ; for with a genius which was certainly not inferior to that of Alfieri, he had a much higher culture, a much more refined taste.

But let us remember this fact in his favor ; he had many competitors among his own countrymen in opera, whereas, Alfieri can hardly be said to have had one in tragedy. Metastasio is the best in opera, as Alfieri is the best in tragedy. That the latter is grander than the former—that there is more sublimity in it—far be it from us to deny. “The opera,” says Sismondi, “is not, like tragedy, of noble origin. Born of the voluptuous courts of princes, it could not be destined to form heroes ; it was required to combine all enjoyments, all emotions ; to captivate at the same time the eyes, the ears, and the most tender affections of the heart ; to ennoble voluptuousness, to sanctify it in some degree by the mixture of delicate and exalted sentiments ; and if a political object is to be looked for beyond that of actual enjoyment, to take from the prince all remorse for his luxuriousness, and from the subjects all thought beyond the present time.”

Thus the field of Metastasio was but a narrow one, whereas that of Alfieri was coextensive with the world. Now let us see for a moment or two what is the real resemblance between the tragedies of Alfieri and those of the great French dramatists we have mentioned. None has pointed out this difference better than Ginguené, who was a personal friend and admirer of Alfieri. “Our drama is meagre,” he says, “com-

* Schlegel, one of the best modern critics, compares the other Italian dramatists of his time to Alfieri as follows :

“The performances of Metastasio, Goldoni, Gozzi, Alfieri, singly display all the elements of scenic poetry generally found united in the finished dramas that have possession of our own stage. Metastasio is celebrated for the highest degree of melodious expression ; Goldoni depicts ordinary life easily and agreeably, his characters and masques being after genuine Italian fashion ; Gozzi’s fantastic extravaganzas, while replete with really poetic invention, lack musical perfection and imaginative embellishment, which can, alone, give due effect to their poetical contents : Alfieri’s aspirations after antique sublimity merit the praise bestowed on laudable efforts even when falling short of complete success.”

— *Hist. of Lit.* p. 315.

pared to that of the Greeks ; that of Alfieri is so in regard to ours, almost in the same proportion."* English critics censure the French drama for its coldness, its statuesque, artificial characters, its long monologues, &c. but if all these are faults, Alfieri has erred in these respects still more than the French, for he is decidedly more artificial than they ; he exhibits less feeling, less reality. The most intelligent of his own countrymen, and those who admire him most, are obliged to admit this. "Alfieri's poetry," says Mariotti, "was sculpture. His tragedies are only a group of four or five statues ; his characters are figures of marble, incorruptible, everlasting ; but not flesh, *nothing like flesh*, having *nothing of its freshness and hue*. He describes no scene. Those statues stand by themselves, isolated on their pedestals, on a vacant ideal stage, without background, without contrast of landscape or scenery, all wrapped in their heroic mantle ; all moving, breathing statues perhaps, still nothing but statues."†

This is a just estimate ; it certainly does no injustice to Alfieri, for he is neither true to nature nor to history. All the subjects of his tragedies are historical, but in only one or two does he portray his characters as they are represented in history ; indeed, it may be said that *Brutus* is the only one in which he pays any attention to accuracy in this respect ; and be it remembered that he had carefully studied the *Brutus* of Voltaire. Whenever he depends exclusively on his own resources, certain it is that he indulges in great exaggeration ; he makes his characters either angels or devils, generally the latter.* But even his good and evil spirits are not like those we find in other authors ; no beings could be more unlike the angels and devils of Dante and Ariosto ; and they do not approach any nearer to those of Milton or Shakespeare. True, it is not so great a fault not to portray supernatural beings faithfully—that is, in accordance to the characteristics which are popularly attributed to them—as it is to misrepresent familiar historical personages. A glance at almost any of his tragedies will show that he errs egregiously in the latter respect. Take his *Ottavia*, for example, and

* Notre théâtre est déjà maigre, auprès de celui des Grecs ; celui d'Alfieri est, à l'égard du nôtre, presque dans la même proportion.

† "Mais il me semble, says Mme. de Staél, que quelques-unes de ses tragédies ont autant de monotone dans la force que Métaстate en a dans la douceur. Il y a dans les pièces d'Alfieri une telle profusion d'énergie et de magnanimité, ou bien une telle *exagération de violence et de crime*, qu'il est impossible d'y reconnaître le véritable caractère des hommes. Ils ne sont jamais ni si méchants ni si généreux qu'il les peint."

see how he treats those characters that are known to every student; there is scarcely one of them to whom justice is done; scarcely one that could be recognized by the portrait of Alfieri if the historical name were not attached to it.

No one admired Alfieri more than Madame de Staël, nor has any one bestowed more praise on whatever is worthy of praise in his works; at the same time she could not overlook such glaring faults as the violations of nature and history to which we have alluded. There is no finer passage in her *Corinne* than that in which she criticises Alfieri's *Octavia*. "Seneca," she says, "incessantly lectures Nero as if he were the most patient of men, and Seneca himself the most courageous of all. The master of the world allows himself to be insulted, and put in a passion in every scene for the pleasure of the spectators, as if it did not depend on him to end all with one word. Certainly, these continual dialogues give Seneca an opportunity of making some very fine responses; but is this the way to give a correct idea of tyranny?" *

In his *Don Garzia*, *Meroce* and *Timoleone*, he transgresses in a similar manner; yet, as we have already intimated, his genius for tragedy cannot be disputed. There is not one of his tragedies in which there are not noble portraiture and sublime passages. Perhaps no poet expresses resentment in stronger terms than he, or presents evil in a more odious light; yet he rarely touches the heart; he convinces by logical argument rather than subdues by impassioned eloquence. Before we close we will make room for a specimen or two, for the satisfaction of those who may not have had an opportunity of seeing his works. We select the opening dialogue from the tragedy of *Brutus*, partly because it is good in itself, and partly because it will afford the reader an opportunity of comparing it with the corresponding dialogue in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and this comparison renders it needless for us to make any comment in this place :

* "Sénèque y moralise sans cesse Néron, comme s'il était le plus patient des hommes et lui, Sénèque, le plus courageux de tous. Le maître du monde, dans la tragédie, consent à se laisser insulter et à se mettre en colère à chaque scène pour le plaisir des spectateurs, comme s'il ne dépendait pas de lui de tout finir avec un mot. Certainement ces dialogues continuels donnent lieu à de très belles réponses de Sénèque, et l'on voudrait trouver dans une harangue ou un ouvrage les nobles pensées qu'il exprime; mais est-ce ainsi qu'on peut donner l'idée de la tyrannie?"

BRUTUS AND COLLATINUS.

Col.—Ah! where,—ah! where, O Brutus, would thou thus
Drag me by force? Quickly restore to me
This sword of mine, which with beloved blood
Is reeking yet. In my own breast—

Bru.—Ah! first
This sword, now sacred in the breast of others
Shall be immersed, I swear to thee. Meanwhile
'T is indispensable that in this Forum
Thy boundless sorrow, and my just revenge,
Burst unreservedly before the eyes
Of universal Rome.

Col.—Ah, no! I will
Withdraw myself from every human eye
To my unparalleled calamity
All remedies are vain: the sword, this sword,
Alone can put an end to my distress.

Bru.—O Collatinus, a complete revenge
Would surely be some solace; and I swear
To thee, that that revenge thou shalt obtain.—
O, of a chaste and innocent Roman lady
Thou sacred blood, to-day shalt thou cement
The edifice of Roman liberty!*

Col.—Ah! could my heart indulge a hope like this,—
The hope, ere death, of universal vengeance!

Bru.—Hope *t* be assured of it. At length, behold,
The morn is dawning of the wished-for day:
To-day my lofty, long-projected plan
At length may gain a substance and a form.
Thou, from a wronged, unhappy spouse, mayst now
Become the avenging citizen: e'en thou
Shalt bless that innocent blood: and then if thou
Wilt give thy own, it will not be in vain
For a true country shed,—a country, yes,
Which Bratus will to-day create with thee,
Or die with thee in such an enterprise.

* For the benefit of the reader who is familiar with the Italian, though unacquainted with Alfieri, we transcribe the original of the beginning of the dialogue, so that an idea may be formed of the author's style:

Col.—Dove, deh! dove, a forza trarmi, o Bruto,
Teo vuoi tu? Bendimi, or via, mel rendi
Quel mio pugnal, che dell'amato sangue
Gronder pur anco . . . Entro al mio petto . . .

Bru.—Questo ferro, omal sacro, ad altri in petto
Immergerassi, io 'l giuro.—Agli occhi intanto
Di Roma intera, in questo foro, è d' uopo
Che intera, scopri o il tuo dolore immenso,
Ed il furor mio giusto.

Col.— Ah! no: sottrarmi
Ad ogni vista lo voglio. Al fero atroce
Mio caso, è vano ogni sollevo: il ferro
Quel ferro sol fia del mio pianger fine

Bru.—Ampia vendetta, o Collatin, ti fara
Sollevo pure: e tu l'avrai; tel giuro.—
O casto sangue d' innocente e forte
Romana donna, alto principio a Roma
Oggi sarai.

Col.—O, what a sacred name dost thou pronounce !
I, for a genuine country's sake alone,
Could now survive my immolated wife.

Bru.—Ah ! then resolve to live; coöperate
With me in this attempt. A god inspires me ;
A god infuses ardor in my breast,
Who thus exhorts me : " It belongs to thee,
O Collatinus, and to thee, O Brutus,
To give both life and liberty to Rome."

Col.—Worthy of Brutus is thy lofty hope :
I should be vile, if I defeated it.
Or from the impious Tarquins wholly rescued,
Our country shall from us new life obtain,
Or we—but first avenged—with her will fall.

Bru.—Whether enslaved or free, we now shall fall
Illustrious and revenged. My horrible oath
Perhaps thou hast not well heard ; the oath I uttered,
When from Lucretia's palpitating heart
The dagger I dislodged which still I grasp.
Deaf from thy mighty grief, thou, in thy house,
Scarce hearest it ; here once more wilt thou hear it,
By my own lips, upon the inanimate corse
Of thy unhappy immolated wife,
And in the presence of assembled Rome,
More strenuously, more solemnly renewed.
Already, with the rising sun, the Forum
With apprehensive citizens is filled ;
Already, by Valerius' means, the cry
Is to the multitude promulgated
Of the impious catastrophe ; the effect
Will be far stronger on their heated hearts,
When they behold the chaste and beauteous lady
With her own hands destroyed. In their disdain,
As much as in my own, shall I confide.
But, more than every man, thou shouldst be present :
Thine eyes from the distracting spectacle
Thou mayst avert : to thy affliction this
May be allowed ; yet here shouldst thou remain ;
E'en more than my impassioned words, thy mute
And boundless grief is fitted to excite
The oppressed spectators to indignant pity.

Col.—O Brutus ! the divinity which speaks
In thee to lofty and ferocious rage
Hath changed my grief already. The last words
Of the magnanimous Lucretia seem,
In a more awful and impressive sound,
To echo in my ears, and smite my heart.
Can I be less inflexible to avenge,
Than she to inflict, her voluntary death ?
In the infamous Tarquinii's blood alone
Can I wash out the stigma of the name
Common to me and them !

Bru.—Ah! I, too, spring
 From their impure and arbitrary blood :
 But Rome shall be convinced that I'm her son,
 Not of the Tarquins' sister; and as far
 As blood not Roman desecrates my veins,
 I swear to change it all by shedding it
 For my beloved country.—But, behold,
 The multitude increases; hitherward
 Numbers advance; now it is time to speak.

The reader has doubtless seen in this passage one of the secrets of Alfieri's success—namely, his skill in arresting the attention of the audience at the opening of his dramas; it may be added that he also does his best to secure that attention to the last, and that he generally succeeds in doing so. Yet no one uses a simpler groundwork or fewer incidents. He introduces no characters but those that are essential to the development of his plot. The confidants of other Italian dramatists he entirely discards; and for the purpose of explaining the nature of his fable he substitutes soliloquies for under-plots. Thus we see how closely he approached the form of the Greek drama without knowing anything about it except what he learned unconsciously through the French; but he omitted one great attraction of the Greek drama, namely, its delightful choral songs. In this too, he imitated the French; for one of the most serious faults which they find with Shakespeare is that he introduces songs and amusing scenes into the middle of his most bloody tragedies.

It is worthy of remark that in nothing does Alfieri succeed better than in the horrible and repulsive. This is well exemplified in his tragedy of *Myrrha*, whose hideous story forms the subject of one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, but which is so objectionable, although not at all exaggerated by the Roman poet, that it is omitted in almost every edition intended for schools.* Myrrha was the daughter of Cinyras, King of Cyprus; she had a son by her own father, called Adonis. When the king became aware of the crime he had unknowingly committed, he attempted to stab

* Even the amorous and somewhat licentious Ovid was rather afraid of the subject. In order to disarm the abhorrence of the reader, he introduces the loathsome story as a fable, one in which he has no faith in himself, and expresses the hope that the melody of his verses will remove any disagreeable impressions which so repulsive a tale is so well calculated to make :

"Dira canam; procul hinc natae, procul este parentes;
 Aut, mea si vestras mulcebant carmina mentes,
 Desit in hac mihi parte fides; nec credite factum."

his daughter ; but she fled into Arabia, where, as the fable has it, she was changed into a tree called myrrh. Alfieri makes the most of all the circumstances in his tragedy ; yet it was the favorite of the Countess of Albany ; what is perhaps still stranger is that it is dedicated to her. In the dedication the following passage occurs :

"The at once innocent and horrid love
Of the unhappy maid from Cinyras sprung
Always caus'd tears from thy bright eyes to flow ;
These tears imperiously my bosom move
To consecrate to thee (who heard'st it sung
With sympathetic feeling) Myrrha's wo,"*

The first scene of the tragedy presents Cecris, the mother and Euryclea, the nurse of Myrrha, on the morning of the day fixed for the marriage of the latter to Pereus, son of the King of Epirus. The mother calls the nurse to tell her all she has observed of the mysterious melancholy of her daughter, asking what can be the reason of it, seeing that the young prince was her own choice. The nurse overheard Myrrha's sighs and sobs during the night. An altercation ensues, Myrrha having become angry ; but although the kind, affectionate words of the nurse readily subdue her anger, all she reveals is that she does not love Pereus. The nurse give her impressions to the mother :

"I know her to possess a lofty heart ;
A heart in which a flame that were not lofty
Could never enter. This can I safely swear :
The man that she could love—of royal blood
That man must be, or he were not her lover.
Now, who of these have ye admitted here,
Whom, at her will, she could not, with her hand,
Make happy ? Then her grief is not from love.
Love, though it feed itself with tears and sighs,
Yet still it leaves—I know not what, of hope,
That vivifies the centre of the heart ;
But in her deep, impenetrable gloom
There glimmers no coy radiance ; in her wound,
Festered and irremediable, there lurks
No sanative, balsamic antidote !"

The mother thinks the only difficulty is that Myrrha does not like her intended husband, and accordingly resolves that the marriage shall not take place, at the same time sending

* *Della figlia di Ciniro infelice*
L'orrendo a un tempo ed innocente amore,
Sempre da' tuoi begli occhi il pianto el ce :

Prova emmi questa, che al mio dubbio core
Tacitamente imperiosa dice ;
Ch' lo di Mirra consacri a te il dolore.

back the nurse to comfort her. The king is informed of the grief of his daughter and he agrees to break off the marriage if his doing so will contribute in the least to the happiness of a daughter who was so dear to him. To this he adds that her mother must induce her to reveal the cause of her melancholy, and then while she is doing so he sends for the young prince in order to prepare him for the worst.

At the opening of the second act Pereus comes in compliance with the king's wish. Cinyras compliments him highly, telling him how much gratified he is with his daughter's preference for him among her many suitors; but he thinks it is his duty to inquire whether Myrrha returns his love. The reply of the prince is undoubtedly a noble strain :

"Thou, Cinyras,
Although thou be a father, still retainest
Thy youthful vigor, and rememberest love.
Know, then, that evermore with trembling steps,
And as if by compulsion, she accosts me;
A deathly paleness o'er her countenance steals;
And her fine eyes towrds me are never turn'd.
A few irresolute and broken words
She falters out, involved in mortal coldness;
Her eyes, eternally suffused with tears,
She fixes on the ground; in speechless grief
Her soul is buried; a pale sickliness
Dims, not annihilates, her wond'rous charms.
Behold her state. Yet of connubial rites
She speaks; and now thou wouldest pronounce that she
Desired those rites; now that, far worse than death,
She dreaded them; now she herself assigns
The day for these, and now she puts it off.
If I inquire the reason of her grief,
Her lip denies it; but her countenance,
Of agony expressive, and of death,
Proclaims incurable despair.
Me she assures, and each returning day
Renews the assurance, that I am her choice;
She says not that she loves me; high of heart,
She knows not how to feign. I wish, and fear,
To hear from her the truth: I check my tears;
I burn, I languish, and I dare not speak.
Now from her faith, reluctantly bestow'd,
Would I myself release her; now again
I fain would die, since to resign quite
I have no power; yet, unpossess'd her heart,
Her person would I not possess."

The king is unwilling to say that he wishes Pereus to release his daughter from her engagement; but Pereus easily divines the truth, and declares that he would sacrifice his life to pro-

mote her happiness. The king requests him to make known these sentiments to herself, and if possible to ascertain the cause of her misery. This being decided upon Cinyras withdraws and Myrrha enters in her wedding dress, but looking as sad as if it had been intended for her funeral. Pereus complains of her coldness and silence, telling her that he sees he is an object of dislike, not of love, to her. She feels hurt at this, and tells him that it is unmerited on her part, since she not only preferred him to all others, but was now ready to fulfil her engagement :

" 'Tis true, perchance, my spirits are not buoyant
As her's should be who doth obtain a spouse
Distinguish'd like thyself; but pensiveness
In some is nature's cast; and ill could be
Whose spiritts stagnate in a constant ell,
Trace the dim cause that interdicts their flow :—
And often an officious questioning,
Instead of making manifest the cause,
Redoubles the effect.'

This is not very satisfactory to Pereus. He tells her he knew at the outset that she did not love him, but that he hoped she would in time learn to do so. Now he is convinced that he deceived himself in this, and he is willing therefore to release her from her promise. Her grief is still the same, but she denies that it is caused by any dislike of him ; she would have him believe that she grieves so bitterly only at the idea of being separated, perhaps forever, from her parents.

" The long, long pilgrimage to other realms ;
The change of manners and the change of place ;
The long farewell to all familiar objects,
And all familiar friends, from childhood loved ;
And other thoughts, by thousands and by thousands,
All passionate and tender, and all sad,
And all indisputably better known
And felt more keenly than by any other,
By thy humane, courteous, and lofty heart.
I gave myself spontaneously to thee ;
Nor have I ever, with repentant thoughts,
I swear to thee, looked back on this resolve.
If it were so, I would have told it to thee :
Thee above all men, I esteem ; from thee
Nothing would I conceal that I would not
Likewise from my own consciousness conceal.
Now, I implore, let him who loves me best
Speak to me least of this my wretchedness,
And 'twill in time, I feel assured, depart.

Could I, not prizes thee, give thee my hand,
I should despise myself; and how not prize thee?
My lip knows not to speak that which my heart
Doth not first dictate; yet that lip assures thee,
Swears to thee, that I never will belong
To any one but thee!"

The hopes of Pereus revive. He asks is she really willing to be his; she answers that she is, but that she wishes him to set sail from Cyprus the moment the ceremony is over. This seems strange to him, in view of her avowed affection for her parents. He tells her so and she replies that she wishes to die with grief. At this he takes offence and leaves while she tries to prevent him. She cannot bear being alone in her grief and sends immediately for her nurse, at the same time bursting into tears, and prays that death would put a sudden end to her sufferings. Venus is here introduced with no very good effect. Myrrha finds that the goddess is angry with her and resolved on revenge; in order to anticipate this, she implores the nurse to dispatch her. The nurse, like a faithful servant, is about to run with the bad news to her mistress. This frightens Myrrha and she declares that she has found relief in tears and is now ready to have the ceremony performed. At the opening of the third act the King and Queen appear alone; they send for Myrrha, who soon joins them. She seems much more composed than usual until she sees her father, when her emotions again overcome her. It is in vain he addresses her in the most affectionate terms:

"If yet
Thy will is changed; if thy committed faith
Be irksome to thy heart; if thy free choice,
Though once spontaneous, be no longer such,
Behold! fear nothing in the world; reveal
All the misgivings of thy heart to us.
Thou art by nothing bound; and we ourselves
The first release thee; and thy generous lover,
Worthy of thee, confirms this liberty.
Nor will we tax thee with inconstancy:
Rather will we admit that thoughts mature,
Though unforeseen, constrain thee to this change.
By base regards thou never canst be moved;
Thy noble character, thy lofty thoughts,
Thy love for us, full well we know them all."

Myrrha replies, but in the most melancholy and hopeless terms. She is still willing to marry Pereus; nay, she insists on doing so; if she is not permitted she will die. All she asks of her parents is that they will allow her to depart immedi-

ately after her marriage. While she is dressing for the ceremony Ceris confesses to her husband the offence which she had committed against Venus in having dared to refuse incense to her; she also boasts that more votaries were attracted to Cyprus by Myrrha's beauty than by devotion to the goddess of the island. The only effect this revelation has on the king is to induce him to hurry away the daughter so that she may be able to avoid the vengeance of the goddess. The third act concludes shortly after the entrance of Pereus, when it is announced that the marriage will be performed in the palace.

In the fourth act Myrrha seems to have undergone a complete change. She has no appearance of melancholy now; on the contrary, few brides appear more hopeful or in better spirits, and she addresses Pereus as her "much-loved consort," &c.

"To find myself at once
With thee alone; no longer to behold
One of the objects in my sight
So long the witnesses, and perhaps the cause,
Of my distress; to sail in unknown seas;
To land in countries hitherto unseen;
To breathe a fresh, invigorating air;
And evermore to witness at my side,
Beaming with exultation and with love,
A spouse like thee; all this, I am convinced,
Will renovate me soon a second time
To be what I once was."

She is informed by Pereus, in reply, that if the marriage had been broken up he meant to end his life that day. Now, however, he pledges himself to be devoted to her forever; in short, it will be the business of his life to render her happy.

"To weep with thee,
If thou desire it; with festivity,
And mirthful sports, to make the time pass by
With lighter wings, and cheat thee of thy cares;
With strenuous watchfulness t' anticipate
All thy desires; to show myself at all times,
Whichever most thou wishest me to be,
Consort, protector, brother, friend, or servant;
Behold, to what I pledge myself: in this,
And this alone, my glory and my life
Will all be centered."

At length the ceremony begins. Myrrha tries to compose herself; but it is evident to all who see her that she is overwhelmed with grief. Efforts are made to console her;

but she grows worse—becomes terrified ; cries out that the Furies are surrounding her and that such a marriage deserves the tortures with which they threaten her. Pereus prevents the ceremony from proceeding, declaring that he will never marry her. He reproaches her for having deceived him, but adds that he will soon give her abhorrence of him ample satisfaction, and then hurriedly withdraws. The king severely blames his daughter. She, in reply, entreats him to kill her, telling him that if he does not, she must herself. She is left alone with her mother, but is overheard declaring in frantic words that her mother is the cause of her fatal misery. But it remains for the fifth act to reveal the horrible mystery in all its revolting features. It opens with a soliloquy from the king, who is still entirely ignorant of the real nature of the case. He announces that Pereus is slain, and, insisting that nothing but love can explain her conduct, forces her to declare who is its object. After a most painful struggle she yields. But the moment the horrible revelation is made she seizes her father's dagger and stabs herself.

One peculiarity of *Myrrha* in the hands of Alfieri is that all the characters are virtuous, notwithstanding the incest committed by the father and daughter, whereas there are scarcely any of the characters virtuous in his other dramas. If all the poets and historians had represented Myrrha, her father and mother, as chaste and innocent, it is more than probable that Alfieri would have given them the opposite character. At least this is the course he has pursued in almost every one of his tragedies. Thus, for example, in his *Second Brutus* he represents Brutus as actually the son of Cæsar, who reveals to him the secret of his birth on the authority of a letter from his mother. The story is believed by Brutus, but has no influence upon him further than that he confines himself to giving the signal for killing him without striking with his own hand. Then he makes a long speech, in which he explains all these circumstances to the people. Thus Brutus is made to represent his mother as an adulteress, and himself as a bastard, without any object that can be regarded as reasonable under the circumstances.

But many as are the faults, both literary and moral, of Alfieri, his works are undoubtedly very remarkable. Statues though his tragedies be there is a strange fascination in them. They are truly Grecian in form, terseness, and vigor of style ; yet no modern dramas have more originality. Even their defects invest them with interest, and serve to impress the

lessons which they teach more indelibly on the mind. Perversely erratic as the author was as a man, much injury as he did to society in his time, yet it cannot be denied that his works entitle him to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind.

ART. II.—1. *Review of the Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell.* By WILLIAM RICHARDS. London.

2. *Cromicell's Letters and Speeches.* THOMAS CARLYLE. London.

3. *History of the Puritans.* NEAL.

4. *State Papers.* CLARENDON.

5. *History of the Long Parliament.* MAY.

In general, the character of Oliver Cromwell has been greatly maligned. Indeed, it has only been within the last fifty years that anything approaching to justice has been done him.* It is true that at periods during his protectorate he disturbed what we should now call the constitutional system of the State. With an inflexible and iron hand he bent and modelled it to his own will. But by this very fault, as a constitutional ruler, he saved his country from falling into many of those errors which might have proved fatal to its newly-acquired freedom. Moreover, it must be remembered that after the brief interval of the protectorate of his son, Richard Cromwell, Charles II succeeded him in the government of England. Under the new reign the courtiers of this monarch, who had been so unexpectedly restored to the kingdom forfeited by his father, united in blackening his memory. When he was in his grave, impotent and silent, unable to defend his memory or justify his actions—for who was there that would have dared to cast such a reproach upon the living lion?—he was both branded as a traitor and condemned as a hypocrite.

Until the progress of time and enlightenment had partially impaired and chastened its influence, this censure had

* We do not agree with the author of this paper in his estimate of Cromwell, but as it is well written and we wish to allow our contributors full liberty of thought and expression, as long as they avoid giving offence to religion or morality, we do not hesitate to give it a place.—ED.

in a great measure proved fatal to that calm study and earnest research which alone would prove capable of forming a correct estimate of Cromwell's character. Some authors there have been who have cast an unqualified degree of blame, not alone upon his actions, but as unreservedly upon the motives which swayed the man towards them. By these history has been tampered with, or rather perverted. Its facts have been distorted or counted as nothing. Others are there who, not content with justifying his principles, have applauded even those faults of temper and errors of judgment which may be traced in him as they are to be detected in the careers of all men. Those actions which have been condemned by the former as criminal have found in the latter, not merely pitiful apologists, but conscientious defenders. While, perhaps, these may have gone too far in attempting to absolve his memory from every censure, the others have certainly been more than guilty in treating the character of one who stood in all respects so infinitely in advance of his own times with a gross and palpable injustice.

Amongst others of his relatives he had a nephew who was called Richard Cromwell; and Richard Cromwell was at this time by no means greatly overburdened with the possession of worldly goods. In most respects he might, indeed, be regarded in the light of a family retainer by his illustrious relative. This nephew was an active and energetic individual. He was possessed of fine talents, and was far from being too scrupulous as to the use he might be required to put them to. Consequently, he was employed by the Earl, under himself, in the task which he had undertaken. For this he proved himself most eminently fitted, and displayed an abundant and not altogether disinterested zeal in the work which was demanded of him. Neither was this zeal inadequately rewarded by the rapid increase of his fortune. The unreserved sale of the church property and the division of the ecclesiastical benefices were among the causes which led to the formation of, and gradually enriched, the middle classes of England. They could not, therefore, fail of enriching those who were charged with the superintendence of their sale and distribution. Knighted by Henry VIII for his services, Richard Cromwell shortly after died, leaving a son named Henry, who—probably on account of his wealth, which, for a commoner, was very great—received the name of the “Golden Knight” from his contemporaries. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, five sons of Henry

Cromwell were living. These were Oliver, Henry, Richard, Philip, and Robert.

Robert Cromwell had married Elizabeth Steward, descended from a distant branch of the royal family of Scotland, who had settled in England during the reign of one of the Edwards. His son was Oliver Cromwell.

We have been thus particular in recording the circumstances of his birth and family for the purpose of bestowing no factitious importance upon a name which does not demand it. Our object has simply been to corroborate that which we have already said touching the aspersions made against his character. He himself, in a speech made in Parliament on the 12th of September, 1654, said : "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity." If, after this avowal and with the knowledge of the facts previously stated, the defeated Cavaliers and the historians of their defeat could call him the "son of a brewer," it is obvious that but little reliance can be placed upon anything they say, either of his mental or moral nature.

Related by personal descent to the powerful Minister of Henry VIII, there are indeed still two letters extant, from Oliver's great-grandfather to the Earl, in which he signs himself as "Your most bounden nephew, Richard Cromwell." This fact would alone, as it appears to us, be sufficient to prove the paucity of materials to be advanced against him. Lies are rarely employed when the truth is found sufficient to justify an aspersion. Besides this, it is known that his father's property lay in the immediate neighborhood of Huntingdon, while the revenue accruing from it amounted to £300 a year. This, which is equivalent to at least £1,000 or £1,100 of the money of the present day, must have placed him beyond the necessity of following a trade; and this it must more especially have done, when it is remembered that in those days it would have been considered a degradation to his family.

Of the early years of the child who was afterwards to exert so vast an influence over the internal condition and external polities of England, but little, with any certainty, is known. It is indeed stated that when no more than four years of age, at the period when the old Queen died and James I was called to the inheritance of the English crown, he was staying with his uncle, Sir Oliver, at Hinchinbrook, on the banks of the Ouse, when a royal train

approached the old mansion. It was seen winding up the broad road which led through the sweeping elms and hoary willows of its grounds towards the house. King James, as yet scarcely a month in possession of his new kingdom, was to rest there on his way to London, whither he was then proceeding for the ceremony of his coronation. If this was so, it must have been a treat for the young and childish Oliver. Yet even here fable—although it would be hard to say from whence it comes, whether from friend or enemy—must have a hand in the narrative. The boy quarrelled with the young prince and struck him. We feel we need do no more than allude to this, as the remaining details of the visit preceding the monarch's departure prove this to be undoubtedly false. It took place upon Friday, the 25th of April, 1603, after a halt of two days at the hospitable Sir Oliver's. Immediately preceding it, a creation of knights was held in the hall of the mansion. One of the uncles of the future Protector received the honor of a blow upon the shoulder from the unsheathed sword of the King, which gave him the right to prefix "Sir" to his name. In the following year, Thomas Steward, of Ely, his maternal uncle, received the same honor.

It was in the year 1616, when he had attained the age of seventeen, that the young man quitted the house of his father and the dwelling of his uncle, in which alternately his education, such as it was, had until this time progressed. He was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he entered Sedney Sussex College, upon the festival of the Annunciation—said, in his after life, to have had little or no pretensions. This can scarcely be the case. Nor can he wholly have neglected those advantages for study which were here offered him, as he is known, upon one occasion, to have replied to a foreign ambassador, whose address to him was delivered in the Latin language. However, it may be admitted, to those who wish to depreciate his claims to learning, that the interruption which his collegiate education must have received from the sudden and unexpected death of his father may have prohibited him from pursuing his studies to any considerable extent. This occurred in June, 1617, and at the close of the same year his grandfather Steward also died. His mother, fatherless and widowed, was left with six daughters and one son. This was Oliver. He returned no more to college, and after remaining some months with his mother, repaired to London for the purpose of gaining some knowledge of the law.

Here commences another series of those calumnies which have been so industriously propagated by his enemies against Cromwell's memory. They have unhesitatingly affirmed that he led a most dissolute and thoroughly abandoned life in that capital. That such a charge can by no possibility have been founded upon truth we may with the greatest safety allege. Possibly, indeed, led astray by the common carelessness and love of dissipation which characterize the young, he may have engaged in some of those follies which marked the period. He may have shown himself a reveller and a spendthrift. Yet, very certain is it that this could have been to no very great extent. Even his most declared enemies and boldest traducers have been able to collect no instances of notorious or glaring vice to adduce against his memory, while all writers acknowledge that, whatever his career at this time may have been, in his after life he was neither addicted to drunkenness, gluttony, profane swearing, nor the love of women. Gaming he had apparently been guilty of, as some time after this period, when he was oppressed with those convictions of religion which had begun to gain ground within his soul, he is known to have returned the large sums—at those times they were large—of £80 to one man and £120 to another, of whom he had won them. In those days, however, gaming was so common a vice that we cannot but feel that it would have been almost incredible had Oliver, as a young man, refrained from its indulgence.

Events were now every day becoming more serious. James I was dead, and the accession of his son to the throne had been hailed with pleasure throughout the nation. Far more English than his father had been, the young monarch possessed a moral character which was exemplary in the extreme. Gifted with a more than ordinary share of intelligence, singularly handsome in his person—although his face was marked by that serene melancholy which popular superstition has considered to have been a presage of his subsequent fate—accomplished in all those somewhat old-fashioned graces, both of manner and sentiment, which had in previous years been considered necessary to the character of a Christian knight, and barely twenty-five years of age when he first ascended the English throne, great things were naturally expected from him. Writs had been issued for the convection of a new Parliament upon the 29th of January, 1628. The time had at length come in which Cromwell

was to enter upon his public life. Summoned by that necessity which shapes the actions and develops the progress of all men, he became a member of the House of Commons for the same borough which had in earlier years returned his father. This was Huntingdon.

Oliver took his seat on the 17th of March in the same year. As the young man did so and gazed around him, what must have been his thoughts? Had the conviction of that which he was ultimately to be called upon to accomplish yet shed any light upon his soul? Did he dream that his hand was to accomplish that work which it is more than possible his heart already foreshadowed? Or did he fancy that it was to be wrought by more potent will and a stronger and mightier arm than his own?

After a brief session of merely casual business, the House, seeming to be untractable upon the special subject for which it had been convened (the only subject which the Commons were at this period ever summoned to discuss—that of giving the supplies for the royal and national expenditure, then too often regarded by sovereigns as one and the same thing), was prorogued. It was not until the 20th of January, in the following year, that it again assembled.

On this occasion it resolved itself into a Committee on Religion upon the 11th of February, when Oliver Cromwell, now a man well nigh thirty years of age, rose to speak for the first time. He was dressed—so Sir Philip Warwick tells us in his Memoirs—in a plain cloth suit, which would by no means seem to have been made by a fashionable tailor. His linen was anything but to be commended for its particular whiteness. Old-fashioned and somewhat worn ruffles decorated his wrists. Around his hat there was no band. His sword hung close to his side. Somewhat swollen and reddish in his countenance, his voice was singularly harsh and untunable, although his delivery was both warm and animated. In stature somewhat exceeding the middle height, his frame was strong, muscular, yet well proportioned. He had a manly air, bright and sparkling eyes, and possessed a stern and piercing look.

Charles needed money. He therefore required that they should vote the duties of tonnage and poundage for life. This alone would have formed a large and sufficient source of revenue for his government, and probably would for a considerable length of time have obviated any pecuniary necessity for summoning another Parliament. Feeling that

such would be the result, the Commons positively refused, after a prolonged and stormy debate, to give their assent to the measure. The Speaker, Finch, alarmed at this open resistance to the royal will, was desirous of adjourning the House; but the members resisted his wish. He then rose to quit the chair, but was pushed back into his seat and retained there by main force.

On hearing what was passing in the Lower House, the King sent immediate orders to the Sergeant-at-arms to withdraw with the mace. This was for the purpose of suspending their deliberations. Thronging around him, the members retained him also by force in his place. Then the keys were taken from him and the doors were locked.

Shortly after a loud knocking was heard against them. The voices of the members at once silenced, and they listened to hear what was coming. "Open!" cried the Usher of the Black Rod. "A message from the King." Even this was of no avail. The doors still remained closed. Upon intelligence of this daring hardihood upon the part of the Commons reaching him, Charles is said to have grown white with fury. He sent immediate orders to the Captain of the Guard to force the doors and eject the members. In the meantime, the Commons, who were conscious of the danger which they had incurred by their resistance to the monarch, had with all possible speed passed three resolutions. The first of these was directed against Armenianism, which had recently been acquiring a large sectarian influence in the nation. Growing bolder as they proceeded, the second was introduced and passed against the Catholics. The third, with even more hardihood, declared the attempt to levy the dues of tonnage and poundage absolutely illegal; it went even further than this, for it denounced all who should levy and all who should pay such dues as guilty of high treason.

When the Captain of the Guard arrived at the House he found it empty. The doors were unlocked. Its members had adjourned almost immediately after recording their vote upon the last of these three matters. So bold a step upon the part of the Commons of England, which scarcely a century since had only been as mouthpieces to give utterance to the wishes of the Sovereign in matters regarding the taxation of the people, ought to have admonished Charles Stuart that the representatives of the nation had now begun to feel their own power. It was but an augury of that which must ultimately follow if he persisted in the course which he had

so blindly and fatuitously commenced. Opposition had inaugurated itself. It remained for him to make that opposition more bitter and to give it more permanence, or to quell and calm it. The last would require an astute and self-denying policy. The former demanded only obedience to the promptings of his inner will. This it was which the monarch now adopted.

Deaf to that warning which had been so unmistakably given him, he went down to the House of Lords upon the following day—it was the 10th of March. In a short and angry speech he dissolved the Parliament. In this address he complained to them, bitterly and angrily, of the Lower House. "In it," said he, "there are certain vipers which must look for their reward." Accordingly, it was upon the next day that Sir John Elliott, Hobbs, William Strode, and others, were arrested, heavily fined, and imprisoned. Almost immediately afterwards Cromwell returned to Huntingdon. This was the last Parliament that met and deliberated in England for more than eleven years.

One of Oliver's aunts had married William Hampden, of Great Kimble, Buckinghamshire. At his death he had left his widow with two sons. These were John and Richard Hampden. It was with the former of these two cousins that Cromwell had become intimate after that change in his opinions which had gradually developed and formed his character during the years in which, after his marriage, he had been dwelling near Huntingdon.

In his relations with his friends, John Hampden was quiet and amiable. He was eminently sincere in his nature and modest in his deportment. No great talker, he was an eminently good listener. Under this exterior lay a fund of deeper and more hidden feeling, which required necessity to develop it. A fearless will and a ready determination to confront either moral or physical difficulties were prepared to make themselves apparent when appealed to by such a necessity; and such a necessity was it that now summoned him to act, for it was destined that John Hampden should be the man to give the signal of resistance to the arbitrary measures of his monarch. Charles had determined upon collecting the tax which the Commons had refused to pass in defiance of their will. It so happened that amongst the first who were called upon to pay their proportion of it was John Hampden. The amount which was demanded from him was twenty shillings. Quietly, but resolutely, he

refused to pay it. Necessarily, the question was carried into the courts of law. But in those days it must not be supposed that law was what it has since become. The greatest might was then the greatest right ; and the word of the Sovereign, although it might invariably shape the law, dictated in every case its application. Accordingly, the judges decided against him by a majority of eight to four. Our only wonder is that at this time even four judges could have been found who had honesty enough to register their decision in his favor. But although the suit was decided against him, a broader court of appeal justified the course which he had adopted. This was the people of England, who hailed him as the victor in that brief struggle in the face of this decision. His name became dear to every patriot. Thus it was that the family of Cromwell commenced the strife between the nation and its monarch which his hand was to conduct to its termination. Predestined to this work, he was not as yet fully conscious of its necessity. It yet lay within the womb of the future. But its awakening throes made themselves felt with a portentous, although at present an isolated, energy, which ought to have forewarned the doomed Sovereign from treading that path which he so madly seemed bent upon pursuing.

It was in 1631 that Cromwell quitted the neighborhood of Huntingdon and took up his residence at St. Ives, where he principally occupied himself in farming. Meanwhile those troubles which had commenced to agitate England continued rapidly upon the increase. The attempt which had been made by Charles to dispense with the parliamentary form of government, and to rule his kingdom by his own will rapidly impelled him to have recourse to more arbitrary measures.

But a portion of the higher nobility took the alarm. A liberty of spirit which had until this time been unknown manifested itself in the upper classes. Some of the greater lords marked their unequivocal disapprobation of the recent measures of the Court by quitting London and retiring to their estates. That literary spirit which had awakened in England during the reign of Elizabeth now occupied itself with the discussions of graver questions, and examined matters of deeper import than those which had previously occupied it : while, further still from the Court, men who were less distinguished by rank and less capable by learning entertained opinions which were more narrow, yet, at the

same time, far more decided. It was, indeed, in the middle class of the nobility and among the gentry that the feeling was more obviously declared. The difference of rank had gradually lost that power which it had formerly asserted. Regarding themselves as the descendants of those who had conquered the Magna Charta of England, they were indignant at seeing their rights, their persons, their freedom of thought and action, and their goods, delivered over to the pleasure of the King, and those counsellors who were urging him along upon his untoward and luckless path.

About this period was it that Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, a second time incurred the displeasure of the Court; Some time since he had been condemned to lose both his ears for having published a work called "*Histriomastyx*," or the "Scourge of Players." Now, at this period, masques, balls, and plays formed the favorite amusement of the Queen; hence the punishment which had been inflicted upon this insolent libeller by a court of justice, which did no more than reflect the will and prejudices of the government. The reason which now drew down the indignation of those in power upon the head of Prynne was his publication of a second work. This was written against church hierarchy. He was again condemned by the chief justice, Finch, to lose his ears; and having none, the stumps of those which were left from his former punishment, were sawn off. "I had thought," said the chief justice, with a fierce smile of pretended astonishment, "that Mr. Prynne had no ears." The victim of this barbarous sentence lifted his hand to heaven as he replied to him: "I pray to God, honored sir, that he give you ears to hear with!"

English discontent had during this period rapidly increased. The Earl of Strafford, who had been the Minister of Charles during the latter portion of that period which had added so greatly to the unpopularity of his government, was at this time the especial object of the hatred of the people. Yet it was by his advice, strengthened as it was by the pecuniary necessities of the monarch, that writs were at length issued for a new Parliament. The nation had long demanded this; yet they knew that it was summoned, not in obedience to their wishes, but simply in consequence of the wants of Charles. Can that spirit be for one moment doubtful which now animated them?

Cromwell was returned to this Parliament for Cambridge. The House met for the first time upon the 11th of March,

1640. Rumors were circulated of every description respecting the intentions of the representatives of the people. It is nevertheless obvious that neither the King nor his Minister could have had the slightest suspicion of that which was soon to follow. After various discussions of minor importance, but all of them tending to lessen the royal power, a bill of attainder was at length brought against the latter. The King as yet stood too high above them. Consequently, the indignation which was felt at his misgovernment impeached his servant, and Strafford was put upon his trial for high treason. He was condemned to lose his head upon the block, and Charles was compelled to affix his sign-manual to the death warrant of the Earl on Monday, the 10th of May, 1641. When the unfortunate Strafford heard of the King's assent to his execution, he exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

This compulsory assent—for it cannot be doubted that Charles suffered more than bitterly in being made an accessory to the death of the minister whose great crime had been serving him too well—was wrung from the monarch both by his fears and his necessities. It must, however, have been with an undescribably fearful pang that he traced the letters of his name, whose signature was to give effect to the sentence of condemnation. It does not appear that Oliver Cromwell was in any way connected specially with these proceedings against the Earl. In all probability, the stern Puritan revolted from the thought of spilling the blood of one who had only acted as the servant of his monarch. Even then the thought may have crossed him, as the axe was grinding which was to take Strafford's head from his shoulders, that it might with far greater justice have been whetted were it destined to fall upon another and a loftier neck.

Charles visited Scotland in the August following. It is more than probable that this visit was dictated by his wish to procure the proofs of a correspondence which was at this time being carried on between the English Parliament and the Scotch Covenanters. If so, his journey was of no avail. Conscience was at work against him, and that conscience is alike impervious to threat or promise. Personal advantage weighs with it no more than extraneous fear. He was consequently obliged to return to England.

Not long after this journey and brief visit to Scotland was it that a sudden rebellion broke out in Ireland. This

was accompanied by the most horrible barbarities. Blood flowed without stint or let. Men, women, and children were alike sacrificed. Although this was a rebellion against the government, it was said to be sanctioned by the King's name, which was proclaimed by the leaders in the outbreak to be appended to a letter which had been addressed to them.

A strong remonstrance was addressed by the Commons to the King, who turned a deaf ear towards it. Both parties now began to feel that a struggle was rapidly approaching, and commenced silently to prepare for the contest, which they felt might no longer be avoided. In pursuance of this, a bill was proposed in the Lower House on the 7th of December in the same year, that the organization of the militia and the nomination of its officers should only take place with the concurrence of Parliament. Necessary as this was under present circumstances, it was obvious that it undermined the royal power. Many of the members of that portion of the nobility which but a few years since had quitted the Court now returned to London and rallied round the King. In the almost constant collisions of the two parties, the terms Cavaliers and Roundheads were first applied, the latter taking its rise from the peculiar style of cropping their hair which had recently been affected by the Puritans. Brawls between them now became of almost daily occurrence. These occasionally ended in strife and bloodshed. The general temper of the English capital offered an ample testimony that this state of things could not long continue. In addition to this, the return of the greater proportion of the nobility and the very inclination which was displayed by many of the most considerable amongst them to support their Sovereign reinspired Charles with courage, and on the 3d of January, in 1642, he summoned the Lower House to give up to him five of their members. These were Pym, Hampden, Holles, Strode, and Harding. On the day following it was announced to the Commons that the King was advancing upon St. Stephens for the purpose of seizing these members. He was escorted by three or four hundred armed men. Shortly afterwards he entered the House and advanced to the Speaker's chair. His head was covered. The Members arose from their seats and stood uncovered before him.

Trembling with choler and perchance with some fear as to the ultimate results of that course which he had now so conclusively entered upon, Charles cast a hasty and impe-

rious glance around the chamber. He could not see the men whom he had come to seize. Taking advantage of the warning the Parliament had received, they had already absented themselves. "Since I see," he said, after a brief pause, during which the members of the House still remained standing, "the birds are flown, I expect that you will find and send them to me. Otherwise, I must take my own course to find them." Having said this, he descended the steps leading from the Speaker's chair and quitted the chamber. The members remained looking at each other in sombre doubt as to the way "this, which had here begun, was ultimately to end in."

And yet to us who look upon these circumstances after the lapse of more than two hundred years, it seems that scarcely a doubt could rationally have been entertained. This very moment commenced that revolution the seeds of whose spirit had already been so extensively sown. Henceforward the King and the Parliament were decidedly and unequivocally opposed. Up to the present moment the commonalty of England had taken little or no part in the national development. Perhaps it might with more propriety be affirmed that they had not manifested their capacity and power to exert a steady and controlling momentum upon its progress. But this commonalty was now emerging from its tutelage, and was about, for the first time, to take into its own hands in the seventeenth century that which it had heretofore allowed to be effected by the nobility. The only secure policy which Charles Stuart could have now adopted would have been a retrogressive one; but neither his own will nor the spirit which actuated his more intimate advisers could discern the wisdom of so doing.

At this period Cromwell had attained the age of forty-two years. He had six children. These were Oliver, Richard, Henry, Bridget, Elizabeth, and Mary. Francis Cromwell was subsequently born to him. He had been, and indeed always was, a good and tender, but firm and authoritative, parent. Essentially until this period a man of peace and occupied with the pursuits and habits of a country life, he had farmed and, perhaps, read some little. Among the fields and green trees and sloping hills of his own tranquil home had his mind been silently shapen and matured. Never having even thought of the profession of arms, he would seem to have been one of the last men whom necessity might have selected for or trained into a soldier.

Disturbed in their homes by the voice of discontent, the

gentry and the yeomanry of England had called on their Monarch not to disappoint the expectations of his subjects. When with a blinded soul and a contemptuous spirit Charles I had turned away and refused to listen to them, his doom was sealed. The hour had at length come.

Volunteers were raised on all sides. Cromwell felt the call of his country and responded to it. He offered £300 to the exigencies of the Parliament. When we remember his income and recall the value of money at that period, this must be considered a large sum. But Oliver did more. Raising two companies of volunteers at Cambridge, he girded his sword upon his thigh and, accompanied by his two eldest sons, joined that army which the Parliament was already collecting. It was a time which imperatively demanded sacrifices. These were made by Cromwell without a murmur. Long past that age at which ambition is most active in all of us, the homely farmer became the active soldier.

The royal standard was planted at Nottingham on the 22d of August, in 1642, and the Monarch of England called his subjects to arms. At no great distance from him the Earl of Essex was occupied in effecting the organization of the Parliamentary forces. When Cromwell joined him, he was at once made a captain. But the frankness of the man disdained to deceive his followers. Showing them his commission, he said : " Soldiers, I will not deceive you nor make you believe, as my commission hath it, that you are going to fight for the King and the Parliament. If the King were in front of me, I would as soon shoot him as another. If your conscience will not allow you to do as much, go and serve elsewhere." These are his words as they are given to us by a royalist historian. Did we not feel that these must have been truly his, we should not have cited them. More strongly than anything else could do, they mark the hard, robust, and self-reliant nature of the man's mind. Once embarked in the cause of the people, once convinced that to ensure their happiness and religious liberty blows must be struck, he never hesitated between his two allegiances. With a vigorous will and an uncompromising spirit he thrust the form of royalty aside from him and acknowledged no monarch but God.

The battle of Edgehill was the first positive collision that occurred between the King and the Parliament. Their troops met upon the 23d of October, in the same year, and a battle was fought which led to no very definite or decisive

result for either party. Shortly after this the troops retired into winter quarters—the army of the King occupying the country which lay around Oxford, while that of the Parliament held possession of London and the surrounding districts. The winter now gradually passed away, and the spring of the succeeding year opened upon the continuance of the war.

With the usual variability of feeling which marks the first efforts of a struggling nation, the popular party, already discouraged by their want of immediate success, began to doubt and reason upon the probable results of their efforts to control the power of their monarch. Murmurs and complaints began to be heard upon every side. Cromwell alone, at this time, would appear to have divined and distinctly appreciated the positive causes of their weakness. It was the intuitive perception of a great military leader that began to dawn upon his mind and opened his eyes to that which is at present so obviously apparent—the reason of their apparent failure. A letter of his is still extant which was written at this period. This letter is addressed to John Hampden. In it he speaks thus: “Your troops are most of them decayed serving-men, tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and there are gentlemen’s sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. But I will remedy that. I will raise men who will have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten.” Are not these the words of a man who already seems to feel that it is his spirit which must be the pervading impulse in this war?

About this time he lost a friend and relative—one of the few men with whom he had been wont to commune from his inner soul, and who had learned to know him thoroughly. This was John Hampden. A skirmish of cavalry had occurred on the 18th of June, a few miles from Oxford. Before the close Hampden had quitted the field. As he rode out of the *mélée* his head was hanging down and his hand was leaning heavily upon the neck of his charger. He died upon the 24th of the same month. It would, of course, be impossible now to say what influence he might have exerted, had he lived, upon the mind of Cromwell.

For the purpose, it may be presumed, of giving his actions the appearance of legality, Charles, early in the ensuing year, summoned the Parliament to assemble in the city of Oxford. A portion of it obeyed him and met there

on the 22d of January. Forty-four of the peers and one hundred and eighteen of the commons were present upon this occasion. After having held a session of somewhat less than three months, the King adjourned it. He had been accustomed to call it his "Mongrel Parliament," and stigmatized it as "cowardly and seditious." It was summoned to meet him no more. The Parliament which, at this time, was sitting in London, consisted of twenty-two peers and two hundred and eighty of the commons—more than a hundred of its actual members being absent and employed upon the service of the state.

It was in January that the Scotch army entered England, being invited thither by the Parliament. Their march must have been a very toilsome and arduous one, as a deep snow lay upon the ground, which in many portions of it rose over the knees of their horses. They joined the Parliamentary troops in the North, and, after several months spent in minor operations advanced to and besieged York, which was strongly garrisoned and had the Marquis of Newcastle as its Governor. Prince Rupert flew to its relief. As he approached the city the Parliamentary leaders raised the siege in the hope of preventing him from entering it. By a masterly march he foiled their endeavors to hinder him from joining the garrison, and appeared within the city. Here he saw the Marquis, who strongly advised him to be content with his success. Discord was at the present moment rife in the Parliamentary camp. The Scotch and English troops could not agree. Old animosities not yet appeased under the reign of the first Stuart prompted daily differences. Moreover, the religious element was a fruitful source of disquietude. The Presbyterians and Independents mutually disliked each other. In addition to this, a reinforcement of three thousand men was expected. Rupert replied rudely in the manner which was habitual to him. He said that his orders from the King were imperative. On the 2d of July he commanded his troops to march upon the enemy.

He halted on the plain almost within musket-shot of the army of the Parliament. For more than two hours his soldiers and the enemy remained under arms contemplating each other. Rupert was inspecting the ground and arranging his plan of attack. At length the word was given, and his troops advanced, crossing the ditches with which the plain was intersected and bearing down upon the enemy. The Scotch

cavalry formed its right wing, and these, after a brief but sharp conflict, were totally dispersed. Fairfax who was the Parliamentary general, vainly endeavored to restrain them from flying from the field of battle. In less than an hour the tidings of the complete defeat of the Parliamentary army were so widely spread that a courier bore the news of it to Oxford. Bonfires were lit in the streets of that city, and for some hours its royalist population abandoned themselves to their joy.

While, however, the victorious Cavaliers were pursuing the routed wing of the enemy, their own right, although commanded by Prince Rupert in person, had undergone a similar fate. A greater man than the Prince was now opposed to him. This was Cromwell. Charging with his wonted reckless impetuosity, Rupert was met by the soldiers of the stern Republican. They were as a wall of steel. In vain did the fiery leader of the Royalist troops hurl them against the enemy. The nervous spirit of his antagonist seemed to have grown into the intrepid soul of a valiant warrior. His voice rang athwart the tumult and his sword struck heavily in the strife. After a terrible struggle, Rupert was compelled to yield. The Parliamentary infantry, which was also victorious, completed his defeat. But Cromwell forbade all pursuit, and collected his cavalry for the purpose of awaiting the return of the troops who had dispersed the Scotch. Worn out with the pursuit, their horses jaded, and their swords dripping with blood, the Cavaliers returned. A brief and glorious charge decided the fortune of the day. Scattered before him, the straggling Royalists were chased from the field, and the battle of Marston Moor first traced the name of Cromwell imperishably upon the page of English history.

Upon the same night the Marquis of Newcastle quitted the city of York. He hurried to Scarborough, whence on the following day he embarked for the Continent. Prince Rupert collected the shattered remains of his army and marched towards Chester. York capitulated at the end of fifteen days.

When the tidings of this defeat reached the army of the King, the whole of the Court were struck, as it were, dumb with grief and fear. Their own successes against the Earl of Essex had induced them to reckon upon a speedy and triumphant termination of the war. For the first time, perhaps, they recognized the full vigor of that spirit which

had at length thoroughly awakened, and possibly foresaw the long train of evils to which they had so blindly exposed themselves. On the contrary, in London the Independent party were almost wild with joy. Even the Presbyterians shared their triumph. The military talent of Cromwell had achieved a brilliant success for the nation. The "Iron-sides"—for such was the name now bestowed by the popular feeling upon the squadrons of the Parliamentary leader—had overcome the Cavaliers under one of their most gallant generals. Should they now speak of peace as a necessity?

Nor were the consequences of this victory worthless to the nation. Its results were not confined to the reputation of the hardy soldier who had gained it. Nor were the hundred banners which his troops had taken from the enemy and rent into fragments to form bandages for the wounded its only fruits.

The whole of the North of England was at once abandoned by the forces who fought for Charles Stuart. There the Parliament became immediately paramount. His queen fled into France in spite of that warning which had a short time before been proffered her by the Cardinal Richelieu—not to quit the country with whose interests her own had been bound up by marriage if she ever calculated upon returning to it. His astute and reaching genius had already partially foreseen the possible result of that conflict into which she had so unfortunately urged the English king.

It was in vain that a partial success in the Western portion of his realm had smiled upon the arms of the King, and that the Earl of Essex, who commanded the Parliamentary army, had, after various defeats, been ultimately compelled to lay down his arms and surrender to the Royal forces. Only when the news came to him of the brilliant successes of the Marquis of Montrose in Scotland did he seem partially to reassume his courage. This nobleman, the account of whose exploits would seem more like the romantic legend woven by some dealer in chivalric lore than the dry and matter-of-fact details of reality, had, shortly after the battle of Marston Moor, crossed the frontiers of Scotland and appeared in the county of Athol. This long and toilsome journey he had made on foot, accompanied only by two friends, and attired in the humble garb of a domestic. He was at once recognized by his clan, among whom the doctrinal rigor and practical license of the Presbyterians had as yet utterly failed to obtain a footing. Gathering them together, he had immediately taken the field at their head on

behalf of his Monarch. He required everything from their courage and devotion to himself, while he abandoned everything to their avidity. Scarcely more than two days had elapsed ere he had gained two battles. After this he had occupied Perth, taken Aberdeen by assault, and raised the whole of the Highlanders throughout the lower portion of the north of Scotland. Fear and terror had been everywhere sown by him up to the very gates of Edinburgh. No sooner had the King received this intelligence than his spirits partially revived. He determined upon forthwith advancing against the English capital.

Everything seemed at the time to be favorable to this movement. The defeated troops of Essex and the greater portion of the Northern Army of the Parliament were gathered in its neighborhood under the command of the Duke of Manchester. But their discontent at the manner in which their pay had been suffered to fall into arrearage had inspired the Royalist leaders with the most lively hopes of putting an end to the war at a single blow. In this conjuncture, wanting money and fearing to leave their soldiers unpaid at such a moment, the Parliament determined on seizing upon the whole of the royal plate which was deposited in the Tower of London. This was accordingly done, and it was melted for the purpose of supplying their present necessities.

Charles had already reached Newbury, when the Parliamentary army at length marched against him. A long and bloody, but indecisive, battle ensued there. This took place on the 27th of October. Both sides claimed the victory. Yet upon the morrow Charles moved northward with the intention, a second time, of taking up his winter quarters in Oxford.

The clamor which was addressed to the Parliament by all of the parties who had taken their side in the contest became very general, and in the Lower House Cromwell added his testimony to the imputations which were urged against Manchester. He said that the indecisive result of the late struggle at Newbury was wholly to be imputed to him, and that he was literally afraid of vanquishing. Nothing, as he alleged, could have been more easy than the destruction of the army of the King. He had in vain solicited permission to begin the battle, and when the Duke had refused this, he had said that if Charles' army were destroyed he would still be the King and might readily find

another ; whereas, were they once beaten, they would be regarded as merely rebels and traitors, and would infallibly be condemned and executed, if taken, by virtue of the law. On the morrow, in the Upper Chamber, Manchester replied to this attack. He repelled the accusation in every point and attempted to justify his conduct. In a loud and angry voice he in turn accused Cromwell of treachery, falsehood, disobedience, and neglect of his orders. He affirmed that on the day of the battle neither himself nor his regiment had appeared at the post which he had assigned them. To this retort Cromwell vouchsafed no reply. He simply and coldly repeated his accusation.

For some time past Cromwell had been steadily gaining upon the public attention. His military reputation, which had been so rapidly and brilliantly achieved by a man to whom soldiery had been a new and untried field for exertion, had gradually fixed the popular eye upon him, and, on the return of the Army of the North, his capabilities as a leader had been generally discussed. His calmness in battle and his presence of mind were warmly extolled by the soldiery. They said that his charges were made with the rapidity and effect of lightning. In his *Difensio Secunda*, Milton says of him : " From his thorough exercise in the art of self-knowledge he had either exterminated or subdued his domestic foes, his idle hopes, his fears, and his desires. Having thus learned to engage, to subdue, and to triumph over himself, he took the field against his outward enemies, a soldier practised in all the discipline of war." But in addition to his military qualities he was a sound speaker, and his political knowledge excelled that of most of his contemporaries. He had ever openly declared his opinions to be in favor of the most perfect liberty of conscience. Is it any wonder that this man should have begun to excite the alarms of the dominant party in the Parliament ?

At the commencement of 1645, Archbishop Laud, who had been long imprisoned, was executed upon Tower Hill ; and shortly after the Liturgy of the Anglican Church was definitively abolished. The two parties in the Parliament, Presbyterians and Independents, alike concurred in both these measures. Nor indeed was it long after this that negotiations commenced at Uxbridge between the contending parties. These continued for some time and seemed tending to peace. They were, however, broken off suddenly by the King, who had received a letter from Montrose giving him information

of a great victory which he had gained over the Earl of Argyle. In it he implored his monarch not to entangle himself with any negotiations, and intimated that a long time would not now elapse before he should be both ready and able to come to his assistance. Those members who had been deputed by the Parliament to confer with Charles consequently returned at once to London, and the last chance which presented itself to the monarch for treating with his incensed subjects while he yet stood in a position where, to a certain extent, he could have dictated terms, was by his own will wantonly and recklessly cast behind him. A few months only were to elapse before Montrose was to be vanquished and a fugitive.

About the beginning of April Fairfax was named to the command of the Parliamentary army. He went sedulously to work, assisted by Cromwell, in forming it, and at the close of this month announced that in a few days he should be prepared to open the campaign. It was at this time that the famous ordinance was passed by both Houses which excluded all who were members of Parliament from holding commands in the army. Not a doubt can now exist that this ordinance was solely and exclusively directed against the man whom they had already begun to fear. Hostilities had once more broken out. Oliver would not return his sword to its sheath, and Fairfax wrote to the Parliament declaring that he could not and would not dispense with services which were so valuable to him. Nor need we marvel that the general should have made this declaration, when we learn that the King not long after exclaimed, in his irritation at the success which invariably accompanied him : " Who is there that will bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive ? "

Orders had been given Fairfax to invest Oxford, and he was advancing against it when intelligence was brought him that Charles had taken Leicester and was besieging Taunton. He immediately decided upon marching in search of him, and on the evening of the 13th of June his scouts brought him intelligence, when he was in the neighborhood of Northampton, that the King was near Naseby. He instantly marched upon the field, which decided the fate of the English crown.

The battle was fought upon the 14th. Cromwell commanded the right wing of the Parliamentary army, and, as he had done at Marston Moor, vanquished the troops who were opposed to him. In the meantime Prince Rupert had

swept the left wing from the field. Unable, however, to profit by the lesson which had so roughly been given him in that battle, he suffered his men to disperse in pursuit of the flying foe. This error upon the part of one of the principal generals of the Royalists at once enabled Cromwell to turn the whole of his troops upon their centre, which was commanded by the King in person, and assist Fairfax in completely routing them. The victory, however, was bloodily contested. Charles fought there, and whatever may have been his faults, on this occasion he fought gallantly. At length, however, he was obliged to quit the field, and fled. The arms of the Parliament were again victorious, and the field of Naseby proved fatal to all the hopes and expectations of the Royalists.

Among the other spoils which fell into the hands of the conquerors after the battle was the King's private cabinet of letters and papers. This was immediately sent to London unopened. It was there broken open and its contents were carefully examined. Among the letters which it contained were several which gave the clearest proof that Charles, while emphatically denying that he did so, had constantly, during the late disturbances in the kingdom, been engaged in soliciting assistance from the principal powers of the Continent.

After a brief debate, the Parliament determined upon the publication of these letters. Under the title of the "King's Cabinet Opened," they completed the ruin of Charles in the minds of the people. Shortly after this battle Prince Rupert had retreated upon Bristol. This city he entered by the orders of Charles for the purpose of defending it from the Parliamentary army, which was advancing towards it. It was taken by assault upon the 14th of September in the same year.

The King was now a fugitive, or comparatively so, as the greater portion of his troops had been dispersed at Naseby or broken up at the termination of the siege of Bristol. He wished again to open negotiations with the Parliament, and caused it to be intimated to them that he was ready to do so. His offers were at once indignantly refused. Later in the year he again retired to Oxford, but quitted it in disguise, with only a few followers, at the commencement of 1646. Wandering from castle to castle, and trying almost hopelessly to raise another army amongst those of his adherents who were yet faithful to their fallen

sovereign, he at length surrendered to the Scotch army who were stationed at Newark, and at the close of the year was given up by them to the English Parliament for the payment of £400,000. After receiving this sum they once more returned to their own country.

From this moment the two parties that we have already noticed as existing in the Parliament sundered more widely. In the House itself the Presbyterians were numerically, as they were in rank and personal importance, the strongest party. They were bent upon imposing on the nation a form of church government which should in every point coincide with their own views. An intolerance of every other form of religious worship dictated this desire. It was, therefore, obvious that with this party neither the Episcopalian nor Catholic predilections of their monarch could meet with any toleration. The army, on the contrary, was composed chiefly of men of a widely different stamp. Singularly enough it was here that the independence of religion was the most decidedly felt and the most evidently desired.

The first time that these found an actual voice was in the demand which was addressed to the Lower House for the arrears of pay which were due to them by the soldiery. Oliver, who had recently retaken his seat, was deputed by the Commons to reason with and quiet them. This he did, and was honored upon his return with a vote of thanks. But, in spite of this, matters became every day more serious, and it was evident to the leaders of the army that so long as the King remained in the hands of the Parliament the very possession of his name gave an increased strength to the Presbyterian party which was enabling them by degrees to engross the whole power of the realm. Under these circumstances action became necessary; and on the 2nd of June, 1647, an event occurred which changed the position of the parties, and threw the strength which was still possessed by the name of Charles into the hands of the Independents. A body of men under the command of Cornet Joyce, and amounting to four hundred in number, proceeded to Holmby House, where the King was then staying, and bore him away with them. Apparently the army seemed to foresee that struggle which must ultimately take place and was then approaching, although it is more than probable that the foresight which dictated this step was that of its leaders.

Necessarily, this daring act increased the jealousy and dread which began to be felt by the Presbyterian party ; and it was, we may imagine, in consequence of this that on the 10th of June the principal officers of the army, including Cromwell, Fairfax, Hammond, Treton, Lambert, and others, wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor and Common Council of the city of London, demanding satisfaction for their claims as soldiers, protesting against the misrepresentations which had been made, declaring that their cause could not be separated from that of the Parliament and the people, and desiring an immediate "settlement of the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject." Religious liberty was evidently the principal point dwelt upon in this manifesto. It consented that Presbyterianism should be the State religion, but it demanded the full enjoyment of civil and religious rights for all Englishmen. Their blood had been shed for the Parliament, and they thought it strange that the Parliament should wish in return to give them no liberty but that of expatriation.

Beyond any doubt this petition proceeded from the pen of Cromwell. It was conceived and written in terms which were equally characterized by wisdom, moderation, and justice. No desire was expressed to intermeddle with the settling of the Presbyterian form of government. Nothing could be more temperate than the form of its phraseology.

However, this moderation in the temper of the army was of short duration. On the 16th of June it boldly accused eleven members of the House of Commons of high treason. When the accusation was laid before the Parliament, it was struck dumb with astonishment. None knew what answer they should make. The army, which had heretofore been nothing but a mere instrument in their hands, had spoken with a voice which they were compelled to hear. The members who had been named asked permission to retire from their duties for six months, and this was granted them.

Possibly this is one of the epochs in Cromwell's life which has been most severely handled. He has been represented by history as having fomented this discord with the view of sundering more definitely the army and the Parliament. This cannot be believed by any who scrutinize his previous and subsequent conduct. As an Independent himself, it was palpable that he must honestly have dreaded the determination of the Presbyterians to impose their form of worship upon the English nation. As a soldier, and a gal-

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lant one, he cannot but have felt that having less need for the army, the House was disposed to rid itself of their importunities; while, as a politician, he must have known the utter incapacity of it as at present constituted to provide for or to deal with the wants of the nation. His enemies have said that he was a man upon whom none could reckon. He has been accused of daily changing his conduct and his language, and being entirely occupied with the desire in any case to be the chief of that great movement which, at this period, was convulsing the whole of England.

Those of his adherents and personal supporters who still remained faithfully attached to the fortunes of their fallen Prince grew daily bolder and more active. Some of them were, perchance, encouraged by the apparent neglect with which the Parliament had treated them; while others, suffering from the heavy fines and forfeitures which had been imposed upon them, and dreading the imprisonment, with its probable results, to which their fellows were and would be subjected, were equally inclined to embark in another struggle. In the spring of 1648, discontent, openly broke out amongst them, linked with a portion of the Presbyterians both in Kent and Wales. Officers who had gained distinction in the service of the Parliament openly associated themselves with this party and joined the Royal flag. Scarcely had this intelligence reached London than the information also reached it that a levy of 40,000 men had been voted by the Scotch Parliament for the defence and liberation of their imprisoned monarch. When they heard this the Royalists in the North of England rose simultaneously, while in Ireland even those chieftains who had hitherto supported the Parliament determined upon raising the standard of the King. In London itself, levies were made for him, and armed bands marched through the metropolis for the purpose of joining and strengthening the insurrectionary forces.

On the arrival of all this threatening intelligence the Parliament gazed around them to search for a man who was fit to deal with the perils of the emergency. Only one in whom they could trust for victory and safety might be found. Orders were accordingly given Cromwell to depart for Wales. These orders he obeyed, and with that fiery promptitude which almost invariably characterized his military actions. He immediately marched direct upon the principality at the head of five regiments. The Royalist army, which had already been levied in Scotland, crossed the

frontier which divided it from its sister kingdom upon the 8th of July.

Three days only after Oliver had halted before Pembroke Castle, it surrendered to him, and the tidings were brought to his camp that the Scotch army had entered England. His troops were ill supplied with food and all other necessaries, while the military chest was comparatively destitute of money. Nevertheless his determination was at once taken ; it was to march immediately upon the North.

Accordingly, on the following morning the victor hastened thitherward with his ill-clad, ill-shod, and poverty-stricken, but resolute and conscientious, soldiery. A letter is still in existence which was written by him to the Parliament at this period ; in it he desires that the necessary wants of those troops with which he was now about to deliver the nation from the danger which was threatening it might be supplied.

Traversing the country from North to South, followed by these soldiers, with the rapidity of lightning, he came up with the Scotch army near the river Ribble. It was commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. The first who brought the Duke news of Cromwell's approach was an officer from one of the outposts ; but the Scotch general discredited the intelligence, not believing it possible that Oliver could be so near, and reproached him for suffering himself so readily to be duped. The tidings were, however, only too true. In less than half an hour his outposts were driven in and the English Puritans burst upon him. Rank after rank was scattered as the Scots collected hurriedly and in disorder to oppose that fiery onslaught. The rout became general. Broken and terror-stricken, the invading army crossed the river and fled southward. They were closely followed by Cromwell, who was determined to allow them no time to re-establish and rearrange their strength. In a narrow defile that was near Warrington he subsequently overtook them, and the Duke of Hamilton was compelled to surrender himself, with his whole army, to the general of the Commonwealth. The campaign of one solitary fortnight had, as it were, obliterated the invading forces and stamped the Puritan soldier as the greatest and most brilliant military leader who had ever yet trodden upon English soil. *

In saying this we would have the circumstances under which the campaign was made remembered. The Parliament was panic-stricken. Those troops which he had at

his disposal were suffering from the want of all the necessities which are required by every army. Nothing but their self-devotion and that blind confidence with which their leader was alone capable of inspiring them could have rendered them equal to the immediate emergency. No sooner had the conqueror achieved this success than he retraced his steps northward and entered Scotland. Shortly after he arrived in Edinburgh.

Elated by the defeat of the Scotch army and oscillating from the direction which had been imposed upon them by the presence of Cromwell, the Parliament had in the meantime decided that fresh negotiations should be opened with the King. Fifteen commissioners were accordingly chosen from both Houses of Parliament and ordered to present themselves at Cansbrooke Castle. Here they earnestly exhorted him to accept the proposals which they made to him before the army should be strengthened by the return of that portion of it which was now in Scotland. True to that double-dealing whose impulse might almost seem to be a constitutional infirmity, he appeared inclined to do so ; yet, he knew that Ormond was about to re-enter Ireland from the Continent, provided with money and ammunition to carry on the war. This was also known to the commissioners, and for the purpose of quieting their remonstrances he sent a written order to the Marquis to desist from his preparations, while at the same time he secretly caused a letter to be conveyed to him enjoining him in all things explicitly and solely to obey the will of the Queen. It was obviously the wish of Charles himself that the struggle should still be carried on. Perhaps he thought that while arms were still in the hands of his followers and adherents better terms might possibly be afforded him. Whatever may have been the reason of his perverse and resolute faithlessness, it is certain that in their negotiations with him the Parliamentary leaders were invariably either dupes or simpletons. That crime which has been so constantly imputed to Oliver was almost a virtue. His hypocrisy simply consisted in his having too much discernment, after having once eluded the bait, to suffer himself a second time to be hooked by the princely angler.

That spirit, however, which the Parliament had hoped was departed for the North in company with Cromwell had not entirely quitted the army, which was still encamped in the neighborhood of London. A portion of it presented a

remonstrance to the two Houses. In it the remonstrants required that the sovereignty of the people should be definitely acknowledged, and that, for the future, the King should be elected by their representatives. There were some few of the Commons that, upon the receipt of this, boldly and unhesitatingly proposed that the remonstrants should at once be accused of high treason. The House were too timid to do this, but the proposal only widened the breach.

It must be remembered that the Parliamentary army was not composed of the same materials which are collected in ordinary armies. Neither was it sustained by the ordinary principles which generally actuate military bodies. In many respects it was emphatically the representative of national opinion. The wealthy farmers and moderate gentry who had joined the troops that were called together by the revolt against regal tyranny were better calculated to judge of the necessities of the people than that Parliament was whose battles they had been fighting. They had done the work which that Parliament had required of them, and had done this from free and untrammelled conviction of its necessity. Keenly alive to that which was required by the great body of the nation, and consequently to their own individual rights, they determined upon solving this matter. Accordingly, under the command of Fairfax, they marched from Windsor, and on the 2d of December entered London. Undeterred by this evidence of the determination of the Puritan soldiery, the Commons resumed their debate on the fourth of the month, and on the day following it was decided in favor of the King. Two regiments were posted around Westminster Hall on the morning of the 6th of December, under the command of Colonel Pride, who had strict injunctions to prevent the Parliament from assembling. Forty-one of the most determined of the members were driven back from the doors. A few of those who had the greatest influence were sent to the Tower, and others who were more timid were scared into the country, whence many of them hesitated to return. It was now determined by the army to bring Charles back to the neighborhood of London. He could have escaped from Cansbrooke, but, with a singular fatuity, still resolving to trust in his own diplomacy—should it not rather be called duplicity?—and reckoning still upon those dissensions of which he had hitherto availed himself in his dealings with the Parliament and the leaders of the army, he decided upon awaiting the arrival of the de-

tachment which had been despatched to escort him to Hurst Castle.

While residing in this fortress, although closely watched by the Puritans, to prevent his correspondence with the leaders of the Royalists, who were still in a state of incessant activity, he was treated with that respect which was considered his due. All of those ceremonies which were then considered almost as part of royalty were scrupulously observed. No merely chance observer of this observance would have believed him to be a prisoner. He dined upon a dais and in public; he was served upon the bended knee. The formalities which were thus preserved in the attendance upon his person beyond a doubt combined to foster his delusion, and encouraged those vain hopes which were soon to be so abruptly terminated by his trial and his sentence, the scaffold and the block.

A few days only elapsed before the return of Cromwell, who was even then upon his way from Scotland. The House of Commons, or as perhaps we should better say, that portion of it which remained in London after the operation of "Pride's Purge," as the step which had been taken by the leaders of the army was popularly named, received him with the warmest expressions of gratitude. Their thanks were voted him for his Scotch services. He was called by the people the *Pacificator of Britain*. But he remained silent and scarcely did more than answer those who addressed him. The weight of that which was to come, and which in all probability he now foresaw, appeared palpably to oppress him.

On December the 28th it was declared by the House to be treason in the King of England for the time to come to levy war against the Parliament. Almost immediately after a member arose and proposed to bring the King to trial "as the cause of the blood" which had been shed during the late contest. Cromwell then spoke, and his words sealed the fate of Charles Stuart. "Since the providence of God," he said, "hath cast this upon us, I cannot but submit to it, though I am not yet prepared to give you my advice." He recoiled from that necessity which he could not but feel. The initiative had not proceeded from him, and he was daily tormented by his doubts and harassing reflections upon the justice of this step. A terrible struggle was taking place in his mind. Let us see how it was solved. John Cromwell, a relative of his who was in the Dutch service, came to

England. He was charged with a message from the Princess of Wales to him who was believed alone to have the power of saving the King's life. Cromwell replied to him that he had fasted and prayed daily in the hopes of learning the will of God, but that it had not as yet been revealed to him. On that same night he once more sought in prayer the solution of his doubt, and while still upon his knees a lively conviction arose within his soul. From that moment the death of Charles was decided upon in his mind, and on the day following he told John to trouble him no more.

But although the ordinance for the trial of Charles had passed the Lower House, the peers refused to ratify it. In consequence of this it was determined by the Commons to erect a High Court of Justice and proceed solely upon their own power. This was immediately done, one hundred and thirty-five commissioners being chosen and John Bradshaw named Lord President. On the same day proclamation was made by Fairfax enjoining all malignants and Roman Catholics (Papists), as well as every person who had been engaged on the King's side in the late war, to depart from London.

Rumors of the approaching trial of Charles had no sooner spread through the country than the agitation caused by it became universal. The Episcopilians, as well as the Catholics, and generally the Presbyterians, denied the right of the Commons of England to sit in judgment upon one of the Lord's anointed. A strong protest was sent up by the Church of Scotland against it. Many foreign princes did the same; but from the moment indecision had vanished from the mind of Cromwell, his spirit alone pervaded the House of Commons. They did not hesitate.

It was upon the 20th of January, 1649, that Charles was brought to the bar. As he advanced towards it the eyes of Cromwell met those of the King, and he turned away as pale as death. How could it have been otherwise? His late doubts were still active. Although determined upon the course which he should take, and entertaining the positive conviction of its absolute necessity, he could not but feel a bitter pang as he gazed upon the royal victim who was bound as a sacrifice to the horns of the altar of national justice. The trial lasted seven days, and in some respects redeems the memory of the unfortunate Stuart from that obloquy which must otherwise have been inevitably heaped upon his name. He appeared to

forget his past duplicity of character in his present peril. More of the Prince and less of the political intriguer, he seemed to recur to the glories of his ancestors, and embody his own being with their spirit. Refusing to answer those charges which were advanced against him, he utterly denied the authority of the Court to try him, and when condemned to death appeared to be the only person present who was unmoved by doubt or oppressed by fear. Sixty-seven members of the Commission were sitting when sentence was passed upon him.

His execution took place on the 30th of the same month. After the blow was stricken which dissolved the connection of the English nation with their King, the body was put into a coffin covered with black velvet and removed into the Palace of Whitehall, where it was embalmed. It was then placed in a second coffin of lead and delivered to four of his servants, who attended the hearse which conveyed it to Windsor. There, by the permission of Parliament, it was buried in St. George's Chapel.

An act had been introduced in Parliament on February the 7th which prohibited the proclaiming any person king of England or Ireland, as the power and office of king were considered to be "unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty of the nation." Some six days later Prince Charles was proclaimed King of Scotland. Meanwhile the Marquis of Ormond had entered Ireland and raised an army in defence of the rights of the Stuarts. The nation rose with him. Unfortunately, he was not able to restrain them, exasperated as they had been by the government of the English Parliament.

Prompt and formidable measures were undertaken by Cromwell immediately after landing. He marched against Drogheda and summoned it to surrender. This was in the commencement of September. The garrison refuse to do so. An immediate assault was ordered. His troops were twice beaten back from the walls, and it was only when he himself led them in person that they succeeded in entering the city. Quarter was refused, and the whole of the Irish troops were mercilessly put to the sword. In his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Cromwell says: "To God alone the praise of this work belongs; for instruments, they were very inconsiderable in this work, throughout." Immediately after this exploit he marched upon Wexford. A similar summons to surrender was at once addressed to the Governor. Terrified by the vague rumors which had already

reached him touching the fate of Drogheda, and apparently apprehensive of a similar vengeance being wreaked upon him and his small garrison, he seemed inclined to comply with the summons of the English general. However, on the approach of the Earl of Castlehaven, who managed to throw a considerable body of troops into the town, he determined upon risking the event of a siege. Cromwell did not give him much time to compute the chances of foiling him. He was compelled to storm the fortifications, which he did upon the following day. After a gallant but not very protracted resistance, this city was also taken, and more than 2,000 of the enemy were slain by the infuriated conquerors. They believed themselves the appointed and chosen instruments to wreak the wrath of God upon the Irish nation. Upon the 17th of October the Lord Lieutenant arrived before Ross. A large reinforcement, consisting of 1,500 troops, had been thrown into this place by the Marquis of Ormond, and when Cromwell demanded its surrender, not the slightest answer was returned to his summons. This town was more regularly fortified than either Wexford or Drogheda had been, and he foresaw that its capture would be a task of greater difficulty. Accordingly, batteries were raised against it, and on the 19th of the month his heavy artillery opened their fire upon the walls. On the evening of the same day a large breach had been effected, and it became almost a matter of certainty that on the morning following the English would attempt to storm its defences. Apparently profiting by those lessons which had been given the Irish soldiery by the fate which had befallen the two places previously mentioned, the Governor now capitulated.

The eldest son of Charles I, who had already been proclaimed King of Scotland, was soon after invited by the Scotch Parliament to quit the Continent. He decided upon accepting the invitation which had been addressed to him. Early in the summer of 1650 he arrived there and soon after entered Edinburgh.

When news of this was brought to the Parliament of the Commonwealth it was accompanied by the rumor that the Scots had again determined upon crossing the frontier which separated the two peoples. After a brief discussion it was decided upon striking the first blow. Orders were accordingly given Fairfax to march northward. His lady, however, who was strongly Presbyterian in her religious principles, and was greatly influenced by the ministers of that persua-

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sion, induced him to hesitate in at once obeying, and he intimated to the Parliament that he did not conceive they would be justified in carrying the war into Scotland.

Foreseeing that the longer it was deferred the more difficult it would become, Cromwell at once advanced to the North, crossed the Tweed, and entered that kingdom with an army of 12,000 men. Scanty as these numbers were when compared with those of the forces which were opposed to him, he felt that they would be enough for the work. They were composed of those men who had already learned to conquer under him. The veterans of Marston Moor and of Naseby and a portion of the soldiery who, under his orders, had overrun Ireland, were serving under him.

In the neighborhood of Dunbar was it that David Leslie found the English turn upon him. Following them in the full conviction that they were retracing their steps for the purpose of quitting Scotland, he had entangled his troops in a false position. The eagle eye of Cromwell at once saw and his military intuition profited by this error. On the 3d of September he gained a complete victory, and more than 10,000 of the Scotch soldiery laid down their arms before him. After this Oliver marched upon Edinburgh, and that portion of the defeated army which had escaped thither after their recent defeat retired into the Castle.

But the great Puritan, who had shown himself so cruel and ruthless to the Irish Catholics, felt called upon to deal differently with the people of Scotland. He displayed patience, gentleness, and moderation towards the vanquished Presbyterians.

The entry which Oliver made on his return to London, after having gained so many victories, partook of the nature of an antique triumph. It was an ovation offered by the nation to the man who was now its hero. Members of Parliament, officers of the army, the Council of State, and the Aldermen and Common Council of the city, had gone forth to welcome him. These were followed by throngs of apprentices and soldiers, tradesmen who had quitted their counters, sailors, and handcraftsmen who had thrown aside their tools, thrifty citizens, and the frequenters of taverns, blooming maidens and matronly wives, prattling children in all the mirth of infancy, and aged men whose gray hairs were already trenching upon the shadows of the grave—all of whom were eager to look upon the man whom they proclaimed, in the intoxication of their pleasure, the Liberator of England.

That joy which had for the moment succeeded ! their previous fears seemed completely to have obliterated from the minds of every one his envy or his jealousy. The Parliament overloaded him with favors as the man to whose arm and sword they were indebted for their continued existence. A rich donation of lands was conferred upon him, in addition to that portion of the estates of the Earl of Worcester which had been settled upon him and his heirs in the spring of 1648. Hampton Court, which he had last known under other circumstances, was now assigned him as a residence. Those who had heretofore been the most backward in courting him, now could not weary of exhibiting to him their respect and affection. So it always. The same enthusiasm which has hewn down and destroyed old glories is ever anxious to discover or reward new ones. It seems to fancy that in thus elevating a fresh image it returns to society that of which it had previously despoiled it. At least it did so now.

Many discordant elements were still agitating the country, and it was necessary to restore tranquility. The Long Parliament, or rather that small portion of it which was now called the "Rump" and had managed to retain its life and faculties after undergoing "Pride's Purge," although drawing undeniably near its end, still maintained a tough and resolute hold upon life. It was anxious, if possible, to prolong its existence.

It consisted at present of scarcely a remnant of its original number. Highly unpopular throughout the whole nation, it was disliked by every mode of thought, as it was denounced by every party in politics and despised by every sect in religion. From every side and by all shades of opinion it was loudly called upon to dissolve itself.

A new power was needed by the nation. It required one for the task of building up a form of government in place of that which it had so lately overthrown. But this power needed to be single and concentrated. The task of destruction can always be done by many. That of re-erecting generally demands but one will. Cromwell felt that this will must be his own.

Colonel Ingoldsby came hurriedly to Cromwell upon the 20th of April, in 1653. This was to inform him that the Parliament were then occupied in passing a bill for the purpose of prolonging their existence. "It is not honest," he exclaimed. "Yea, it is contrary to common honesty." Summoning a company of musketeers to attend him, he hur-

ried to the house, and, charging them to remain in the lobby advanced into it, and took his seat. He remained silent and motionless for more than a quarter of an hour. Then, as the Speaker, was going to take the sense of the House on the question which was before them, he turned to Lieutenant General Harrison, who was sitting beside him, and said: "I must do it." Subsequently he declared that on entering the House he had no intention of taking the step which he felt compelled to take at this moment. When he rose and addressed the House his tone was at first even and calm; but as he continued speaking it became more warm and bitter. "You are no Parliament" were his concluding words. "I will put an end to your sittings. Some of you are drunkards, others lead scandalous and corrupt lives. I say you are no Parliament. Get ye gone? Give way to honester men." Lenthall, the Speaker, would not quit his seat, but General Harrison strode up to him and, taking him by the arm, forced him to rise. "What," cried Cromwell, as he gazed upon the mace, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Take it away." So saying he pointed it out to one of the musketeers who had entered the chamber. When the members had all vanished, locking the door and placing the key in his pocket, he returned to Whitehall.

During the last two years a gradual improvement in the foreign relations of the Commonwealth had taken place. France, which had at first looked doubtfully and coldly upon the new Republic, now appeared inclined to approximate towards the victorious general.

His first step was to call together the principal military officers and those persons who had during the late troubles been occupied with civil matters and who were the most conspicuous for their sobriety of demeanor as well as for their talent. These were invited to meet at Whitehall and there consult together, for the purpose of forming an intelligent and stable government. By these a Council of State, consisting of thirteen members, was chosen. It has been said that Sir Henry Vane, who had been one of the most active leaders in the late Parliament, was invited to attend and become one of this council. Replying that he had no reason to doubt that it was the reign of the Saints which was about to commence, he intimated that he should prefer not taking any part in it until he was called to do so in heaven.

This assembly, which at first was called the Notables, was immediately convened. Their session was opened on the

4th of July by Cromwell, in person, at the Council Chamber in Whitehall. They immediately took the name of the Parliament; but unfortunately proved by no means equal to that which was expected of them. This was rather from an over-zeal than from an incapacity for their work. Order and economy were partially introduced by them into the financial affairs of the government. This alone might fairly be considered enough to redeem the Little, or, as it was more popularly called, "Barebones Parliament" from much of that obloquy which was cast upon it. After this they suppressed some of the taxes and desired to give the nation a code of laws.

It was, therefore, upon the 12th of December, that, after a brief session of five months and eleven days—it having been moved that, as the sittings of the Parliament in its present form could not be for the good of the nation, it was requisite that they should resign their functions into the hands of the Lord General. Immediately afterwards the Speaker, accompanied by the majority of the members, repaired to Whitehall. There, in the presence of Cromwell, they tendered their resignation of that office to which his word and his will had called them.

All parties in the State, with the exception of the faction of the Levellers, now turned their eyes upon Cromwell. They believed him to be the only man in England who was capable of ensuring the safety of the Commonwealth and consolidating a republican form of government.

Although evidently surprised by the resignation of the Assembly of Notables, he called together a Council of the leading officers of the army and advised with them upon the best mode in which the government might be carried on. After a lengthy discussion they came to the resolution that a form approximating to royalty would be the strongest and the most advisable for the necessities of the nation. It was accordingly determined that a Council of "godly and discreet" persons should be selected, consisting of twenty-one, and that Oliver himself should be named the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Ireland, and Scotland. They also decided that a Parliament of four hundred and sixty members should be elected and summoned together every three years, and that any neglect to issue the writs for its election by the Commissioners of the Great Seal should render them amenable to the charge of high treason.

In a few days England had bowed before and felicitated

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its new master. Those who had hoped to revert once more to royalty were struck with fear. The Presbyterians had been witnesses to that which he had accomplished, and shrank from opposing that iron arm which they had once seen stretched over Ireland ; while the Independents hailed, in stern and unbridled joy, the government of their favorite saint.

The Parliament had neither answered the expectations of Cromwell nor those of the people. They attempted to circumscribe his power and struggled to assert their own superiority. A vote was passed that none should be tolerated who did not profess the fundamentals of Christianity which they recognized. Another spirit than that which animated the Protector made itself glaringly obvious in their bigotry and intolerance. It was on the 22d of January, 1655, that they were summoned to meet him. He then administered them a scathing rebuke. Reproaching them for having thrown away their time and not prepared to encounter those dangers which were threatening the nation, he told them that they ought to have closed the breaches which divided it, and made it secure, happy, and well satisfied. He said that the army had been debauched and divided by the enemies of the Commonwealth ; while they, by their inaction, had afforded them great advantages. With a singular advance beyond the spirit of the age, he also reproached them for their attacks upon religious liberty. "Is there not yet," said he, "upon the spirits of men a strange itching ? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can press their finger upon their brethren's consciences to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the contest we had with the common enemy. * * Had not they themselves labored but lately under the weight of persecution ? And was it fit for them to sit heavy on others ?

* * * It is ungenerous to ask liberty and not to give it. What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the Bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves as soon as their yoke was removed ?"

Recovering from their temporary depression of spirits, the Royalists coalesced with the Levellers, who shrank not from loudly declaring that even Charles was preferable to Oliver Cromwell. The reasons of this are obvious to the most cursory student of history. Under the government of the Protector they were unable to excite the disturbances which they had previously done. His hand weighed directly upon them and imposed a curb whose cheek upon them they scarcely had dared at first to murmur against. With these last

he dealt mildly. It was, however, necessary to maintain order and sobriety in the Commonwealth. For the purpose of doing this he accordingly divided England into twelve districts, over which he placed men of the most exemplary zeal and unimpeachable integrity. These officers were charged with the universal civil and military superintendence in their respective districts.

At this time many of the Lords and gentlemen connected with the Royalist party, who had been previously retained prisoners, were released, and a growing confidence in the stability of the government began to be manifested by the proprietors of landed estates, whose security had been violently shaken and disturbed during the recent wars which had disorganized England. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned that gentlemen of birth and quality began once more to serve upon the Grand Juries. This is only stated to demonstrate the satisfaction with which a strong and vigorous administration of the national resources began to be received even among the Royalists.

Nevertheless, he encountered great risks in having placed himself at the head of the Republic. Against him solely were now concentrated the hatred and enmity of that portion of the Royalist party which still retained their distrust of the Commonwealth.

The discovery of a plot was made on January 19th in the following year. Its object was to burn the palace of Whitehall and to assassinate the Protector. A day of thanksgiving for his escape from this danger was appointed by the Parliament, and the members of the House waited upon Cromwell and congratulated him upon his deliverance. Men's thoughts were now more narrowly directed to the means of strengthening the government against all such attempts upon the life of the Protector, and gradually these settled in one direction amongst the more sober portion of the nation. It wished to revert to the old forms to which its fathers had been accustomed. It had been used to the name of king. In his hands upon whom its eyes were fixed was all that power which their former associations taught them to link with it. Was it not natural that its inclinations should slowly but surely take this direction?

But, while a large section of the people thought thus, there was a more limited portion who had gradually drawn off from Cromwell since he had been installed in the Protectorate. To these the idea of offering him the crown was one

which caused them a deep and serious feeling of pain. Amongst them were the extreme Independents and many of the leading officers of the army, who were the most closely connected with him. At length, on February the 23d, 1657, Sir Christopher Pack, an alderman of the city of London, introduced a motion in the House of Commons that the crown, with the title of King, should be offered to the Lord Protector. This was seconded by Colonel Jephson. Being at table with Cromwell dining with him upon the following day, Oliver reprimanded him for having done this. Jephson replied that he had followed the dictates of his own conscience, and that he should ever, with God's will, take the liberty of so doing. When he answered thus, the Protector struck him lightly upon the shoulder, saying : "Go, go ! You are mad."

This motion was violently opposed by the stricter Republicans, of whom there were yet many in the House. They admitted that the regal power was in the hands of Cromwell, but they declared that it would be impossible for them to return to a form of government which they had deliberately destroyed. However, the majority of the legal opinion in the present Parliament was decidedly in its favor. Necessarily this had great weight with a large proportion of its members, who were not yet decided; and, in consequence, the motion was ultimately carried. Upon the 31st of March, therefore, a petition was presented to the Protector by a commission deputed from the House that he should take upon himself the title and office of King, which the Parliament believed would be most conformable to the laws and temper of the people of England.

Praying that time might be afforded him for deliberation, Cromwell said to them : "Should I give any resolution in this matter suddenly without seeking to have an answer put into my heart and so into my mouth by Him that hath been my God and my guide hitherto, it would savour more to be of the flesh, to proceed from lust, to arise from argument of self. And if my decision have such motives in me, it may prove even a crime to you and to these three nations." Within three days the commission again waited upon him for the purpose of learning his answer. On this occasion he said to them : "I return the Parliament my grateful acknowledgments. But I must needs say that which may be fit for you to offer may not be fit for me to undertake. I am not able for such a trust and charge."

Do these words justify those aspersions which have been so constantly heaped upon Cromwell? Unless the hypocrisy be admitted which the whole tenor of his life so entirely and so consistently disproves, they must be allowed to prove the sincerity which actuated him in declining to accept that which he himself said was no more than a *"cather in the cap."*

A singularly perverse, and, if we may say so, unlucky, fate would seem to have attended and darkened the memory of Cromwell. Some writers distinctly allege that he entertained the desire of becoming, and actually intrigued to have himself proclaimed, King. There are others who as positively and unhesitatingly deny that he ever felt this inclination. Yet both have not only aspersed his memory, but have actually impeached his wisdom—these as strangely blaming him for cherishing this desire as those stigmatize him for not having done so.

In 1657, upon the 29th of June, was Cromwell, after having refused the kingdom, solemnly inaugurated as the Protector of the Commonwealth, after having held the office for the space of two years and a half. This inauguration took place in Westminister Abbey, where the Speaker presented him with a robe of purple velvet, a sword, and a sceptre of massive gold. Parliament was almost immediately after this prorogued to the 20th of January in the following year. From experience Cromwell had found the necessity of having two Houses of the Legislature. He already seemed to see the necessity of that system of weights and balances in a representative form of government which is now one of its admitted axioms. By the consent of the Commons he accordingly constituted the Upper—they invariably called it the Other—House. This consisted of sixty-one hereditary members, who were appointed by the Protector. Amongst these were Richard and Henry Cromwell, with his son-in-law, Fleetwood, who had married the widow of Ireton. In opening the two Houses, he addressed them as "My Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons."

Nothing more than this was wanting. Already jealous of that branch of the Legislature which, with their own consent, he had called into being, they at once took offence at the manner in which these appellations had been used. Refusing to give the other House their title, they grew sour and discontented. Their proceedings were by no means such as the Protector desired them to have been. He accordingly

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summoned them to meet him on the 25th of January, when he addressed them at great length. His speech was masterly in the extreme. It was almost entirely addressed to the Continental relations of England, discussing the projects and intentions of the latter in a method the statesmanlike precision of which had, up to this period, never been equalled by any one in that nation.

Their own dissensions took the precedence with the Parliament, even of the internal government of England. Personal disputes occupied the whole of the time which remained to them from their one great annoyance, even when war was at their very doors ; and the Spaniards incensed by recent differences and forgetful of the defeat of that armada which they had called the " Invincible," were again threatening to invade England.

It was about this time that a marriage was talked about between Frances, the youngest and most beautiful of the daughters of Cromwell, and the eldest son of Charles Stuart, who was called by the Royalists Charles II. This had been so fully canvassed by the heads of both parties that the young Prince had suffered himself openly to approve of it ; and Lady Dysart, who was an intimate friend of the wife of the Protector, had spoken to her several times upon the subject. At length she ventured to broach the matter to her husband, and urge it upon his attention as a means of at once healing the differences which still existed in the nation. Patiently did Cromwell hear his wife to the end. Then, taking her by the hand, he said to her, sadly and seriously : " Charles Stuart can never pardon me his father's death. Did he do so, he would be unworthy of the crown." Meanwhile something had been going on with regard to Frances Cromwell of which neither the Protector nor his wife had the slightest suspicion.

Interest had been made by the friends of a young clergyman named Jeremiah White to procure him the appointment of one of Oliver's chaplains. This was accorded to him. In addition to his youth, he was eminently good-looking. Struck by the beauty of the Lady Frances, he had the presumption to pay her his addresses. Measuring his person rather than his position, she accorded him this liberty and suffered herself to be attracted towards him. The Protector chanced to surprise him one forenoon, upon his knees before her, kissing her hand. " What does this mean ? " inquired Cromwell, as his eyes fell upon the young minister. Jeremiah immediately

started to his feet. Whether it was the stern and angry glance of his master which was fastened upon him that prompted the lie which rose to his lips, it would be impossible to say ; it may, however, be presumed that it was so. He summoned up assurance enough to stammer out an answer. This was to the effect that he had for a length of time been paying attention to one of the maids of the Lady Frances ; but not being successful, he had been entreating her Ladyship to use her influence in his favor. "How," asked Oliver, as he turned to the girl who was in attendance upon her mistress, "is this ? Mr. White is one of my friends. I expect that you will treat him well." Blushing and trembling, the young woman stepped forward. Probably she had previously admired the Reverend Jeremiah and had desired him for a husband. Having the chance of obtaining him thrown in her way, she determined not to allow it to slip through her fingers. "If Mr. White wishes to do me that honor," she replied, "I will most assuredly not refuse him."

Oliver's eyes glistened with wrath, mingled with a good-humored malice, as he turned rapidly round and cried out, "Let my chaplain, Mr. Goodwin, come here immediately." Not the slightest chance of a retreat lay open to the Rev. Jeremiah White from the declaration which he had made at this juncture. He was accordingly married, and it is said that Cromwell bestowed a handsome dowry upon the bride who was improvised for the occasion. Shortly after, the Lady Frances was wedded to Robert Rich, the heir of the Earl of Warwick.

It was under these circumstances, while the Lower House was forgetting the necessities of the moment and lowering its own dignity by idle and angry discussions, that, on the 4th of February, 1658, the Usher of the Black Rod informed them that his Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth had visited the House of Lords and was desirous of speaking with them.

When they hastened thither, it was to receive a just and well-merited rebuke. " You have not only disjointed yourselves, but the whole nation, which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat than it hath been from the rising of the last session, to this day. * * * I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament, and let God be a judge between you and me." He never spoke again in public

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It was almost immediately after this dissolution that Oliver recalled Fleetwood from the government of Ireland, to which he had been appointed after the death of his son-in-law Ireton. He also cancelled the commission of Lambert, whom he knew to have been engaged in an intrigue for the purpose of displacing him, utterly regardless of the many pecuniary and other favors which had been bestowed upon him. Several others of the officers of the army were also dismissed or set aside.

Soon afterwards the ramifications of a plot were discovered. By this conspiracy Cromwell was to have been murdered and thrown out of a window of the Palace of Whitehall, or otherwise disposed of. The sovereignty of Jesus would then have been proclaimed by the fanatics. The leaders in this singular conspiracy for inaugurating the Prince of Peace by an assassination were, however, traced out and the majority of them apprehended. Neither was this the only design which at this period threatened the existence of the government.

For many weeks the Marquis of Ormond, who had opposed the army of the Parliament in Ireland, had been concealed in the metropolis for the purpose of arranging a combined movement upon the part of the Royalists. Charles Stuart had collected an army of 8,000 soldiers and had twenty-two ships already in readiness awaiting the moment which was to be indicated to him for making another trial to regain that kingdom which his sire had so dearly paid for misgoverning. These preparations were, however, disconcerted by the singular and wary vigilance of the Protector. He had by chance discovered one of the threads of the proposed movement and lost no time in tracing them out. Three of the principals who had embarked in this conspiracy were apprehended; but Ormond succeeded, in spite of the most sedulous research, in making his escape.

Yet, although apparently successful in every thing which contributed to uphold his power, the fiat had gone out from the Almighty for terminating the troubled and eventful life of Cromwell. His arduous toils and his many and wearied years had both slowly scored themselves against his name. His health had long been declining, and on the 6th of August a blow fell heavily upon him from which he was destined not to recover. This was the death of Lady Claypole. She had been, since the death of his eldest son, his favorite child. Her gentleness, yet firmness, of disposition,

combined as it was with her tenderness of sentiment, and a profound feeling of those Christian duties which so greatly elevate the human character, had exercised an empire over the more kindly portion of Cromwell's spirit that had never intruded itself upon the public eye. For fourteen days he never quitted her side.

He was attacked with a severe but remittent fever on the 21st of the same month. However, with his accustomed hardness of will, he would not give way to it, but continued to take his daily drive in the park at Hampton Court. In one of these he saw George Fox, the Quaker, who had formerly remonstrated with him upon the proceedings of the Parliament against his brethren. Lowering one of the windows of the carriage, he beckoned him to approach, and spoke with him for a considerable time. Twice only, after this meeting, did George Fox see him. The first time was before the Council, where the Protector "rated him soundly"; at least we have the evidence of Fox himself that he did so. The second time was also in Hampton Park. He says that on this occasion, as he passed him, riding at the head of his life-guard, he felt "a waft of death go forth against him."

Cromwell now grew slowly and steadily worse. In this stage of his illness the physicians strenuously advised him to keep his bed, and very shortly after receiving this counsel he was compelled by bodily weakness to do so. Hisague-fits now rapidly increased in their frequency and severity, and at his own desire he was removed to Whitehall.

In all probability, feeling that he might not possibly have long to live, in his last moments he felt the wish to be nearer those who had been entrusted by him with the functions of government over a people he had loved so well, whom he had so arduously toiled for both in the chamber, in the council and on the field of battle, and to whose prosperity and well-being he had devoted the whole of his mighty vigor and dominant energy. As his illness now rapidly increased, public and private prayers were assiduously offered up for his recovery. Even those who had been the most pertinaciously occupied in conspiring against him were subdued into silence and stillness in the hour of his agony.

On the following day he was asked, in behalf of the Council of State, upon whom he wished the government of the country to devolve in the event of his death. He replied to them that he had left a paper in his library at

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Hampton Court which contained his last injunctions. This paper, it is said, was never discovered. Probably it was destroyed either by Richard Cromwell or the Council who believed that they might profit by his indecision of character in carrying on the government of England. It has, at all events, been supposed that his second living son, Henry Cromwell, was designated by his dying father as his successor to the Protectorate, in this paper. From all that we are now able to learn of the two brothers, he would certainly seem to have been eminently the most fitted to succeed Oliver, partaking, as he is said to have done, in an eminent degree of all those sound and great qualities by which his sire was so singularly distinguished.

He spoke again on the evening of September the 2d, but it was for the last time. Something had been offered him to drink with which an opiate had been mingled. He pushed it feebly from him. These were his words : "It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." Surely these are not the words of the man, reported by his enemies to have been without conscience, a political intriguer and a thorough and consummate hypocrite.

On the morning of September the 3d, the anniversary of the victories which he had gained at Dunbar and Worcester, he was speechless and comparatively insensible. It was between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon that Oliver Cromwell died.

When the intelligence of this was made known to the nation at large, the sorrow which was expressed by the majority of them was both great and abiding. An unspeakable consternation and profound anxiety seemed at once to descend upon all Englishmen. Those even who had disliked and feared him now gazed with terror upon the future; while those who had opposed him paused and inquired gloomily into the chances that his death opened to them. Most of the sovereigns and princes of Europe assumed mourning for the Republican Chieftain.

- ART. III.—1. *Histoire universelle de l'Église chrétienne.* Par J. MATTER. 4 vols., 4to. Strasburg : 1829-1836.
2. *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By EDWARD GIBBON. Edited by Rev. H. H. MILMAN. 6 vols. London : 1865.
3. *Histoire de la Civilisation en France depuis la chute de l'Empire Romaine.* Par M. GUIZOT. Paris : 1862.
4. *Histoire de l'Église et de l'Empire.* Par J. LESUEUR. Amsterdam.

It seems incredible, at first sight, how soon the public forgets important events. The most enlightened communities cease in a very short time to have any definite recollection either of the facts which they have read in history, or of those which have been accomplished before their own eyes. If, sometimes, one or the other are retained in the memory they receive a coloring from our prejudices or predilections which entirely misrepresent them even to ourselves. Thus it is that, with the most upright intentions, those who depend on their memory, without carefully and dispassionately reflecting on the past, so often deceive themselves and others. Unfortunately, there are many who consider themselves statesmen and public instructors who do not hesitate to draw conclusions from impressions thus vague and erroneous, and to influence the public to act in accordance with these conclusions, whatever evils they may lead to, however much they may disturb the peace of the world, or whatever tendency they may have to excite strife and discord even among those who have the same interests in common.

It is this defect of memory and thoughtlessness which cause the temporal power of the Pope to seem so monstrous an evil to many thousands of well-meaning people. We are not in the least biased in favor of Pius IX. more than we are in favor of any other sovereign, further than we think his conduct deserves more consideration. If his Holiness pursued a course which we thought wrong, we would not hesitate to criticise him; although we trust that in doing so, we should not forget that respect and veneration which are due to age, unblemished character and piety. We have studied his history pretty carefully; and we find that the worst that even his enemies lay to his charge can be regarded only as an error in judgment.

Why, then, should he be deprived of his temporal power,
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more than any other sovereign who is equally blameless? Can it be said that he did not acquire it lawfully? Some will reply that if Pius IX. is a mild and indulgent sovereign, the same cannot be said of certain of his predecessors. But where is there a sovereign of any ancient State who would be safe if subjected to this test? Even her Britannie Majesty, whom we have always regarded as a good woman, could be told, with too much truth, that several of her predecessors, male and female, were bad sovereigns. She might reply in the affirmative; but ask could she be held responsible for errors committed fifty, a hundred, perhaps a thousand, years ago. Some Popes have proved bad men as well as bad rulers; but, we are bound to admit that those of this character have been very few—certainly not more than one out of a hundred. Then we have to make a still more important admission—namely, that the bad Popes were not legally elected. They were not chosen by the legitimate ecclesiastical authority; but forced upon the Church by those kings or emperors who happened to have most power in their time. Had the fact been otherwise, it would be both illogical and narrow-minded to condemn hundreds for the conduct of three or four; if this would be fair or just, should not the eleven apostles be held responsible for the treason of the twelfth?

Be this as it may, it is much more difficult to set aside an idea long entertained and cherished by the large majority of Christians than modern statesmen seem to be aware. This would not be the less true, though all the statesmen of Europe and America, Protestant and Catholic, would unanimously concur in the same view. They could, indeed, deprive Pius IX. of his temporal power; it would be easy to overthrow a sovereign who would scarcely make any armed resistance. Nothing more would be necessary on the part of the leading powers of Europe than to call on him to resign; if it were added that he must go into exile, this order, too, he would most probably obey. He might die in France, Germany, England or America; yet it would be by no means certain that the temporal power of the Pope was at an end, no matter what sort of a government ruled Rome in the meantime.

History furnishes us lessons and warnings enough on this point, although both are unheeded. It is forgotten that the Pope has several times been attacked and deprived of his power, and that as often it has been found necessary, even by those who had been most opposed to his rule, to induce him to come

back again. All this we will show as we proceed ; but let us first see what is the origin of his temporal power, and ascertain whether there is any dynasty in Europe whose title is better founded, or whose rights are more clearly defined. Nor need we rely on the opinions of any Catholic writers for these facts ; not only Protestants, but those known to be opposed to Christianity, do justice to the Popes in this respect. Of the latter suffice it to mention Gibbon and Hume, each of whom bears testimony to the legitimate rights of the Pope as a temporal sovereign—rights which, in point of fact, were originally conferred by the people and only ratified by kings and emperors.

In order to understand this, it will be necessary to remember that it was not until the Pope was known to be beloved by hundreds of thousands ; until it was evident that hundreds of thousands had implicit confidence in him as a father, and would much rather pay taxes to him than to any other ruler, that temporal power was conferred upon him by the emperors. We must also do the Popes the justice to bear in mind that before they had any territories or recognized temporal power they had often protected the people from the tyranny of the emperors. They had denounced that tyranny, and by their influence rendered it dangerous, even to those who had the largest armies, to persist in it. Thus, it is not to the piety or superstition of kings or emperors the popes are indebted for their temporal power, but to the gratitude of a people who regarded them as both their temporal and spiritual protectors. In commenting on the attacks of one of the emperors on the Church, Gibbon makes the following remarks : “A strong alternative,” he says, “was proposed to the Roman pontiff—the royal favor as the price of his compliance, degradation and exile as the penalty of disobedience. Neither zeal nor policy allowed him to hesitate ; and the haughty strain in which Gregory addressed the emperor displays his confidence in the truth of his doctrine or the powers of resistance. Without depending on prayers or miracles he boldly armed against the public enemy, and his pastoral letters *admonished the Italians of their danger and their duty.*”*

The historian also tells us what the result was ; he shows that Gregory was entirely successful in throwing off the yoke of the Greek emperors ; although the latter left no effort untried to maintain their power. “The City (Rome)

* Decline and Fall of Roman Empire, vol. v., p. 19.

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was repeatedly visited or assaulted by captains of the guards, and dukes and exarchs of high dignity or secret trust ; they landed with foreign troops, they obtained some domestic aid, &c. But these clandestine or open attacks were repelled by the courage and vigilance of the Romans.*” Further on Gibbon shows how the most enlightened of the Carlovingian sovereigns were glad to have an opportunity to confer temporal power on the Pope. “ The Greek emperor had abdicated or forfeited his right to the Exarchate, and the sword of Astolphus was broken by the stronger sword of the Carlovingian. It was not in the cause of the Iconoclast that Pepin had exposed his person and army in a double expedition beyond the Alps ; he possessed and might lawfully alienate his conquests ; and to the importunities of the Greeks he piously replied that no human consideration should tempt him to resume the gift which he had conferred on the Roman Pontiff.”†

Such is the testimony of one who has omitted nothing which he thought would tend to bring discredit on the Church of Rome. He has, indeed, suppressed many things, or only alluded to them derisively with that view ; but had he failed to record such facts as those we have just noted, his work could not have attained the celebrity to which, with all its faults, it is justly entitled. We should also bear in mind that the sneers of Gibbon are not directed merely against the Church of Rome, but against all churches that acknowledge Christ as their founder. It is easy to understand, therefore, how it is that Gibbon does not present the gift of Pepin in a very favorable light ; he fails to explain to us that Astolphus, King of the Lombards, had invaded the Roman Dukedom and seized all its territories. Pepin makes war upon him, defeats him in two battles, in 754 and 755 ; having thus conquered him, he compels him to deliver up to the see of Rome all the territories, cities, castles, &c., he had seized in the Roman Dukedom. Was this honorable and legitimate, or was it not ? The best proof that it was no hasty or thoughtless act, but one that was approved by the best statesmen of the day, is to be found in the fact that it was not only confirmed by Charles the Great (Charlemagne) but that illustrious monarch added several cities and provinces to the grant of his father.

If the power of the Popes had no higher antiquity than this, it would still have been more ancient than that of any dynasty of Europe. But they had a temporal power which

* Decline and Fall of Roman Empire, vol. v, p. 19. † Ibid., p. 32.

was fully recognized centuries previously. Thus, be it remembered, that it was in 392 A. D. the law of Valentinian expressly empowered the Pope of Rome to examine and judge all other bishops, that religious disputes might not be decided by profane and secular judges. We have sufficient proof that this was no mere personal favor in the fact that the Council of the Church which met at Rome five years afterwards (378) solemnly confirmed the Valentinian law. Yet, certain writers, whose zeal is greater than their respect for the truth of history, inform us that when Adrian I. and Leo III. produced to Charlemagne a parchment represented to contain a large grant of territory from Constantine the Great, they acted under false pretences. There was no such grant, they tell us; that now exhibited was a forgery. But the acknowledged facts fully refute this charge. What need was there for forgeries when one of the first acts of Charlemagne, after coming to the imperial throne, was to ratify the grant of his father, Pepin? On having been remonstrated with by the Greeks for this, he replied that it was too small a grant for the purpose, and, consequently, that instead of withholding what his father had given he would make important additions to it. Nor did he fail to keep his word. This was no mere charitable, or pious donation; it was simply a recognition of the public opinion of Christendom—the same feeling which prompted him to proceed to Rome in the depth of winter in order to induce Leo III. to crown him as Emperor of the Romans; and thus was performed on Christmas Day, A. D. 800, the ceremony which laid the foundations of the new Christian empire in the West, which was to take the place of the fallen pagan empire. It is very clear that a Pope whose influence was such that he could command the greatest sovereign in the world to wait on him at the Vatican had no occasion to forge old parchments in order to induce that sovereign to grant him some additional territory. Those who make the opposite statements only stultify themselves; and no intelligent reader that is free from bigotry thanks them for their pains.

It may, then, be safely asserted that the temporal power of the Pope dates back to the time of Constantine the Great; although it was but little exercised for centuries afterwards. In other words, the right on the part of the Pope of possessing and exercising temporal power was recognized by kings, emperors, and people for several centuries before he availed himself of it—that is, before he was attacked by the

Greek emperors, as we have seen, and left no alternative but either to submit to degradation or go into exile, suffering the Romans, if not Italians in general, to be brought under a worse despotism than they had ever felt before.

We do not make these statements on any Catholic authority, but confine ourselves strictly to the testimony of Protestants, and of those who are neither Protestants nor Catholics—that is, to the testimony of men whose only motive in the discussion is to place the facts on record and secure for themselves the reputation of reliable historians. If it be alleged that they had other motives, at least it cannot be pretended that men like Gibbon, Hume, Milman, Robertson, &c., would say more in favor of the Church of Rome, or its Popes, than they deserved.

Now we will see what another Protestant writer says on the same subject. None who are acquainted with the writings of Guizot will assert that there is any more reliable authority than he on the growth of power in Europe during the middle ages. If in treating subjects connected with the Reformation and its results he shows any partiality, he does so towards the Protestants; this is what might be expected from a descendant of one of the most ancient Huguenot families in France, who still professes the religion of his ancestors. But what does this truly learned and impartial historian tell us on the subject under consideration?

In discussing the position and influence of the Church three centuries anterior to the time of Charlemagne, Guizot shows that the prevailing sentiment was in favor of its possessing and exercising temporal power. He informs us that four different systems had each their advocates; but that the following was the prevailing one: “The State is subordinate to the Church; in a moral point of view the Church takes precedence of the State even in chronological order; the Church is the first society, superior, eternal; civil society is only a consequence, an application of its maxims; it is to the spiritual authority that sovereignty appertains; temporal power should be only its instrument.”*

No ultramontanist could claim more than this; and let it

* “L’Etat est subordonné à l’Eglise: sous le point de vue moral, dans l’ordre chronologique même, l’Eglise précède l’Etat; l’Eglise est la société première, supérieure, éternelle; la société civile n’est qu’une conséquence, une application de ses maximes; c’est au pouvoir spirituel qu’appartient la souveraineté; le pouvoir temporel ne doit être que son instrument.”—*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome i, p. 69.

be borne in mind that Guizot is speaking, not of the eighth or seventh century but of the fifth. As already intimated, there is not one of our third or fourth rate Protestant writers who does not insist on the forgery story in reference to Constantine. But investigators like Guizot know better; and those who labor hard in search of truth are not apt to make falsehood of it after they have found it. Accordingly, Guizot tells us, in his third lecture on Civilization in France, that "Christianity mounted the throne with Constantine." "La situation de l'Église," he adds, "envers l'État a grandement changé à cette époque. Il serait faux de dire qu'elle est tombée alors sous le gouvernement de l'Etat, que le système de sa subordination au pouvoir temporal a prévalu. En général, les empereurs n'ont pas prétendu régler la foi: ils ont accepté la doctrine de l'Église."^{*} The same philosopher gives his opinion of the motives which actuated Pepin in ceding territories to the Pope. "The principal were," he says, the peril which the Lombards caused to the papacy, and the need which Pepin had of the Pope to sanction his title of King. The alliance thus formed produced two important results; it raised in Gaul a new race of sovereigns, and it destroyed the kingdom of the Lombards in Italy; thus giving Gallo-Frankish civil and religious society an impetus in a direction, which tended to cause royalty to prevail in the civil order and the papacy in the religious order."[†]

Now, assuming that the Popes had no authority before this, their temporal power would still be older than that of any dynasty in Europe; as old, at least, as that of Charlemagne—and how many dynasties have passed away since his time? How many dynasties have ruled England, Spain, Portugal, Naples, &c.? Even the power of the Hapsburgs, who boast their descent from the Cæsars, is modern compared to that of the Popes. May it not well be asked, therefore, why should they be disturbed in their sovereignty? Who has a right to deprive them of their power? What have they done, taking the good with the bad, to forfeit rights which have been recognized by the majority of Christians for at

^{*} Hist. de la Civilisation en France, tome i, p. 73.

[†] "Deux circonstances particulières, le péril que les Lombards faisaient courir à la papauté, et le besoin qu'eut Pépin du pape pour faire sanctionner son titre de roi, en firent une étroite alliance. Elle éleva dans la Gaule une nouvelle race de souverains, détruisit en Italie le royaume des Lombards, et poussa la société gallo-franque, civile et religieuse, dans une route qui tendait à faire prévaloir dans l'ordre civil la royauté, dans l'ordre religieux la papauté."

—*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome i, p. 112.

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least fourteen centuries? Yet it is nothing new for them to be attacked. If Pope Pius were dragged out of Rome tomorrow, he would not be the first Pope who was dragged in a similar manner.

Of the many who protest with such strong indignation against the temporal power of the Pope because, as they tell us, it is so terrible an incubus on the people of the Papal States, it is evident that very few of them have any definite idea of the history of that people. For the information of such, we will here state a few facts, which they, as well as we, can find in any respectable history of France, or Italy referring to that epoch. By a series of artful intrigues —perhaps like some at present engaged in — Philip the Fair of France caused the seat of the papal government to be removed, in 1307, from Rome to Avignon, in France, where it remained until 1378.

All who give any account of Rome during this period represent its condition in the gloomiest colors. There were three parties in the city who, headed respectively by three powerful families—the Savilli, the Orsini, and the Colonna—were almost constantly at war with each other; and between them the people were cruelly oppressed. Prior to this experience, the latter rose several times in insurrection against the Pope, and more than once they expelled him. While the Popes were at Avignon, scarcely a month passed without an *emeute* at Rome. The opportunities thus afforded induced Colla Rienzi, in 1347, to attempt a revolution. During the temporary absence of the ruling senator, he excited a revolt among the lower order, who took up arms and expelled the nobles from Rome, and established a republican government, called the *Good Estate*. Rienzi had himself appointed chief magistrate, with the title of Tribune. His reign, however, was but brief; not content with wreaking his vengeance on the nobles, he soon began to act the tyrant towards his own friends—those by whose aid he obtained his power—and the result was that he was assassinated.

This, however, was not the end of Republican government in Modern Rome. Not long after the death of Rienzi, magistrates called *Bannerets* were duly elected by the thirteen districts into which the city was divided for that purpose, and they maintained their power by a militia of three thousand citizens. They, too, acted as if it was their duty to create disorder rather than order, to excite strife rather than to maintain peace; they hanged many nobles in the public

streets for little, if anything, more than their being nobles, while they allowed the banditti to plunder and hang nearly as many more as they felt disposed.

This was the condition of the Eternal City when Gregory XI. was induced, in 1378, by the earnest entreaties of the people of Rome, to remove from Avignon to the seat of so many of his predecessors. In proof of these facts also, we need quote no Catholic historians; we need not go beyond Hume, who, it is well known, has never spared the Church or the Popes when he had anything which he considered well founded to say against either: "After the Pope had resided many years at Avignon," says Hume, "Gregory XI. was persuaded to return to Rome; and upon his death, which happened in 1380, the Romans, *resolute to fix for the future the seat of the papacy in Italy*, besieged the cardinals in the conclave, and compelled them, though they were mostly Frenchmen, to elect Urban VI., an Italian, into that high dignity."*

All did not do, however. When the kings of France could not prevail on the Pope to leave Rome by threats or promises, they had a pope of their own elected.† Now, is it not remarkable that, if the Popes were such despots as they are invariably represented by partisan writers, the Italians and the French were equally anxious to have them amongst them, and that in proportion as the former had experienced the blessings of "self-government" did this anxiety increase?

Thus, if Victor Emanuel seized his Holiness as if he were a malefactor, he would not be the first king who had seized on the Pope; but much greater monarchs than Victor Emanuel lived to see that, however much they showed their power and courage in making a captive of the sovereign pontiff, it had been better for them to let him alone. This we will now proceed to show. We need not go farther back than the time of Charles (the Constable) of Bourbon (1528), who sacked Rome and captured the Pope. When the Constable got a reinforcement of 14,000 Germans to his already large and victorious army he thought he could dispose of Europe as he thought proper. We are told that his German soldiers, being inflamed by the novel doctrines of Luther, clamored to be led against the Pope. Bourbon

* Hist. of England, vol. ii, p. 322.

† Instance Robert, son of the Count of Geneva, who took the name of Clement VII. §

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was either unable or unwilling to restrain them. Marching at their head with the whole imperial guard under his command, in the depth of winter, he arrived before Rome on the 5th of May, 1527. It was in vain that Pope Clement had in the meantime entered into a treaty with the viceroy at Naples. Being assured that there was no danger, his Holiness had disbanded the troops which he had raised on hearing that he was to be attacked. On arriving before the city, Bourbon did not hesitate a moment ; he gave orders to assault the walls at daybreak next morning. Not content with this, he insisted on planting the first ladder with his own hands ; but scarcely had he set his foot on it, when he was struck by a musket ball in the side, and fell back into the fosse mortally wounded. This afforded his fanatical army a new pretext for wreaking their vengeance on Rome. They stormed the ramparts and slaughtered the feeble garrison without mercy. The hordes of Alarie or Atilla scarcely perpetrated more horrible atrocities in any city they had captured than the Romans now suffered.

This was not for a day or a week, but for seven months. It is easy to understand that neither life nor property was safe during this time. As for the Pope, no indignity was too gross for him ; he was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was treated as a common malefactor. Although the Reformation had at this time made considerable progress in England, the English people, as well as the French, were horrified at the news of the barbarities perpetrated on the helpless Pontiff and his capital. Whatever were the faults of Henry VIII., this strongly excited his indignation ; and he immediately entered into an engagement with the King of France by which they were to get up a joint expedition as quickly as possible for the liberation of the Pope. When Charles V. heard of these preparations he pretended that he too was in the deepest distress ; but instead of sending troops he ordered public prayers in all the churches of Spain for his deliverance. The truth was that Charles was jealous of the friendship between the Pope and Francis I., and, while affecting to be deeply concerned for his Holiness, he wished at heart to put an end to his temporal power. He thought all was settled now, and that the prayers would satisfy his Catholic subjects. But he soon learned that the French and English were in earnest ; for they captured Allessandria, Pavia, and Genoa in turn, although each was garrisoned by imperial troops. These rapid movements

brought Charles to his senses; but so anxious was he to be rid of the antagonistic influence of the Pope that he persisted under one pretence or other, in retaining him in captivity until the allied army made its appearance before Naples (April 29, 1528). Even then he did not liberate him until he was paid a ransom of 250,000 ducats, and received a solemn promise from the pontiff that he would do nothing contrary to the imperial interest in Italy. It is almost needless to say that when the fanatics saw the Pope imprisoned like a malefactor, and Rome sacked in the name and by the armies of the chief of the princes of Christendom, they regarded his temporal power, if not the papacy itself, as a thing of the past.

But the history of Pius VI. and Pius VII. alone should be sufficient to satisfy any thoughtful person that it is not so easy to set the power of the Pope aside as so many would have us believe; since it shows that France, even at the meridian of its power, proved unequal to the task. As Charles V. and the Constable of Bourbon mistook the fanaticism of the German rabble at the time of the Reformation for the public sentiment of Europe, so did Napoleon Bonaparte mistake the anti-Christian sentiment of revolutionary France for the same opinion. Wise as Napoleon undoubtedly was in many respects, he committed a great error in supposing that, because the revolutionists burned the Pope in effigy (1791) and passed a decree abolishing the Christian religion, he might easily accomplish what had so signally failed Charles V. and the Constable of Bourbon. Actuated by this impression, his first care, after his triumphs on the Adige and the Mincio against Austria, was to attack the Pope. He quickly overran the States of the Church, and dispersed the papal troops after a feeble resistance. In order to save Rome from being once more pillaged, Pius VI. signed an agreement by which he ceded to the invader the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna, together with Avignon and its territory. In addition to this, his Holiness had to pay a contribution of fifteen millions of francs; yet such was the rapacity of Napoleon and his desire to convince those who had abolished the Christian religion, that he had as great a contempt for popery as themselves, he plundered the celebrated galleries of Rome of their choicest treasures, and robbed the churches of all he could convert into money. Now, at all events, it was thought by all who disliked the Popes that their reign, at least as temporal sovereigns, was

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at end. Rome was occupied by the French from November 19, 1797, to August of the following year, when the combined forces of Russia, Austria, and England forced them to capitulate ; and by these three powers the government of the Pope was re-established.

Napoleon was determined, however, that there should be an end to the power of the Pope ; accordingly his first care, as soon as the fortunes of the Republic began to revive, was to have him expelled from Rome. Even this was not deemed sufficient humiliation ; his Holiness was formally deposed February 22, 1798 ; and he died at Valence the following year. At the beginning of 1800, Pius VII. was elected in exile ; he, too, was dethroned ; and he remained a prisoner at Fontainebleau till Napoleon's overthrow, when he was fully restored.

In this brief sketch of the treatment received by the Popes from Napoleon, we have omitted many facts which are highly creditable to the former and as highly discreditable to the latter ; but to most of our readers they are sufficiently known. Napoleon admitted more than once, that his course towards the Popes was a serious mistake ; but, he added, that he made the discovery when it was too late ; although it was it that induced him to re-establish the Christian religion. When he saw that in proportion as the misfortunes of the Pope increased, public opinion throughout Europe—even in Protestant countries—became more and more favorable to his temporal power, he made a virtue, as usual, of necessity, and one day remarked to M. Fontanes, “Savez-vous ce que j'aime le plus dans le monde ? C'est l'impuissance de la force à fonder quelque chose.”*

Those who are now firmly convinced that the Pope should forthwith be deprived of his temporal power would do well to bear in mind that it was not Napoleon alone who had learned in 1814, that force cannot set aside an idea which is deeply impressed on the public mind ; all the Protestant powers of Europe, including England, recognized the same principle in regard to the Pope, and voted in favor of restoring him all the territories of his predecessors. Nothing astonished Napoleon more than this ; nothing could have more excited the indignation of the anti-papery fanatics. Lord Castlereagh was everywhere burned in effigy by the Orangemen as a traitor to Protestantism, because, whatever were his faults in other respects, he scorned to be actuated by bigotry and fanaticism in deciding a question of such moment.

But a still more recent lesson is forgotten. Even Pius IX. was regarded in 1849 as forever dethroned; fanatics in religion and politics proclaimed throughout Europe and America that the temporal power of the Pope was now disposed of forever. This was the manner in which Pius IX. was rewarded for attempting to introduce a system of popular representation into his government for the purpose of gratifying the Romans. The more he gave the more he was asked to give; and because he would not surrender all his power into the hands of demagogues, an insurrection takes place through the influence of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others, and the Pope is obliged to fly from his capital. Louis Napoleon had profited by the experience of his uncle in dealing with the Pope; accordingly he did not hesitate to take the part of Pius IX. While it was boasted once more that there were no "States of the Church," any longer, a French army arrived before Rome. It was in vain that Mazzini and Garibaldi, with an army recruited from the banditti of all Italy, as well as of Rome, attempted to drive back the French. General Oudinot brought his cannon to bear on the city. On the 3d of July the "liberators" had ceased all resistance. The French entered the city, and restored the authority of Pius IX.

Those who are most opposed to the temporal power of the Pope think that they have established their case when they tell us what an anomaly it is that any individual should be at once the head of the State and head of the Church; but they forget that the governments which they represent as models are conducted on precisely the same principle. From the time of Henry VIII. to the present the kings of England have regarded themselves as the supreme heads of the Church, and their parliaments have fully sustained their pretensions. The 37th article of the Church of England expressly declares that "the Queen's Majesty hath the chief power in this realm of England and other her dominions, unto whom the chief government of all estates of this realm, *whether they be ecclesiastical or civil in all cases doth appertain*, and is not nor ought to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction." Nor is this any mere matter of form now become obsolete; it is strictly adhered to at the present day.

In order that there may be no jarring of interests or conflict of authority, the constitution of the Church of England is modelled on that of the State. The Church, too, has its upper and lower houses, known as the Houses of Convoc-

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cation ; but neither can assemble more than the House of Lords or Commons without an order from the sovereign. When the Archbishop of Canterbury receives this order he can convoke the two houses, not before. Even when they are assembled all they can do is to propose such measures as they deem necessary to the well-being of the church ; but those measures have no force whatever until approved of by the sovereign and parliament. Their royal and imperial majesties of Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, exercise similar control in spiritual affairs. But no sensible person maintains that any of them ought to be dethroned and expelled on this account. Nay, our own Presidents do not entirely disclaim the right of interfering in spiritual affairs. Is it not they, and not the bishops, or presbyters, of any church who proclaim days of thanksgiving, humiliation, prayer, &c., "to Almighty God" once, twice or three times a year, according as we are more or less fortunate in our business, or according as we are threatened with more or less serious calamities ? Will it be pretended that those kings emperors, and presidents are better qualified to decide questions in theology than popes are to decide questions in civil government ?

Now, in the name of reason, why is this broad distinction made between the temporal power of the Pope and that possessed by other rulers ? Is it because he is richer than they ? Is it because his temporal position is that of a sinecure ? No one can reply in the affirmative. There is not one of the sovereigns mentioned so poor as Pius IX ; almost any of the petty princes of Germany has a larger private purse than his Holiness. We do not say that the States of the Church yield less revenue than the generality of the principalities of Germany. The revenue of the former is perhaps three times as large as any one of the latter ; but the Pope has to expend at least six times as much of his revenue on public institutions as the Prince has. There are but few who understand this ; even the Roman Catholic writers lose sight of it ; but it is nevertheless a fact which can easily be proved without quoting any Catholic authority.

In an elaborate sketch of the Popes and their power by the late Robert Southey, who was an eminent reviewer and critic as well as a poet, the following passage occurs : "In estimating the expenditure of the Roman court we shall restrict ourselves to the causes of disbursement which are peculiar to the pontifical treasury. In order to support the

missionaries that have been sent to various parts of the globe, there are several establishments at Rome, and one in particular, which, from its object, is called the ‘Collegium de propaganda fide.’ To prepare persons for the undertaking of missionaries, and to establish seminaries for their education, has been an object of primary importance, and has called forth annual sums, which have formed a considerable part of papal expenditure. In this article may be added the support of several hospitals, asylums, schools, and colleges, founded by various popes for objects in their times pressing, and still maintained by the apostolical treasury. Moreover, the same treasury has to keep all the public edifices in repair, especially those immense palaces which, though of little use as residences, are the receptacles of all the wonders of ancient and modern art; to protect the remains of ancient magnificence from further dilapidation; to support the drainage of the Pontine marshes; and, in fine, to continue the embellishment and amelioration of the capital and of its territory. When to these burdens we add the pensions which the pope is accustomed to settle on bishops when unusually poor and distressed, and the numberless claims upon his charity from every part of Europe, we shall not be surprised either at the expenditure of an income not very considerable, or at the difficulties under which the papal treasury labored towards the end of the late pontiff’s reign.”*

In addition to the various expenses alluded to in this extract, there are many others which are peculiar to the papal government; and the greater number of all are for purposes which, if submitted to-morrow to a jury of learned Protestants, chosen for their intelligence and liberality, in all countries of Europe and America, would be triumphantly sustained as beneficial to the cause of literature, science, and art, not only in Rome or Italy, but throughout Christendom. All educated persons who have travelled understand this; for the priceless treasures to be found in the libraries and art galleries of Rome, and whose preservation involves so large an expenditure, are not merely Catholic works, but embrace copies of all Pagan, Protestant, Mahomedan, and Hindoo works of distinguished merit which are known to be extant; and there are many Pagan works of great value in the library of the Vatican of which there are no copies to be found elsewhere. None but those who have taken some pains to investigate the subject can form any proxi-

* *Vide “Rees’ Cyclopædia, vol. xxviii,” art. Pope.*

mate idea of the large income it requires to maintain the libraries and galleries alone ; not to mention the colleges, pensions, &c., &c., alluded to above, or the great churches, which are noble specimens of art themselves, and which no person of taste has ever beheld, be he Infidel, Mohammedan, or Protestant, without admiration and reverence.

So much, then, for the wealth of the Pope, and for that avarice which we are told is the cause of those appeals which he sometimes makes to the Catholics of other countries for pecuniary aid. The truth is, that no one who has spent one week in Rome and devoted his time to inquiries and researches would wonder if the Pope had to depend for half of the necessary expenditure of his government on "offerings" from abroad ; whereas it is well known that the amount really received, even from wealthy Catholic France and Austria, is very small.

Now for the grandeur and pomp of the papal office. If the position of the Pope be a sinecure, so is that of the poorest prince in Christendom, who has to be his own Prime Minister, Secretary of State, Chancellor, &c., &c. We will quote on this branch of our subject the first Catholic authority we have given in this article—that of the late Cardinal Wiseman—only premising that we have not been thus exclusive through any want of faith in Catholics, as such, but because all Protestants have not this feeling ; although we trust that there are few of our readers who think that an author is anything the less reliable for belonging to a church which has existed for nearly two thousand years and which is still that of more than two-thirds of Christendom : "Early hours," says the English Cardinal, "a frugal table, monotony almost of pursuits, by the regular round of official audiences fixed for each day, and almost for each hour, unrelieved by Court festivities or public recreation, such is the life, more or less, of every successive Pope. He is not exempt from any of the obligations of his priesthood. He celebrates mass each morning and assists at a second celebration. He recites the breviary like any of his poorest curates ; his beads, too, most certainly, like any simple Catholic, both at home and abroad ; besides, probably, other special devotions. He listens to sermons, not merely formal ones in his chapel, but to real, honest preachings, strong and bold, by a Capuchin friar, during Advent and Lent."*

One hundred Protestants bear testimony to these facts ;

* Recollections of the Last Four Popes, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

that is, they testify that the office of the Pope, far from being a sinecure, is one of constant toil and anxiety. And whom has Pius IX. ever treated otherwise than in a kind, benevolent manner? Whom has he slighted or declined to see on account of his being a Protestant? If his government sometimes interferes with Protestant clergymen—who, however well they may mean, are over zealous and consequently endanger the public peace—what government does not pursue a similar course under similar circumstances? Even our own government does not form an exception. How often have street preachers been arrested and put in prison in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, not because they preached heresy or were evil-disposed or vicious persons, but because whatever they preached it gave offence to many of their auditors, who, if not protected in their consciences by the authorities, would soon take the law into their own hands? It is but fair to remember that twenty street preachers would not be as likely to create disturbance in New York as one Protestant clergyman would in Rome without leaving his church or his room, if he indulged in any violent attacks on the Catholic religion.

There is not a city in Europe, Protestant or Catholic, in which any man, however learned and pious, would not be arrested and placed under restraint if his speeching or preaching excited so much commotion that he could not be protected by the authorities without having recourse to extraordinary means. But were all the facts different—were Pius IX. harsh, overbearing, intolerant; did he carry his exclusiveness so far as to allow no Protestant to reside in Rome on any conditions, still, neither we nor any other foreign people would have a right to deprive him of his temporal power. As the case stands it would be less manly, and certainly not more just, on the part of the great Powers to attack his Holiness than to attack Switzerland; for he is far weaker and would offer less resistance than the Swiss. Far be it from us to say that that noble little Republic ought to be subverted or deprived of its authority; on the contrary, none would defend it more heartily than we. We speak of the Pope in comparison with Switzerland only because in more than one instance the same conqueror who seized the States of the Church and imprisoned the Pope also seized the Swiss cantons and imprisoned their chief patriots; and the same Powers, Protestant and Catholic, that restored the Republic restored the Pope with all the territories of his predecessors.

ART. IV.—1. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with Notices of his Life, History of the Rowley Controversy, &c.* 2 vols. Cambridge.

2. *Life of Chatterton.* By DR. GREGORY.
3. *Preliminary Dissertation to Rowley Poems.* By DEAN MILLES.
3. *Warton's Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley.*
5. *Table de la Littérature au seizième siècle.* Par M. VILLEMAIN.

THE story of Chatterton is that of a wonderful life ; of a boy who, at the age of fifteen years, wrote tragedies, idyls, and ballads, for which he had invented years before, a form, utterly foreign to him and belonging to the darkest age of our history ; of an unfortunate youth who committed suicide when not eighteen years old. It is a tragedy than which human life can produce none more touching ; full of agitated scenes, burning tears, unspeakable beauty, and most terrible despair ; the story of a boy scarcely entered upon youth, not dissolute either in his mode of learning, but rather industrious as the best of men, and yet at that first dawn of life already so weary of it, so utterly joyless and worn out, as to look upon death as his only friend.

Woe to the man who, in the self-consciousness of extraordinary talents, surrenders himself to the dominion of an insane intellectual pride, as if his talents and faculties of intellect gave him superiority over other men, and whom this arrogance has deprived of all moral feeling, leading him from one crime to another woe. And woe to the man, who, with a cultivated perception of all that is beautiful, forgets, nevertheless, that the true ideal of beauty finds expression only in morality, and who, therefore, in a vain struggle for the abstractly beautiful, allows his inner self to grow into a misshaped caricature. Moments will come when the ugliness of this self shall flash upon him, and when the horrible torture of self-contempt shall slowly turn every drop of his blood into gall. Then even the delight at the beautiful will turn into an endless agony ; and in the consciousness of his own worthlessness the sight of the most charming scenes of nature will only force from him wild sobs and bitter tears. The discord of his inner self he cannot but transfer into the outer world, for he lacks the faith in the power of human knowledge ever

to restore harmony otherwise. He sighs for a visionary past age of the world, when all the earth was yet, as he supposes, wrapped up in one grand simple harmony, and when discords were still unknown, which, he forgets, have first given birth to the only true music. Such an unfortunate man was Thomas Chatterton, born at Bristol, England, on the 20th of November, 1752.

The tragedy begins and ends upon a graveyard. It begins upon the romantic graveyard of the celebrated St. Mary Redcliffe cathedral, where the boy of ten years loved above all things to sit down on the grave of the great Bristol merchant and founder of this church, William Canyng, and there, lost in the contemplation of the ancient architecture of the building, to arouse the men of that remote age from their graves and maintain with them a secret, quiet, spirit communion. And at his call they did arise from their graves ; the dead bards and minstrels of that time whispered into the boy's ears melodies so strangely beautiful and touching, old lays so full of music and mournful sentiment, that he threw himself, wildly sobbing, on the green ground, wetting with scalding tears the graves of these strange apparitions. It ends upon the London pauper-grave, where the body of the unknown suicide was buried in a gloomy corner.

The father of Chatterton was a school-teacher and member of the choir of the Bristol cathedral. He appears to have been a man of tolerable education and clear mind, but of rather unamiable character. He died three months before our Chatterton's birth. The mother of our boy-hero was, on the contrary, of a very amiable disposition ; a simple-minded and somewhat melancholy woman, profoundly loving her two children, little Thomas and his elder sister. The family was in poor circumstances, and after the death of her husband Mrs. Chatterton was forced to provide for her family by millinery work and by opening a day school.

Young Chatterton soon developed into a bright, beautiful boy ; but his mind seemed at first strangely fettered. He was very slow to learn ; it was only by great exertion that he could be made to master the alphabet in his fifth year. All other children went ahead of him, and his mother considered her Thomas "a perfect dunce," and often told him this to spur him on ; because all the time he gave signs of considerable vanity. Thomas was indeed so dull that Mrs Chatterton had great fear he might be an idiot, and this fear was increased by the fact that insanity had been hereditary in the family.

It was not until after his sixth year that the boy evinced a change. In the house of his mother there chanced to be an old manuscript prettily enclosed in a handsome cover, and illuminated with golden letters. This cover one day came into the hands of young Thomas, who was much delighted with its bright colors and urged his mother to teach him the letters. "He was quite in love with it," says Mrs. Chatterton. An old black letter Bible next excited the child's curiosity, and Chatterton learned to read. And how he did read! Every book he could get hold of or borrow from friends was devoured. He read from early morning till late at night, literally. The lost time was now to be regained. This severe study, of course, produced a corresponding change in the appearance of the child. The cheerful boy, with his bright, joyous eyes, became silent and moody, withdrawing himself from the plays of his companions and speaking but little. If at home, he locked himself up in his room and allowed no one to approach him. If out of doors, he hastened to the tomb of Canyng, or with his book mounted the high towers of the old cathedral, there to be alone with his dreams and wild thoughts; for a powerful ambition had taken possession of his soul since he had become acquainted with the works of the world's great men. "Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world," said he to a porcelain painter who wanted to paint a china cup for him. And he often promised his mother and sister lots of nice things when he should grow up as a reward of their care. At other times a sudden fit of weeping would come over him without any apparent cause, causing his mother and sister great distress.

When eight years old he entered the Bristol charity school. He did not like it there, because he thought he could learn much more at home and alone; and considering that he learned nothing in the school beyond the elementary rules of reading, writing, and arithmetic, he may have been in the right. Still he exerted himself considerably and made rapid progress. In this he was much encouraged by the friendship of the tutor of the school, Philipps, to whom he inscribed one of his most beautiful elegies in later years. This Philipps was of a poetical disposition, often made verses, and soon became Chatterton's bosom friend and confidant. Philipps would often invite the children of the school to a sort of poetical tournament, in which Chatterton, however, never enlisted. Locked up, as it were, in himself, he only

listened to the poems handed in on those occasions as they were read by the teacher, and showed by no sign that "he also had been born on the Parnassus." In fact, he seemed to have little affection for his school comrades, probably considering himself too much of a superior being. His whole life consisted in reading and dreaming. All the pennies his mother might give for pocket money found their way into the circulating library of the village. Whatever books he could find there were devoured with feverish delight—religious, historical, biographical, poetical, and scientific works. Particular attention he devoted to the study of heraldry and ancient writings. In his ninth year he made a catalogue of all the books he had read; they number seventy.

In his tenth year he received the rite of confirmation, and appeared seriously impressed with the significance of this sacred ceremony. About this time he began occasionally to read poems of his own composition to his mother and sister—poems written in modern style and generally of a religious turn—some of which are yet preserved. One of these, a Christmas poem, is distinguished by a peculiar beauty and energy of expression. He also wrote at that time several satirical poems, not without merit. His sister says: "He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but he became more cheerful when he began to write poetry." Some of these pieces, his first productions, were published anonymously in a Bristol newspaper.

About this time, also, the boy—not more than eleven years old—must have matured the project of originating one of the most remarkable literary forgeries of which the world has knowledge. We say "forgeries," because we do not wish to appear partial—leaving it to the reader to modify the expression as he may deem best. This project was to descend to the realm of the eternal "mothers," and call up from thence a number of fictitious poets, to whom he would impart life and his own highly poetical spirit, thereby obtaining for these self-created phantoms immortal laurels and the admiration of all mankind to the latest ages. One poet, the noblest of them all—to be named Rowley—was to be the central figure of this mythical poet-circle, and was to arise, like a lost English Homer, before the eyes of astonished mankind from his grave, with old, worn-out parchment manuscripts in his hand as the undoubted proof of his antiquity.

It is possible that this project was partly inspired by the

Ossian poems, which were first published in 1752, and the dispute about the genuineness of which had just broken out with wonderful vehemence. As Macpherson was said to have breathed life into Ossian, so Chatterton perhaps resolved—living, indeed, as he did, almost exclusively in the middle ages—to charm into life a Rowley. And in order that no question of genuineness might be raised as to *his* poet, Chatterton resolved to furnish him beforehand with faded and worn-out parchments, which would quench all dispute at the very outset.

But whence should he obtain these parchments? Supposing he were really able to cover new parchment with antiquated writing, and then to give the manuscripts an honest ancient appearance, what account should he give to the world of how he came into their possession? A glance at the St. Mary Redcliffe cathedral gave the answer; and the whole bold thought was completed in Chatterton's mind.

This church had been built in the year 1470 by William Canyng, the great Bristol merchant alluded to above. In one of its towers six or seven iron chests had been placed in olden times for the reception and preservation of parish registers, documents, &c. The sexton of the church had also the care of these chests and their treasured contents. For a century and a half the Chatterton family had held this office of sexton, the uncle of our hero being the last one. In the year 1727, whilst one of the family still held the office in question, the keys to the chests were lost and the wardens of the church gave orders to break the chests open. This was done, and all *valuable* papers were taken out and placed in proper safe-keeping. But the other manuscripts with which these chests were filled, and which did not relate to titles, births, &c., remained in the chests, and curious visitors frequently took away one or more of them. The father of our Chatterton is known to have taken home whole baskets full of these old manuscripts, which he used for binding books, &c. Probably between his tenth and eleventh year Chatterton saw one of these parchments in his mother's house, and, being struck with its ancient appearance, he hunted up all the others which had remained untouched, hoarding them like a sacred treasure.

These parchments then gave the answer which he sought. All Bristol knew that his father had possession of them, but no one knew what their contents might be. How

easy for him, therefore, to say the manuscripts with which he intended to furnish Rowley were the same which his father had taken home from the chests in the St. Mary cathedral. And as for the labor it would cost to forge the immense collection of manuscripts he should have to use for his Rowley poems, might it not be sufficient to counterfeit only a few short poems and to pass all the rest, written in ordinary handwriting, but in the same antique style, for *copies* of these old faded parchments? Most assuredly; only a few *original* manuscripts were absolutely necessary.

Chatterton's mother and sister are said to have insisted that he could not have entertained the project of his forgery before his fifteenth year; and the reason given is that he had no knowledge of the existence of these old manuscripts before that time. But this is in itself very incredible, when we look at the character of Chatterton. However, we know positively—and this is about the only positive knowledge we have of his schooltime, *i. e.*, until his fifteenth year—that while in school and most probably during the eleventh or twelfth year of his age Chatterton began to practise the forging of ancient parchments.*

Shortly after his tenth year—so this far more credible report tells us—Chatterton commenced to lock himself up in his garret-room during his leisure hours and generally every Saturday afternoon, when there was no school. To this room he always carefully guarded the key, and in it he used to keep a quantity of paper, parchment, powdered charcoal, a large piece of ochre, and a bottle full of black lead powder. Whenever he was thus locked up he allowed no one to interrupt him or to enter his chamber. Indeed, from this time forth he rarely allowed any person to enter his room, and if at all only for a few moments.

When he came out of this mysterious room his face was regularly covered with paint, which gave his mother the impression that he intended to disguise himself as a gipsey and run away. She was consequently very anxious about her son, and this anxiety was still further increased by his great melancholy and depression of spirits. The first result of this curious behavior on the part of Chatterton

* It is also to be remarked that in his fifteenth year, while at Lambert's, Chatterton had neither time nor opportunity to forge these manuscripts; for at Lambert's he slept in the kitchen with another boy. Moreover, his furnishing Borgum's pedigree proves conclusively that he knew of the existence of these manuscripts several years before he went to Lambert's.

whereof we have notice was a title of nobility manufactured by him for a conceited merchant of Bristol, Borgum by name. To this gentleman Chatterton one day introduced himself with the important communication that, in looking over a lot of old documents, he had discovered the family of Borgum to be of ancient noble extraction, and would be able to trace their pedigree to the time of William the Conqueror; that the family descended from a Simon de Leynite Lyze, who had married Matilda, a daughter of Waltheof, Duke of Northumberland. Borgum listened to the boy with mouth wide open, and besought him to furnish him a copy of the pedigree. Nothing easier for our young hero! A pedigree was made out, duly adorned with ancient crests, marks, &c., in the most approved style of antiquity. Generous Borgum gave the boy five shillings for this marvellous discovery; for which parsimony Chatterton repaid him by some most bitter satirical verses in his "Last Will and Testament." Still the five shillings must have pleased him highly at the time, for soon after he made a second important discovery, whereby the pedigree of the Borgum family was carried still further back into antiquity. "One of your ancestors," wrote he to Borgum, "was the greatest ornament of his age." "He was called John de Bergham, and one of his poems—'The Romance of the Knight'—I translate for you. He was the author of several books and translated some part of the Iliad." Whether Borgum gave Chatterton another five shillings for this second discovery and the translation of the poem we do not know. After Chatterton's death he went to London to have his pedigree examined, and of course discovered it to be a hoax.

It is not perfectly clear whether Chatterton commenced the composition of his "Rowley Poems" immediately after this first experiment or not. A friend of his asserts positively that he exhibited to him and to Philipps several of his Rowley Poems in the year 1764. He maintains, moreover, to have seen in that year in Philipps' room the original manuscript of "Eliuore and Juga," one of the most exquisite productions of Chatterton's genius; and it certainly is remarkable that the original manuscript of this poem has never been discovered amongst his other manuscripts, all of which are now deposited in the British Museum. Chatterton exhibited to Philipps and this friend, a Mr. Thistlewaite, several poems, some on parchment, which were to represent

the original manuscript written by the mythical Rowley himself, and others on paper, which purported to be copies of other original manuscripts, which Chatterton said had been too faded and worn out to be still legible. Mr. Thistlewaite states that the parchments were pared round the margin, and that the letter writing was pale and yellow. The truth of this statement, as far as its contents are concerned, is indisputable; only the date has been questioned. If Mr. Thistlewaite is correct in the date, Chatterton must have written a majority of the Rowley Poems in his twelfth year; and this appears indeed, at least to us, the most probable version. If the reader doubt it, he may accept the statement of Chatterton's mother, that none were written before his fifteenth year.

When young Chatterton had been seven years at school his mother resolved to send the boy—now fourteen years old—to study law with an attorney of the town named Lambert; and, accordingly, Thomas was apprenticed to this gentleman for seven years. Whether this study was in accordance with the boy's inclination the mother seems never to have considered; her only view was to provide for him.

The poor boy-poet, who had felt lonely and deserted in Bristol even during his school years, because he knew not a single human being who could sympathize with him, by whom the narrow-minded spirit of the town was held in sickening detestation, now felt more lonely and sick at heart than ever. Full of a true poet-spirit, busied with grand projects for future advancement, excessively proud, a lawyer's office was perhaps the worst place for young Chatterton. His only Bristol delights were lost now; his Saturday afternoons, his holidays, his little garret-room. He had to be in the office from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., excepting one hour for dinner, and precisely at 10 P. M. he was required to repair to his sleeping-room in Mr. Lambert's house. And this sleeping-room was the kitchen, where he had to share his bed with the errand-boy. Chatterton's pride felt deeply hurt at this treatment. Mr. Lambert, moreover, appears to have been a man of low, imperious, and arrogant character, who could not tolerate Chatterton's disposition for poetry. Still he managed to write verses at times, some of which he sent to the newspapers for publication. He also wrote some love verses for a friend of his, Baker, who had emigrated to Charleston, South Carolina, and who had asked

him to send him some lines wherewith he might woo his sweetheart. Chatterton himself cared little for the female sex. He once remarked to his sister that he would like well enough to become acquainted with an amiable woman, for it might soften his wild and proud character a little. The plan was tried, too, as it seems, but probably without success. He continued, at least, to live in the same secluded and moody manner. After his day's work at the office he generally went every evening to his mother's house, where he remained till near ten o'clock. He had, therefore, no time to frequent bad company, as has been laid to his charge; for even Lambert testifies that he was always faithful and industrious, and only at one time incurred a correction. This was when Chatterton had sent some satirical verses in a feigned handwriting to his old school-teacher.

His manner of living was singularly frugal. He never ate meat, because he believed animal food to have a bad influence on the mind. He also never partook of strong drink. A roll or piece of bread and a glass of fresh water constituted his regular meal. Often his mother tempted him to sit down to a warm meal at home, but he invariably refused. "I have a work on hand," said he; "I must not make myself more stupid than God has made me." He slept very little. "I study best," said he, "towards the full of the moon." Whole nights he would sit up in bed and write by moonlight. Sundays he generally employed in making excursions into the country, enjoying nature, sketching ancient ruins, towers, &c. Often he was seen walking to and fro along the river bank in violent emotion, wildly swinging his arms about and uttering passionate words. Then his dark, fiery eyes, with their wild, unearthly look, sparkled in wonderful ecstasy, until, breaking out into a sudden, violent fit of sobbing, the strange boy threw himself down on the ground. For many hours he could weep thus, in his pythonic ecstasies, over the lost Eden, of which but a moment ago he had dreamt to be a citizen.

And it was these ecstasies and visions which, at midnight, by the light of the full moon, he wrote down in his Rowley Poems, of which he certainly wrote a number, and amongst others the grand tragedy of *Ella*, while in Lambert's house. In those hours of brilliant remembrance of his visions the phantom of time vanished altogether, and

centuries rolled back as minutes. From their graves arose the old Saxon princes and troubadours; from the tombs of their cloisters the monks; from their strange mounds the wild Northmen; and each bush and each moonbeam bore thousands of marvellous fairies. The mountains reverberated from the clatter of industrious gnomes; mischievous spirits glided mysteriously through the woods; and from the venerable ruins of ancient cloisters arose the *miserere* of pious monks. Amongst this ghostly people, in this buried century of the past, the boy-poet moved and had being in these midnight hours. Here all was poetry and harmony to his soul, while the present only repelled and disgusted him.

And now for the first time we find him trying to palm off a forgery on the public at large, as if to assure himself that his ultimate project had no chance of failure. This was done as follows: In September, 1768, a new bridge had been inaugurated at Bristol. Shortly afterwards there appeared in a Bristol newspaper a detailed report of the ceremonies which had taken place at the inauguration of the *old* bridge, some centuries ago. This report was prefixed by the following lines:

MR PRINTER.—The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not (at this time) be unacceptable to the generality of your readers.

Yours, &c.,

DUNHELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS.

This account threw the whole town into intense excitement; the office of the newspaper was crowded with good citizens, who were anxious to know who had written the report and where the ancient manuscript could be found. Nobody was able to answer these questions, and Chatterton laughed in his sleeve at his desk in Lambert's office. Highly elated with the success of his scheme, he soon after sent a second manuscript to the same newspaper. The similarity of the handwriting led to the discovery of the author of the famous bridge account. All Bristol was talking of the boy Chatterton, who had brought the ancient manuscript of the bridge ceremony to light. The excited citizens went to Lambert's office to learn from Chatterton where the famous manuscript had been discovered. He refused all explanation. Threats were resorted to. The boy steadfastly remained silent. Finally entreaties were tried, and then Chatterton stated that he had discovered the manuscript amongst his father's parchments. This explanation was considered sufficient. Whether the parchment was

publicly exhibited is not known. Chatterton had taken a piece of parchment, written the account upon it with a peculiar ink, and then held the document over a candle until it had received a blackened and old appearance. The success of his discovery filled Chatterton with joy. Soon after this affair he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Catecott, who appears to have been a highly cultivated man, and through this gentleman of a Mr. Barrett, who was at that time engaged in gathering materials for writing a history of the town of Bristol. This was exactly the thing for Chatterton. He exhibited to both friends some of his Rowley Poems, written upon parchment, which Mr. Barrett examined carefully and pronounced genuine. Barrett suggested that the Rowley manuscripts might contain some historical data suitable for his great work. "Doubtless!" replied Chatterton and promised to search. A few days after their interview he brought to Barrett a "true and particular account of the *ancient* churches of Bristol." Barrett was delighted and gave Chatterton a piece of money for his labor. This reward encouraged him to discover manuscripts not only of mythical churches, but also of mythical castles, palaces, cloisters, &c. These descriptions and drawings (for Chatterton had learned to sketch buildings in the ancient style) were all handed to Barrett and incorporated by that gentleman in his very valuable history as curious documents of a remote past.

And now Chatterton was certain of the success of his great plan. Full of confidence and hope, he prophesied his mother and sister a career of splendor and greatness. He showed his Rowley Poems, as if to test credulity, to a large number of his friends, or read them aloud with musical voice and poetical inspiration.

On the 21st of December, 1768, in his sixteenth year, he made the first attempt at a publication of these Rowley poems. He offered the manuscript "*Ælla, a Tragedy*," to the well-known London bookseller, J. Dodsley, in a rather characteristic letter, which we shall quote hereafter. Mr. Dodsley either replied not at all or refused the offer. Probably the statement of Chatterton appeared too mythical.

By no means discouraged, he tried another, more daring experiment. He wrote a letter to Horace Walpole, Lord Oxford, a man of eminent literary and poetical renown, who had just published an interesting book, "*Anecdotes of Painting*"; and in this letter he stated that he had

discovered some very interesting ancient manuscripts on painting, of which he had taken permission to enclose one.

This enclosed manuscript the extraordinarily gifted boy manufactured with great care. It purported to be an ancient treatise on "the rise of painting in England, written by T. Rowley, 1469, for master Canynge," which he sagaciously interspersed with allusions to several unknown poets, specimens of whose talents, he said, he thought it not inopportune to annex. The whole manuscript he accompanied with notes in his own handwriting, wherein he pretended to criticise the treatise from an utterly objective point of view, always laying particular stress on the beauty of the poetical works of that same Thomas Rowley, whom he had made the author of the treatise, which he asserted to have in his possession. "Rowley," said he, "was a monk of the fifteenth century."

Walpole appears not to have doubted the statements of Chatterton, although afterwards he said that he had recognized the forgery at once. He replied with politeness and gratitude, and asked for further specimens, as well of the anecdotes as of the poetry of Rowley, and of a certain Father John, whom Chatterton had also called into existence.

Chatterton was delighted, and immediately sent a second edition of manuscripts accompanied by a letter, which, unfortunately, has not been preserved, for in this letter he alluded to his disagreeable position, altogether unsuitable to his pursuits, and besought his Lordship to procure him a proper place. His second batch of manuscripts comprised various poems and articles by divers mythical poets, painters, and architects; also detailed reports concerning ancient church-windows, colors, &c.

This was carrying things a little too far. Walpole began to suspect. He exhibited the poems sent by Chatterton to some competent friends, who immediately pronounced them forgeries. Thereupon he wrote to young Chatterton, advising him of the judgment pronounced by qualified critics upon his poems, hinting his own suspicions, and urging the youth to make a clear confession. Walpole appears to have done nothing to alleviate Chatterton's distress; but, as matters stood, this was perhaps but natural. Chatterton replied to this letter, insisting on his former statements, and urging that it was by no means surprising Thomas Rowley

should have written his poems in such beautiful harmony,* "as Ossian's poems are altogether as harmonious." When we reflect that this Ossian was quite as mythical as Rowley, we are forced to smile at this daring attempt of Chatterton "to place the elephant upon the tortoise," as Walter Scott expresses it.

Walpole made no answer to this letter. Chatterton, indignant, wrote again, demanding that his manuscripts be returned to him. Again no answer came. The proud, irritated boy wrote a third letter, calling upon Walpole to "either explain or excuse his conduct." Marvellous language, most certainly, from an untutored boy towards Lord Oxford. Walpole, who had been absent on a visit to Paris, received this letter on his return, and sat down to write a soothing letter, gently reproving his passionate correspondent. He abandoned the idea, however, tore up the letter, and returned the manuscripts to Chatterton without a word of comment. And now again the high-tempered youth sank as suddenly from the highest pinnacle of hope into the lowest pit of despondency. Gloomy as he had been before, he now became a downright hypochondriac. For days he would not speak a word. In moody silence he sat at his desk in the law office, scarcely responding to the sallies of his comrades by a contemptuous smile. Often he would stare persons for five or ten minutes close in the face without uttering a word. He looked upon all mankind with hatred and disgust, and only for his mother and sister did he still entertain the same deep and unchanging love. His eccentric behavior inspired many with fear. Some believed him insane; others considered him a stubborn blockhead. His hatred of men turned even against his friends. He thought that Barrett and Catcott had not given him money enough for his services. Probably he calculated the value of these services by estimating the manuscripts he had given them as *original* productions, which they certainly were; but this the friends of course never suspected, and hence thought a few shillings, occasionally, sufficient reward for the hunting up of some old manuscripts. An account is still in existence which Chatterton actually sent his friend Catcott. It is a characteristic piece of writing and reads as follows :

* Chatterton's poetry has not that monotonous harmony which ruled the world of poetry before him, and which was produced by words of similar sounds (alliteration.) His harmony was a true one, produced by syllables of different sound. Hence it has a flow of wonderful poetic beauty, does not tire, and is full of life and change.

G. CATCOTT.

	<i>To the Executors of Thos. Rowley</i>	
To pleasure received in reading his historical works,	£5. 5. 0	
" " " " " poetical "	£5. 5. 0	
	<hr/>	
	£10. 10. 0	

His misanthropical disposition made him universally disliked, and some bitter satirical verses, moreover, made him some positive enemies. Once even he was knocked down on the street by a man whom he had thus insulted. In this gloom of soul his originally strong religious convictions were likewise giving way. Dark doubts arose and made the chaos of his soul still more woful. He began to doubt everything; he lost all firm hold. Often he meditated suicide. In a social circle where this subject was under discussion Chatterton suddenly pulled out a pocket-pistol, held it to his forehead, and exclaimed: "Now, if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!"

With all this he still pursued his studies with untiring energy. His versatile mind was resolved to master all sciences and knowledge. "For God," it was his wont to say, "has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach everything, if they will only take the pains."

Heraldry, metaphysics, astronomy, mathematics, natural sciences, all books that fell in his way, he sought to master. He even studied music, and with particular predilection the science of medicine. He borrowed from Barrett all that gentleman's books on surgery, and pondered over them as if he cared for no other study in the world. He also studied Latin diligently; and amidst all these studies and his daily drudgery he yet found time enough to write a number of poems, mostly of a satirical character. For satire he had, indeed, a strange and unnatural liking; and his productions on this misanthropical field may be safely compared with the works of Swift and Dryden. Most of his poems he sent to London to public papers. His larger satirical poem, "Kew Gardens," was also written at this period, in March, 1769, but was not published until after his death. At the same time he kept up his passion for literary forgeries, and wrote to many persons in high position on antiquarian subjects. The tone in which these letters were written is altogether that of an infallible master, who knows more about the matter under discussion than any other living being. His chronic melancholy and the despair which had taken possession of his soul made him often meditate sui-

[March,

cide, as we have said. One day Lambert found a letter on Chatterton's desk addressed to his friend Clayfield, wherein he mourned his misfortune and expressed his resolve to commit suicide. "When you receive this letter," wrote he, "I shall be no more."

Lambert, excessively terrified, hurried to Mr. Barrett as Chatterton's most intimate friend and showed him the letter. Barrett, who always had a real affection for the passionate boy, went to Chatterton, showed him the letter, and began earnestly to reprove him and to point out the foolishness and cowardice of his purpose. He wept much during the delivery of this lecture, and replied next day to it in a letter, which we shall place before the reader in all its agony, bitterness, and heavy sorrow; and no one who has read the writings of Edgar A. Poe can fail to recognize a remarkable similarity in the tone, style, and despairful weariness of this letter. Nay, even the handwriting of it—the round, slowly written letters, so clear and elaborate, and the thick, heavy lines in the word *Pride* and the still heavier-accented *Die*—all these individual peculiarities might as well pass for those of the American poet of the "Raven" as of the boy Chatterton.

The letter is as follows:

Sir—Upon recollection, I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I will observe that I keep no worse Company than myself; I never drink to Excess, and have, without Vanity, too much Sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of Iniquity. No, it is my *PRIDE*, my damn'd *nature*, unconquerable *PRIDE*, that plunges me into Distraction. You must know that 19-20th of my Composition is *PRIDE*—I must either live a Slave, or Servant; to have no will of my own, no Sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such;—or *Die*. Perplexing alternative! but it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavor to learn Humility, but it cannot be here. What it may cost me in the Trial Heaven knows!

I am yr. much Obliged unhappy
hble Serv.

T. C.
Thursday Eveng.

"I will endeavor to learn humility, but it cannot be here." Often already had he expressed the wish to live in London. London was the Eldorado of his imagination. With such talents, cunning, and knowledge of human nature as he possessed, how could he fail of making his fortune in the great city? Did he not feel strong enough to lead all mankind by the nose? Did he not experience in his heart of hearts that most sovereign contempt of mankind which

conceives itself strong enough to oppose all the world, heaven and hell into the bargain? To London, therefore, in order to learn "humility." Alas, humiliation of the bitterest sort was there prepared for him! Unspeakable tortures for his pride! Agonizing torments for his presumptuous superiority of mind!

But how go to London without money? And where to get money? He imparted his plan to Mr. Barrett, and his "pride" did not send a blush of shame to his cheeks when this unselfish friend, whom he had so disgracefully cheated time and again, offered him a guinea to pay his travelling expenses; nay, Mr. Barrett took even the trouble and responsibility to ask other friends of Chatterton to subscribe the same amount, and he eagerly accepted these contributions. We again discover in this curious mixture of unbending pride and low meanness a remarkable similarity between the characters of Poe and Chatterton.

And thus he finally left his hated law office and took the road to London. Before leaving, however, on the 14th of April, 1770, he had made his "last testament;" a half poetical production, wherein the expression of contempt of mankind and of the utter despair of the poet borders upon insanity. Not without a cold shudder and the most wretched feeling of misery can one read this remarkable production, which gives us a deep insight into the chaotic condition of Chatterton's soul and his horrible wretchedness. On the back of this document are endorsed the following words: "All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind."

Chatterton was naturally of a sanguine temperament. His character seems to have originally determined him for an idyllic landscape poet. His proper frame of mind was quiet, cheerful, excessively serene. His best poems are written in this mood. But there was an impure demon in him, who would awake with the suddenness of the whirlwind and sweep away from his heart all that was humane, good, and lovable. Then he became a devil; acted, spoke, and wrote like a fiend. But with the same quickness the spirit of evil would depart, and after a refreshing shower of tears the sun would shine again with all the brilliant cheerfulness of Olympian Apollo, as if there were no sob or sigh in the universe.

Hopeful, therefore, and with the brightest visions of future glory, Chatterton entered London. His first letter

(April 26th) addressed to his mother breathes cheerfulness and enthusiasm. Everything goes well. The booksellers and editors of periodicals received him favorably. One publisher gives him a regular salary of four guineas per month, and another four guineas he hopes to realize from a "History of England," on which he is engaged. These eight guineas are to be laid aside for his mother and sister; his own expenses he hopes to meet by writing for a daily paper. He is delighted by the grand style of life in London, and speaks contemptuously of the narrow-minded citizens of Bristol.

Letters of a later date are still more hopeful. He writes occasionally operettas for a theatre, comic songs for concert gardens, and commences to dress well "in order to gain admittance into higher circles." He advises his sister to take lessons in drawing, music, &c., and hopes soon to see her and his mother with him in London. He sends them also a few presents, not forgetting to enclose a small quantity of "good tobacco" for his grandmother and a handsome pipe.

And now he ventures upon a more dangerous sea. With characteristic contempt of mankind and overestimation of his own powers, he considers that it would be, after all, most delightful if he could fool these contemptible human beings on the sphere of polities and there display his inborn superiority. It seems as if the character of *Vivian Grey*, in Disraeli's famous novel, had been suggested by this episode in Chatterton's life. He writes a flattering letter to the Lord Mayor of London, Beckford, unfolding his political projects. Beckford received the letter favorably and invited the young man to a personal conference. Chatterton went and was received with great cordiality. "The rest is a secret," he writes to his sister. "My society," he adds, "is now sought everywhere. I must be amongst the great; State matters suit me better than commercial." But while thus writing for the "liberal" Beckford "liberal" essays, the "proud" boy was not ashamed to write at the same time anti-liberal essays for the "administration party." Nay, there are still two letters of his in existence, one of which is addressed to the Lord Mayor denouncing the administration in unmeasured terms, while the other, addressed to Lord North, is an energetic defence of the administration. Both of these letters bear the same date. At the bottom of his heart Chatterton appears to have been a democrat and liberal; and hence he must be blamed all the more when he

writes to his sister in excuse of this conduct: "But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this (liberal) side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." The truth is, Chatterton was just as devoid of all moral perception as Poe. The conceptions of right and wrong never appear to have entered his heart, and his only desire was to have his "*intellectual superiority*"—this odious idol of modern days!—acknowledged, and to sneer over the duped.

It must be confessed, however, that his political writings evince great talent. Their style is noble and chaste, not unlike that of Junius. During all this time he continued his other occupations. He wrote several imitations of Ossian, a number of songs, and a burlesque, "*The Revenge*," for a concert garden, where it was performed after his death. For this latter work he received five guineas. His style of living in London, was as temperate as it had been at home. During his sojourn in this city he was but one night absent from his boarding place, and that night he had gone to spend with some relatives.

But suddenly misfortune came upon him. His friend and protector, Beckford, died; the booksellers refused to buy, and did not even pay what they had bought before.

This change again threw Chatterton into violent despair. He was forced to change his boarding-house for a more wretched garret, and there his old melancholy fell upon him heavier even than before. One more attempt he made to save himself. He wrote to Barrett asking him for a physician's certificate, which might serve him to get an appointment as assistant surgeon on board of a vessel destined for Africa; and during the brief interval of hope which this prospect gave him he wrote his beautiful "*African Eclogues*." And this last hope failed. Barrett could not conscientiously give him such a certificate. And now there was no more "*balm in Gilead*." Hunger came, too, and not a penny in Chatterton's pocket. Invitations of his friends to dinners and suppers he regularly refused; only once was he prevailed upon to partake of an oyster supper. Three days before his death he walked with a friend over a churchyard and suddenly tumbled over a newly dug grave. When he scrambled out his friend remarked: "How happy am I to have witnessed the resurrection of Genius!" "My dear friend," replied Chatterton, "I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave for some

time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish as I imagined ; we can find an asylum from every creditor but that." When he came home he went to his room and locked himself up. Two days he remained thus alone—two eternities of most terrible self-communion. What horrible curses, what wretched tears may those two days have witnessed. His landlady, who knew that he had tasted no food during these two days, sent him up some dinner at last. He refused to accept it, and said simply : "I am not hungry!" On the third day, the 24th of August, 1770, he drank a glass of water with arsenic. When evening came the door was forced open, and Chatterton was discovered lying dead on the floor : his restless eyes now glassy and immovable, his lips pale and closed. The floor was covered with torn up manuscripts. Many beautiful works had probably been destroyed by him in these last hours before death! No letter, no note had been left to explain his suicide. The jury gave a verdict : " Suicide, committed in a fit of insanity." The body of the unfortunate youth was taken and buried in the pauper's churchyard in Shoe lane.

Thus died and was buried the poet, Thomas Chatterton, at the age of seventeen years and nine months—an age when most men have not yet taken the first step into real life. Thus he died, over-satiated and shrinking back from the too clearly perceived dark sides of life, with man-hatred and world-contempt in his boyish heart. It is foolish to represent his suicide as an outbreak of insanity, which is said to have been hereditary in his family. There is a vast difference between physical insanity and that self-created eccentricity springing from extreme self-conceit, boundless pride, and stubborn perversity, which pleases itself in whatsoever is unusual, horrible and a caricature, and which looks in its perverse irony upon suicide as a challenge to the Deity for the prize of a self-determination. Chatterton killed himself, not because he was hungry, not because he had no friends, for he had many and warm friends, and not because he was too ambitious, but because he looked with sovereign contempt upon all mankind and upon himself. " Myself is my worse enemy !" Such was his own characteristic ; and with this contempt of himself and all others, which made him take a devilish pleasure in treating others as well as himself like dogs, he could not live ; for self-esteem, as Kant beautifully remarks, is the salvation and nobility of mankind.

In this contempt of all the world Chatterton again resem-

bled our Poe. Poe gave expression to this satanic feeling in some of his writings, choosing, as he did on such occasions, the most disgusting and horrible themes, and on other occasions in literary trickeries or drunken maltreatment of his own person. The classical, fine feeling Chatterton, with more of an antique or Gôthe character, gave this devil his due in literary forgeries and a Werther suicide. As we have mentioned the name of Gôthe in connection with that of Chatterton, we shall hereafter show with what propriety. At first view it would appear as if the man whom we had compared to Poe would be of all others the last one to name in the same breath with Gôthe. But the solution lies in this fact—that while the character of the man Chatterton is so like that of Poe, as a poet there is no similarity whatever between the two.

Chatterton's poems are nearly all pervaded by a spirit of classical repose utterly foreign to Poe. They breathe a harmonious, contented, peaceful, and idyllic spirit. His idylls particularly are of enchanting beauty, purely objective and naive, without a tincture of sentimentality.

Two spirits seem to have inhabited Chatterton's breast—the one the poet-spirit, cheerful, serene, and divine, full of hope and glowing love, hanging with tender affection upon the breast of the whole universe and looking upon the lowest worm of nature as an object of unspeakable value ; the other a dark, moody, repulsive, and negative spirit. Had Chatterton lived longer and hit upon books more suited to his nature, he might have probably worked himself out of this darkness and negative to universal clearness and light. As it was, death had to cut the gordian knot.

Chatterton's personal appearance was of a very prepossessing and agreeable character. His body had been as prematurely developed as his mind. His bearing was dignified, aristocratic, and manly. His gray eyes shone with supernal glory and flashed forth sparks of lightning in a truly terrifying manner when he was excited. "They were a sort of hawk's eyes," says Catecott ; and one of the eyes was larger and brighter than the other.

Before Chatterton's departure from Bristol some of his Rowley poems had appeared in the public prints and had at once created an intense excitement in the literary world of England. Gradually others were published, and there arose the famous Rowley controversy which divided all literary men of Great Britain into two parties. One of these parties

disputed the genuineness of these poems, urging weighty enough arguments, as we shall see directly. Investigations were, therefore, set afloat to discover the poet-genius who had dared to attempt this cheat. Who shall describe the general astonishment when a boy of sixteen years was found to be the originator of these poems, and this boy asserting stoutly the genuineness of these productions, which he pretended to have discovered amongst the heaps of manuscripts from the iron chests of St. Mary Redcliffe. Nothing could make him retract this statement. He has never, by a single word or hint, suggested that he was their real author. This, his positive statement, and the extraordinary youth of the boy, which seemed to preclude all possibility of a cheat, gave great delight to the antiquaries who had insisted on the genuineness of the Rowley poems. And how, indeed, was it credible that such magnificent productions should have been written by a country boy in his fifteenth year? The dispute was kept up hotly; we only need to add that to-day nobody doubts any more but that Chatterton was really their author and that all his statements concerning the existence of Thomas Rowley, Father John, &c., were pure fabrications and lies. The chief proofs of this conclusion are as follow:

While the general character and spirit of the Rowley Poems are certainly altogether mediaeval, their style, language and rhythm are equally and indisputably modern. Chatterton could feel, think, and act like a poet of the middle ages; but he could not speak their jargon nor write in their wretched metres and rhymes. Every Rowley poem shows clearly that it was written at first in modern English, and thereupon translated by the aid of dictionaries into their present antiquated dialect. The fact that the purely antiquarian words which occur in these poems are collected from various dictionaries appears chiefly from this—that they are of *various dialects*, and while some belong peculiarly to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, others are as late as the fourteenth. Then, again, there are innumerable passages in these poems wherein the spelling needs only to be altered a little in order to have correct modern English. But why Chatterton should undertake this forgery, and how he came to do it at so early an age, it is difficult to explain, unless one chooses to admit a boyish and not after all so very strange inclination in extraordinary men to mystify the public.* It

* In a letter to Schiller, Gôthe complains that he is controlled by an inexplicable tyranny, which makes it impossible for him to write down his true

seems as if he might have published the poems under Rowley's name—if he chose to do this at all—and then afterwards have discovered the true state of affairs. But, to be sure, when he once commenced to forge parchments, he shut up all avenues of extricating himself.

In the history of literature the case of Chatterton is without a parallel. It may be that he found more pleasure in admiring his own cunning and intellectual superiority as displayed in the forgery than in having his poetical talent admired by others.

We shall now proceed to examine the works of this extraordinary poet-boy, wherein we hope to find a beauty not recognizable in his sad and wild life. And, first of all, let us look at the most famous of his productions, the Rowley Poems. Not all of these poems bear the name of Thomas Rowley. The fertile imagination of Chatterton had created a whole world of mythical persons, speaking a mythical, peculiar language for his purpose. With this world he had made himself so familiar as to feel more at home in it than in the real world. In this his fancy world he built peculiar churches of unknown architecture, or framed strange musical instruments (violins, for instance, of fabulous antiquity), or found remote and ancient pedigrees, or discovered marvellous historical events, as might best suit his purpose and be best applicable to his dupes. And since he had resolved to make, above all, the reading public his dupes, he had peopled this world of his with a host of wonderful poets, each baptized and named by Chatterton with immortal name. For what did he care about his own glory and fame? Had he not a whole life before him and within his heart an inexhaustible wealth of heavenly beauty? What a petty sacrifice, therefore, to relinquish part of his fame to his own creatures, to the mythical poets of his brilliant fancy! Hence the collection published now under the name of Rowley Poems is presented to us by Chatterton as a number of poems written in an ancient style, somewhat difficult to understand, and which he, the happy discoverer of these relics of the middle ages, presents to us in an altogether objective and impartial manner, accompanied by some notes, critical remarks, and explanations, as remarkable anthology of mediæval, unknown poets.

The historical and celebrated Bristol merchant, Canyng,

conviction and compels him to mystify. "Between myself and the expression of myself an inexplicable something always places itself as an obstacle."

is thus made to write the prologue of the tragedy "Godwyn." A mythical priest, John Ladgate, writes an epistle to the equally mythical Thomas Rowley. The two magnificent epic poems, "Battle of Hastings," are represented as having been written by "Turgot," the monk, "a Saxon of the tenth century," and as having been "translated by Thomas Rowley, priest in St. John's parish, Bristol, in the year 1465." Of course Turgot, of the tenth century, writes in the same exquisite modern style which characterizes the other poems of Rowley. To another mythical John de Bergham, whom we have mentioned already, Chatterton ascribes "The Romance of the Knight." Another delightful poem, "The Parliament of Spirits," he states to have been written by the mythical Rowley and the equally mythical Isca. We shall dwell somewhat at length upon these poems, as they are very little known and exhibit Chatterton's talents in the most brilliant light. The truly great and divine in literature is not such an every-day affair that we can afford to throw these gems into the dust-room. On the contrary, the period of naive poetry is so remote and so immemorable that each of its magnificent productions deserves to be carefully treasured.

We shall commence with Chatterton's greatest work, the tragedy, *Ælla*, which he calls a "tragical interlude," and a sketch whereof may not be uninteresting to the reader. The action of the tragedy is very simple. Ælla, a Saxon prince who has acquired much renown in making war upon the Danes, has just led his beloved Bertha home from church as his wife. In highly poetical language he expresses his happiness at being now in possession of the one for whom he has yearned so long; while she, not daring to express her own happiness, "because maidenly modesty will not permit it," delights in celebrating *his* glorious deeds and in showing her pride in *him*. They are interrupted in these mutual outpourings by Almonde, their common friend, who congratulates them and offers them some jugs of ale as a wedding-present. Before this and in the very first scene of the play this Almonde has appeared upon the stage in a short monologue, wherein he has expressed his consuming love for Bertha, which prompts him rather to poison her and her husband in their bridal night than to be haunted by the thought of her reposing in Ælla's arms. His congratulations are therefore hypocrisy, and the ale contains the poison which is to end the lives of husband and wife.

Still further to initiate the revel, as it were, Almonde beckons some minstrels and urges them to perform. They sing of the wooing of a shepherd in a delightful duet, which has all the charms Chatterton knew so well how to infuse into his idyllic compositions. Ælla desires a second song, in which he wishes them to sing the joys of marriage. Thereupon the minstrels strike up an alternate chant, the poetic fervor and beauty whereof must captivate every feeling heart. We quote two of the verses, from which the reader will also learn at once the sublime metre which pervades the entire tragedy :

"When autumn bare and sun-burnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfil the year.
Bearing upon his back the ripen'd sheaf
When all the hills with fallen seed is white;
When lightning fires and tempests do meet from far the sight;

When the fair apple, red as evening sky,
Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
When juicy pears and berries of black dye
Do dance in air and call the eye around;
Then, be the even foul or even fair,
Methinks my heart's deep joy is stain'd with some care."

When the minstrels have finished their song the prince rewards them, and is on the point of inaugurating the night's revel when a messenger hurries in to report the approach of two Danish princes, Magnus and Hurra, with armed forces, and to urge Ælla to prepare without delay and attack the enemy. This interruption gives occasion to a dialogue between Ælla and Bertha, of which Shakespeare might be proud. She seeks to keep him and reproaches him with want of love. He shows her the call of duty, and when she finally yields he calls out :

"Thy mind is now thyself; why wilt thou be
All fair, all kingly, all so wise in mind,
Alone to let poor wretched Ælla see
What wondrous jewels he must leave behind?

O Bertha fair, watch every coming wind.
On every wind I will a token send;
On my long shield engraved thy name thou'l find."

Almonde interrupts them and reports that the knights are all in arms and waiting for their leader below. Ælla tears himself away from his wife. Almonde is left alone, and discovers his character most admirably in the following monologue :

"Hope, holy sister, sweeping through the sky
 In crown of gold and robe of holy white,
 Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,
 Meeting from distance the enraptured sight,
 Albeit oft thou takest thine high flight,
 Wrapped in a mist and with thine eyes yblente, (1)
 Now comest thou to me with starry light.
 Unto thy robe the red sun is adente; (2)
 The summer tide, the month of May appear
 Painted with skilled hand upon thy wide aunere, (3)

I, from a night all hopeless, am adawed, (4)
 Astonished at the festiveness of day;
 Ælla, by naught more than his glory awed,
 Is gone, and I must follow in the fray.
 Almonde can ne'er from any battle stay.
 Doth war begin? there's Almonde in the place,
 But when the war is done I'll haste away.
 The rest from 'neath time's mask must show its face,
 I see unnumbered joys around me rise;
 Bare standeth future doom and joy doth me alyse. (5)

O honor, honor, what is by thee had?
 Happy the robber and the cottager
 Who knows thee not and is not by thee led,
 And nothing does thy myckle gastness (6) fear.
 Fain would I from my bosom all thee tear,
 Then there, deep scattered, thy lightning brand.
 When my soul's withered, thou art the gare; (7)
 Slain is my comfort by thy fiery hand:
 As some tall hill, when winds do shake the ground,
 It cutteth all abroad by bursting hidden wound."

Honor, what is it? 'Tis a shadow's shade—
 A thing of witchcraft, and an idle dream—
 One of the prettexts which the churh has made
 Men without spirit and women for to fleme. (8)
 Knights, who oft hear the loud din of the beme, (9)
 Should be forewarned to such enfeebling ways—
 Make every art, alike their souls, be breme, (10)
 And for their chivalry alone have praise.
 O thou, whate'er thy name, or Zabalus, (11) or Ineed, (11)
 Come steel my sable mind for strange and doleful deed."

(1) Blinded; (2) fastened; (3) robe; (4) awakened; (5) perpetrate; (6) great terribleness; (7) cause; (8) terrify; (9) trumpet; (10) furious; (11) devil.

The real act takes us to the camp of the Danes, where the army is being placed in readiness for the impending battle. The two Danish leaders, Magnus and Hurra, are sketched with bold strokes, for which sketch a violent personal quarrel offers the opportunity. The common danger, however, when messengers bring news of Ælla's approach forces these princes to drop the quarrel and prepare for battle.

The scene then changes, and we are transported to the

Saxon camp. *Ælla* enthusiastically inspires his troops for battle. The fight commences.

Danes hurry over the stage in great fright. The misfortune of the Danes and the valor of *Ælla* are told in a most powerful manner. Even Hurra is compelled to leave the field, and now urges his followers to withdraw to their hiding-places on the coast, taking revenge for their defeat in pillaging and destroying the whole country through which they will have to pass. The Danes pass away, and Almonde enters, enthusiastic in praise of *Ælla*'s great bravery in the field, and telling how the great prince has been wounded on the field. But this admiration of *Ælla*'s valor does not obliterate his love for Bertha, and he thinks her possession would justify even the most odious treason to his friend. He calls his servant and orders his horse to be speedily saddled.

The third act takes us back to *Ælla*'s palace, where Bertha weeps over her departed husband. In order to cheer her spirits her chambermaid calls some minstrels, who thereupon begin to sing a ballad so exquisitely beautiful, so touching in form and content, that it may surely be counted amongst the highest achievements which poets have attained on this field.

"Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide;
I die! I come! my true love waits.
Thus the maiden spoke and died."

The night breaks in and brings the treacherous Almonde. He halts in front of Bertha's house.

"The world is dark with night; the winds are still;
Faintly the moon her palid light makes gleam;
The risen ghosts the churchyard fill,
White elfin fairies journeying in the dream;
The forest shineth with the silver leme.
Now may my love be seated in its treat,
Upon the brink of some swift running stream.
At the sweet banquet I will sweetly eat."

He sends for Bertha and tells her how *Ælla* has been wounded in the fight. Terrified, she cries out :

"O my agroted breast!"

ALMONDE -

"Without your sight he dies!"

BERTHA -

"Will Bertha's presence ease her *Ælla*'s pain?
I fly; new wings do from my shoulders spring."

Almonde offers her his quick-footed steed and hurries away with her.

In a dense forest we are introduced to Hurra and the flying Danes, breathing revenge against the Saxons and their prince. Almonde and Bertha approach from the distance; he confesses his violent, insane love, tells her that he has carried her off, and implores her love in return. She hurls him back with contempt. He uses threats, and on Bertha's cries for assistance Hurra's men fall upon them and take them prisoners. In the scuffle Almonde, after a desperate resistance, is killed by Hurra. Bertha discovers herself to be Ælla's wife and implores the protection of Hurra, which he generously promises.

The closing act leads us back to Ælla, who, recovering from his wound, feels a deep yearning for home and his Bertha. On the way he meets the maid of Bertha, all terrified and unsettled, who tells him that her mistress has gone away. Jealousy takes possession of Ælla's heart; he violently accuses his wife and mourns over his own unhappy fate :

"Call me not Ælla, I am him no more."

The maid tries to establish the innocence of her mistress, but Ælla continues to doubt :

"But yet it must, it must be so ; I see,
She with some lusty paramour has gone.
It must be so—oh ! how it racketh me !
My race of love, my race of life, is run ;
Now rage and furious storm and tempest come ;
No living upon earth can now ensweet my doom."

In despair he stabs himself. The bells sound a funeral chant, when suddenly enters Hurra with Bertha. Her innocence is established while Ælla is yet conscious, and upon the corpse of her husband Bertha swoons down, "making his grave her bridal bed." A servant of Ælla concludes the tragedy with a short epilogue in praise of Ælla, and saying of him :

"In heaven they sing of God, on earth we'll sing of thee."

Thus ends grandly and beautifully this magnificent tragedy—a masterwork, not only as a poetical creation, but also as a work for the stage. It is a work which Shakespeare might have written; and how could greater praise be awarded to it ?

The simple and yet so intensely dramatic action em-

braces a period of scarcely three days. It moves with energy, and the vigorous diction of the play the few sentences we have quoted sufficiently illustrate. The death of Almonde by the hand of the Danish prince, the generous behavior which Hurra evinces towards Bertha, as well as the death of Ælla, which he receives from his own hands and not from the hands of his enemies—all this is conceived with great judgment and poetical feeling.

Such a tragedy certainly deserves a better fate than has been its lot heretofore. If a stiff and mediocre poem like *Enoch Arden* deserves to be printed in hundred thousands of copies, and to be illustrated and bound in the most splendid manner, how much more would such popular and elegant editions be appropriate to this grand production of the boy Chatterton?

Chatterton has also published an "Ode to Ælla, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe, Ynne Daies of Yore," which he also asserts to have been written by Rowley, and sent to "John Ladgate, a priest in London," with a copy of the tragedy. We have also the reply of this mythical priest, who sings the glory of Rowley in most hyperbolical style, and after quoting Virgil, Homer, &c., as models, he concludes with the following verse :

"Now, Rowley, in these glorious days,
Sends out his shining lights,
And Turgotus and Chauer lives
In every line he writes."

Very naive on the part of Chatterton, undoubtedly.

Besides Ælla, we have also a short fragment of another tragedy in the Rowley Poems, which bears the name "Goodwyn." This is short, but its concluding chorus, an ode to liberty, must be classified amongst Chatterton's finest productions.

Next to Ælla his several "Eclogues" are undoubtedly Chatterton's best productions. They can safely be compared to the finest idylls of classics and modern times. Neither those of Virgil nor of Goethe rise to higher perfection, while Tennyson's must be ranked much lower. The first of these Eclogues reminds us of Virgil's first. It describes the sad condition of England during the war of the roses. The first stanza sketches a vivid and pathetic picture of the general distress, and in form of a dialogue two shepherds then take up the subject and explain to each other their private misfortunes among the universal suffering: devas-

tated fields, stolen herds, &c. One weeps over his son fallen in the war ; the other has lost his father.

The second eclogue is in praise of Richard's deeds in Palestine, and does not attain the noble beauty of the first. The third is in the form of a conversation between man, wife, and noble. The man and his wife complain about their low condition, speak of equality of mankind, and accuse fate of injustice. The noble replies in a conciliating manner, pointing out both sides of the statement. The whole is written in genuine Goethe style and has great charms.

We would lack space to point out the numerous beauties of the Rowley poems. The preceding quotations are surely sufficient to prove the grand genius of the boy-poet and his true art spirit, wherin he is so unboyish. There is nothing subjective in him ; all his descriptions and unfoldings are utterly objective. This highest perfection of genius, this true art culture, is chiefly what makes Chatterton so marvellous a phenomenon. He writes not as a youthful genius, but as a genius of lifelong experience who has educated himself into a self-possessed artist. His poems have all the deep-felt pathos of genius, and at the same time in their form all the calm majesty of ripened art. In this he is the true union of classic and the mediaeval art spirit ; throwing into the description of the passionate life of the middle ages all the genial and quiet beauty of the classics, and thereby realizing to a far higher degree than any other poet, as he also does in age and life, that famous child of Faust and Helena, Euphonon, which it has puzzled so many commentators to identify historically.

Before taking leave of the Rowley poems, which amount in all to about forty works, we must call attention to the "Bristow Tragedy," an ancient ballad of great merit, and to the "Battle of Hastings," an epic poem of great force and beauty, in the production of which Chatterton probably felt himself a second Homer.

We now turn our attention to the acknowledged productions of Chatterton, which number about seventy, and would alone entitle him to a permanent place in English literature. We would chiefly instance a comic burlesque "The Revenge," which, in its truly exquisite humor and fanciful execution, may rank with "The Clouds" of Aristophanes. Of all modern poets Goethe is the only one who knows how to represent the coarse and extravagant comic of the ancients ; and in this gift again Chatterton resembles him. He wrote

this burlesque, with its accompanying songs, for a rather a low sort of concert garden, and received five guineas for it. After his death the manuscript alone sold for one hundred pounds. How exquisitely the human race knows how to contribute its gratitude!

The dramatis personæ of this burlesque are Jupiter, Bacchus, Cupid, and Juno. The scene lies in the Olympus and more particularly in Maja's bedroom. Jupiter opens the play, swearing like a trooper that he is cursed with such a scolding, jealous, and malignant wife as Juno, and vows that he will hasten to Maja in order to forget his matrimonial sorrows in her arms. But alas! Juno is seen approaching in the distance, and poor Jupiter tries to hide in a corner. Juno enters and sings a sneering satire on humbled husbands. Jupiter, though sorely trembling and pale as death, concludes to try for once to show his authority. He accordingly creeps out of the corner and begins to swear terribly at Juno. She evinces fear, and to pacify him takes to humbling herself, kissing and coaxing him with great warmth. But these love demonstrations Jupiter has not bargained for. He hurries away from his fond wife to find out Maja. Juno also resolves to go and meet her lover. But suddenly Cupid enters and tells her of Jupiter's intrigue with Maja. She is enraged, but accepts Cupid's advice to assume the form of Maja and meet Jupiter in Maja's bedroom. Juno hastens to carry out the plan. Then Bacchus suddenly enters, pretty well drunk, and, seeing Cupid, he commences to sneer at love in true bacchanalian style. Cupid replies angrily, and Bacchus throws a wine-bowl at his head. Cupid, in revenge, shoots an arrow into Bacchus, who now, in sudden agony of love, swears, he must possess Maja, whatever may be the consequences.

Then the scene changes into Maja's bedroom, where Juno, having assumed Maja's form, awaits her loving Jupiter. In the darkness Bacchus enters, whom Juno mistakes for Jupiter. Whilst they fondle each other Jupiter enters, and a most deliciously comic scene is occasioned which threatens to end in a row, when Cupid drops in and unfolds the true state of affairs. Chatterton is said to have written several similar burlesques, but unfortunately none have been preserved.

The greater part of his acknowledged poems consists of satires, which are partly of a poetical character and partly directed against religion and revelation. These satires must be classed amongst the best of English literature, and

have always excited universal admiration. It is truly remarkable how this talent for satirical writings had been developed in the boy at so early an age. "Kew Gardens," and "Resignation," belong to the best of his satires. Another one, "The Prophecy," is written with all the bitterness and energy of a Swift, and is perhaps the finest product of his excited invention. It breathes a glowing and honest spirit of freedom, and is another evidence that Chatterton, in spite of his political immorality, was a sincere friend of democratic freedom and hated the great as heartily as he despised them.

We have only a few words left to say on his other acknowledged poems. The elegy on the death of his friend Philipps is of great beauty. So are the other elegies. His African eclogues are very beautiful, but they cannot be compared to the Rowley eclogues. The flavor of naivety which gives their peculiar charm to the Rowley poems seems to have deserted Chatterton in London, where all the circumstances of his life seem to have disposed him more for satire and comicalities. Time might have led him back to the original purity of his genius. His clear-sighted Shakespearean mind would doubtless have succeeded in restoring the lost harmony of his early life; and in thus reaching the highest pinnacle of artistic development, satire—nay, even humor—he would have abandoned again as unworthy of a true poet; for the truly beautiful and sublime, which constituted his real nature, can never be united with the negative character of satire.

For this remains an eternal truth: only in the representation of the sublime does art attain its highest object and development. "All the perishable is but an image;" but in art "the insufficient is to become event."^{*} The momentary, accidental, negative, never gives satisfaction. It may cause us to smile, may amuse us, may even be a means to attain the highest end; but in itself it has no value.

Beauty, it is true, is only of the *form*; but the highest

^{*} Gôthe's Faust, second part. The last words:

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleicheniss;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss,
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist's gethan,
Das ewig Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

order of beauty can only be manifested in representing the highest content, *i. e.* the sublime. The more intensely the heart of a poet adores beauty, the more certainly will he throw aside accidental, negative, and insignificant contents to grasp the heavenly and sublime, which, because they task far more his genius and art skill, enable him to represent in far higher perfection the beauty he adores.

ART. V—1. *Elements of Medical Jurisprudence.* By THEODERIC ROMEYN BECK, M.D., LL.D. 1860.

2. *Traité sur le Venin de la Vipére, sur les poisons Americains, sur le laurier cerise et sur quelques autres poisons.* Par L'ABBE FONTANA. Florence. 2 vols. 4to.
3. *Philosophical Transactions from 1810 to 1812.* Articles by SIR BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE.
4. *Traité des poisons tirés de règnes minéral, végétal et animal, ou toxicologie générale.* Paris.

THERE are few results for which we are more indebted to modern science than the increased facilities it offers for the detection of crime in cases in which, not many years ago, criminals escaped with impunity, and people were affrighted lest a way should be opened to the wholesale commission of secret assassinations while the law was powerless to intervene. The many dark ways of dealing death which were known to those versed in the secrets of alchemy made men tremble lest a word or an act would provoke the vengeance of those who knew how to strike without fear of punishment, and induced the general dread that every one had his hand raised against his neighbor. The stealthy poisoner laughed to scorn the laws which could not see death lurking in a crumb of bread or a pair of gloves, and in despite of whose most watchful efforts the monarch was not safe upon his throne nor the peasant in his hut. The best evidence of this general distrust is to be found in the practice handed down from time immemorial of having all eatables first tasted by those who had prepared them, lest some poisonous ingredient should be present. A system of police as active and prying as that engaged in bringing to light plots and conspiracies

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against governments was kept in operation by every one who could afford it, and men were liable to arrest on the mere shadow of suspicion. This constant dread, and those untiring precautions, increased the very evil they were meant to avert, and at no time did the crime of poisoning flourish so widely as when governments labored most to suppress it. The mystery which attached to some of the most celebrated cases in the past gave birth to the grossest exaggerations, and the historical records of poisoning are defiled by much fabulous matter respecting the potency and *modus operandi* of secret drugs. Probably the most interesting fiction—if fiction, indeed, it be—is that which ascribed to many poisonous agents the property of gradually sapping the foundations of life and causing death with unerring certainty in a given period of time. Nearly every history contains interesting narratives of such cases; and oftentimes the narrator delights to paint in tragic colors the baneful operation of some deadly potion on the human system. To this property Tacitus alludes in his Annals when relating the iniquities of Nero. To avoid suspicion, he says, a slow and wasting poison was employed, so that the system seemed to sink under disease.*

Locusta, a well known sorceress, was Nero's tool in this nefarious business; and so well known had become her name that it was almost as universally abhorred as that of her master. The most celebrated case in which she was engaged was the poisoning of Britannicus, the son of Agrippina. It is, of course, doubtful what drug she used on this occasion; but it is probable that it was aconite, as this article was well known in ancient times, and its poisonous properties especially understood in Rome. Chemical extraction did not then exist, and so *aconitine*, the active principle of aconite, could not have been used.† But aconite produces symptoms so very decided, even when taken in small doses, that suspicion would be at once aroused, and so the project of slow poisoning be defeated. Yet it is not without temerity that some

* "Exquisitum aliquid placebat quod turbaret mentem et mortem differret."—*Annal.*, xii, 66.

This is by no means certain. Several of the most celebrated toxicologists and chemists, including Fontana, Gay Lussac, Lavoisier, and Brodie, are of opinion that aconitine must have formed at least one of the ingredients in the poison administered by Mithridates, the King of Pontus, to his wives and daughters, and which proved so rapidly fatal to them, but had no effect when administered to himself, because, as we are told, he had fortified his system by the constant use of antidotes. Poison having no effect on him, he had to fall upon his sword. (*Vide* Livy, Lib., 52.)

authors have entirely rejected the idea of slow poisoning, since the past, through its traditional records, exhibits many otherwise unaccountable facts which impartial criticism does not deny, but of which it confesses we have lost the principle of explanation. Some very grave authors—among them Plutarch, Quintilian, and Theophrastus—support this opinion by many examples ; and these men were ever careful to sift popular traditions and cast away the chaff. Theophrastus, in speaking of aconite, says that the sorceress prepared a poison from this plant the virulence of which could be so regulated that it would kill in a month or a year ; and Plutarch expressly tells us that Aratus, of Sycion, died from the effects of a slow poison which caused a disease of the lungs and impaired his intellect. To this may be added the authority of Tacitus and the almost universal belief which formerly prevailed that skilled poisoners could regulate the effect of their doses with mathematical precision.

If this art of slow poisoning ever did exist, we have certainly lost it, for not even the most delicate chemical processes can produce a poison the effect of which may be thus determined. In the present century the mysterious death of Prince Charles of Augustenburg, Crown Prince of Sweden, revived the question in an interesting manner on the continent of Europe, and led M. Lodin, Professor of Medicine at Lynkoping, to the belief that the Prince had been killed by slow poison.

Dr. Rossi, physician to the Prince, acted in a very suspicious manner, having made but a superficial *post mortem* examination. The body was therefore exhumed, and the disorganized condition of the liver and spleen could be accounted for by M. Lodin on no other hypothesis than the administration of a slow poison. This explanation, however, was rejected by the whole medical profession, and M. Lodin found himself compelled to surrender his opinion. This settled the question among scientific men, and to-day none are found who admit the stories of slow poisoning with which early histories are replete.

The principal vegetable poisons we know the ancients to have been acquainted with are aconite, hemlock, and poppy; and the various composite poisons contained all or some of these. Hemlock was extensively used among the Greeks, and after numberless private crimes had been committed by its agency, the government adopted it as a means for destroying malefactors; and we

know it caused the death of one of the best and the greatest men of antiquity. If nothing else, the fact that Socrates was poisoned by hemlock would render the study of this drug highly interesting, and we find that Wepfer has written a monogram on the subject. Owing to the varieties of the plant we cannot determine whether it was the *conium maculatum*, or common hemlock, or the more virulent *acuta aquatica* the Athenians employed. Wepfer suggests the latter, as its greater rapidity of action better accords with the facts related of Socrates and others. Moreover, the scarcity of water-hemlock explains the economy of the Athenian government, which allowed only a limited amount each year to the public executioner, who, on this supply being exhausted, had to furnish it at his own expense.

Plato, in his dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, remarks that the executioner advised Socrates not to talk lest the hemlock would operate too slowly; not being influenced by any motives of humanity but that less of the drug might be used. This is confirmed by what Plutarch relates of Phocion. The executioner had not hemlock enough to ensure a speedy death, and Phocion was compelled to pay for it himself, remarking, at the same time, that in Athens a man had to pay for every thing, even to his own death. It is not very clear, then, which variety of hemlock the Athenians used, nor to what previous preparation they subjected the plant before administering it. It is probable, however, that some other powerful ingredient was combined with the hemlock, as death generally supervened before the full effects of hemlock poisoning fully developed themselves. Nor could they depend solely on a drug the operation of which is so very uncertain that whilst a few grains will powerfully affect some persons, others can bear eight or ten times the quantity with impunity. At the best, it was a very barbarous mode of punishment; and when we reflect on the bitter sufferings Socrates had before his eyes after the fatal draught should be drained, we must admire still more the calm heroism of his last moments.

We find the train of symptoms from poisoning by water-hemlock thus enumerated by Orfila.* At first there is dazzling which is followed by obscurity of vision, vertigo, headache, often acute and excruciating, a vacillating walk, heart-burning, dryness of the throat, ardent thirst, vomiting of

* Orfila's Toxicology, vol. ii, p. 148.

greenish matter, frequent and uninterrupted respiration, and tetanic contraction of the jaws. The other symptoms differ ; sometimes death comes on at once, or is preceded by delirium or attacks resembling epilepsy, and sometimes the head swells to an enormous size. The abdomen and face are generally swollen after death and the mouth is filled with green froth. This plant is eminently fatal to animals, and Linnaeus, in his Tour to Lapland, relates that at Tornea hundreds of cattle were annually destroyed by it, and their flesh became so tainted with the virus that the mere contact of it produced loathsome and gangrenous sores.

Hemlock was frequently used for medicinal purposes, but its action was found to be so unreliable, and especially its narcotic properties so uncertain, that but little value is set upon it at present. Aconite and poppies were the favorite poisons of the Romans, and there is no doubt that Locusta mixed them in the deadly draught she administered to Britannicus. Theophrastus says that aconite formed the basis of all slow poisons, and that one Thrasyas had acquired a widespread reputation for the skill with which he prepared it so as to suspend its effect for any length of time. The ancients were acquainted with none of the mineral poisons, as far as can be ascertained* ; and hence we must suppose that they were restricted chiefly to the articles mentioned.

There is one animal poison, however, quite celebrated in the annals of ancient poisoning, since by means of it Domitian

* This is another remark which a more extended research would have proved to be erroneous. None could have any familiar acquaintance with the principal metals without discovering that deadly poisons are combined with them. This acquaintance was possessed not only by the Greeks and Romans, but also by the still more ancient Hebrews. Homer frequently speaks of copper ; the Greeks of his time wrote on lead and brass. (See Eschenburg's Classical Literature, Part iv, p. 331.) Could they have known these metals without having any knowledge of arsenic and verdigris ? And what are we to say of Theophrastus' treatise on Mineralogy ? Did this learned Greek treat of the minerals while ignorant that there were deadly poisons amongst them ? Again, we read that Melampus, of Argos, one of the most ancient physicians whose names have reached us, cured Iphichus, one of the Argonauts, by administering to him the *sequioxide* of iron. (Apollodorus, 1, 9, § 12.) In several parts of Genesis the metals are familiarly spoken of. "Surely," says Job, "there is a *mine* for silver, and a place for gold where they *find* it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is *molted* out of the stone." (Chap. xxviii, 1, 2.) It will be admitted that this testimony is sufficiently satisfactory as to the fact that the ancients were *not* ignorant of mineral poisons ; were it otherwise it would be easy to multiply proofs. Egyptologists have no doubt that the ancient Egyptians used *arsenic* in their embalming processes ; but whether they did or not, certain it is that both the Greeks and Romans were well aware that there were minerals, very small particles of which would destroy human life as effectually as the sword.

destroyed his brother Titus. This was obtained from the sea-hare (*lepus marinus*), and, from what has been related concerning its operation, it must have produced very painful and disgusting effects. The surface of the body was covered with pustules and sores, and the blood reduced almost to the consistency of water. None of the properties, however, which were claimed for the vegetable poison belonged to it, and it was never employed where secrecy was desired. Every one is acquainted with the story of Cleopatra and the asp ; but for us it does not possess much interest, since historians have failed to describe the peculiar symptoms which accompanied the action of the poison, and we are not able to determine what variety of the insect was employed. It is probable, however, that the immediate cause of death was suffocation, since Dr. Harris, in his lecture on Poisoned Wounds,* says, that in all instances where death results from the stings of bees or wasps, it arises from active inflammation, either in or about the larynx so as to interrupt respiration.† Serpents, adders, scorpions, and poisonous fishes are the subject of many interesting reflections in Pliny's Natural History ; but modern researches have given us much ampler information on the subject of animal poisons, and chemistry has even determined their precise nature in many cases. "The terrible science of poisons," says Sismondi, "is the first branch of chemistry which is successfully cultivated by barbarous nations ;" and hence we find that, with the revival of letters in the sixteenth century, alchemy was cultivated as much with the object of discovering venomous drugs as for the philosopher's stone. Secret laboratories were constructed where men held converse day and night with the mineral and vegetable products of nature, and sought to wrest from her bosom those occult treasures which would give them power over life and death. Arsenic, nitric acid, and the bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), quickly

* Medical Examiner, vol. i, p. 250.

† The Abbé Fontana has devoted much more attention to the subject than Dr. Harris, and accordingly his inferences are very different from those of that gentleman. After numerous experiments, Fontana found that the poison of the viper, or asp, exercised no influence whatever on an unbroken surface, nor on muscle, tendon, nerve, or any solid parts of the living body ; but that it destroys life exclusively by being introduced into the circulation of the blood. "This fluid," he says, "conveys the venom to the animal and distributes it through its whole body. The action of the venom and its effects on the blood are almost instantaneous."—*Traité sur le Venin, &c.*, vol. i, p. 198.

Fontana's views are fully corroborated by those of Sir Benjamin Brodie."—*Vide Philosoph. Trans.* for 1812.

issued from the hissing crucible, and before long their deadly influence was felt both by experimenters and the victims of crime. The first cases we read of in modern times are those which have rendered the *Aqua della Toffana* so celebrated in the annals of medical jurisprudence. Poets, novelists, and historians have delighted to linger on this page of criminal lore and to paint in vivid colors the tragic scenes which in Italy, France, and Germany were enacted by the miscreants who administered this deadly compound for the sole purpose of taking away life.

In the year 1659, during the pontificate of Alexander VII, Rome was filled with consternation at the many sudden deaths which occurred every day, the arch-destroyer singling out, as if by predilection, the strong, the noble, and the young. Fear seemed at first to paralyze men, and they submitted to the scourge as if an epidemic had visited them. By degrees certain circumstances forced themselves on the public attention which showed that some human agency was concerned in the work. In the first place, it was noticed that no women died, nor men, but those who were young, distinguished by wealth or family, and who had been but a short time married. The suspicions of the government were aroused and the utmost exertions used to discover the perpetrators of those horrible crimes. Many arrests were made among the women of Rome whose relations to society were considered questionable, and at last a clue was obtained to the criminals. Certain young wives were in the habit of visiting each other's houses, and the officers of the government, having assisted, incognito, at some of these meetings, found out that a complete system of poisoning had been established for the purpose of ridding of their husbands those ladies of Rome who had grown weary of their lords or longed for a change. An old woman named Spara was at the bottom of the conspiracy and supplied the poison, the secret of making which she had learned from Tofania of Palermo. The infamous league was broken up, and Spara, with four of the most desperate of her comrades, was publicly executed.

The chemists of Rome tested the poisonous preparations, but to no purpose, as chemical science was not yet sufficiently advanced to afford the proper reagents for the mineral poisons which were then known. Four to five drops were sufficient to kill a man, and it was currently stated at that time that it possessed all the virtues of slow poison—that its effects could be suspended for an indefinite period. Tofania, who

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was the original preparer of this drug, escaped detection for a long time by a simple yet ingenious expedient. The practice of preserving and distributing the relics of persons who, during life had been distinguished for their piety prevailed quite extensively among the faithful of the Church; and Tofania had her poison made up in little phials, labeled *Manna of St. Nicholas of Barri*, which she distributed among her customers as if catering to their pious wants. She was finally apprehended and put to the torture; and, though she confessed her crimes before being strangled, the secret of her poison perished with her. Garelli, physician to Charles VI, King of Sicily, gave it as his opinion at the time that Tofania was executed that the *Aqua Tofania* was a solution of crystallized arsenic, with the addition of some comparatively sweet ingredients for the purpose of disguising the more potent element. The Abbé Gagliani asserts that the mixture contained opium and cantharides, assigning as the principal reason of this opinion the slower action of this poison, which would seem to accord better with the prevalent idea that its effects might be deferred or suspended. The opinion of Garelli is more general at the present time; and to the objection that the *Aqua Tofania* differed materially in its operation from arsenic it may be answered that some strong narcotic may have been added and so modified the action of the arsenic.

The security of life received so powerful a shock from these discoveries that the closest surveillance was exercised by the public authorities in every State and kingdom, that men began to dread as much the suspicions of the government under which they lived as the fatal draught from the poisoner's hands; and, it must be confessed, that many innocent persons suffered death on evidence which would now be considered clearly insufficient. And yet, even this evil had not reached its zenith; it remained for the *Chambre ardente* to render government protection from poison infinitely more odious than many Sparas or Tofanias.

No sooner had the sensation caused by the aqua tofania died away than France became the theatre of more wonderful and more iniquitous transactions. A poor nun was observed to visit the hospitals and garrets of Paris, befriending the sick and indigent and bringing to them all the delicacies which her limited resources were supposed to allow. Her visits to the same individuals, however, were not

often repeated, as it was noticed that those who had been helped by her ministrations had died with short shrift. When the danger of detection appeared the nun vanished as suddenly as she had made her *entrée* into the world of charity, and though search was made for her in every convent in Paris, she could be nowhere found. Shortly after this a man named Sainte Croix, who had once known the interior of the Bastile, was found dead in a private laboratory, where he was surrounded with the undoubted evidences of a poisoner's avocation. A little casket was found directed to the Marquise of Brinvillier; but the suspicious surroundings justified the authorities in opening the casket, and the first link in a long chain of almost incredible deeds of guilt was discovered. The casket contained various poisons, all labeled, and with the effects of each described as they had been tested by experiments on animals. The Marquise was arrested, and, being subjected to torture, confessed the following startling crimes. It seems that on the return of her husband from the campaign of the Netherlands he brought with him this Sainte Croix, who, profiting by his freedom of access to the house of the Brinvilliers, carried on an intrigue with the marquise, and on being found out was sent to the Bastile by her father. During his sojourn here he learned the art of secret poisoning from an Italian, and on his release he visited the marquise, now a widow, and imparted to her his fatal secret. Before attempting her art on any person of distinction she visited the prisons and hospitals of Paris, as we have stated, to assure herself that she might rely on the efficacy of the drug. This done, she began by poisoning her father, her brothers, and her sisters for the purpose of acquiring the family estates, and had many other infamous crimes projected when Saint Croix's sudden death brought the whole scheme to light. In reading the details of this history one is especially struck by the cold-blooded cruelty which incited this woman to try the efficacy of her poison on the paupers and patients of Paris.

In this respect the case resembles that of Madame Gottfried, related in a recent number of this Review,* though the Brinvillier case exhibits more blood-thirstiness, while Madame Gottfried was a more accomplished hypocrite. The probability is, too, that as the false chivalry of to-day

* No. XXII, September, 1865; art. "American Female Criminals."

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would have discovered a moral insanity provoking Gottfried to crime, so Brinvillier would have been acquitted on the ground of some abnormality in her mental organization. Owing to the little progress which had been hitherto made in the science of chemistry, opinion is divided concerning the poison used by Brinvillier as it is with reference to the nature of the *aqua tofania*. Corrosive sublimate was found in large quantity in the casket Sainte Croix had directed to the marquise, and hence the surmise is pretty well founded that this entered largely, as an ingredient, into the poisonous compound.

The discovery of this crime induced the government to take strong measures to suppress future attempts, and an inquisition was established under the title of the *Chambre ardente*, before which all cases of suspected poisoning were tried, and the accused parties were in the majority of cases condemned to the stake. The famous *poudre de succession*, or diamond dust, was employed at this time by poisoners, as its purely mechanical action was so well calculated to defy detection. This was not, however, the first time it was employed; a well-known physician of the sixteenth century (Cellin) relates that the diamond dust was tried on him, though ineffectually, as the hydrochloric acid of the stomach was strong enough to dissolve the diamond. But the efforts of the *Chambre ardente* were soon turned from their legitimate purpose, and it became an instrument of political oppression in the hands of those who controlled it. It was abolished in 1680.

This rapid sketch of a few of the most celebrated cases of poisoning we find in history is replete with useful lessons. In the first place it may be inferred from the difficulty which attended the detection of the most flagrant cases, that countless crimes were perpetrated by crafty men who knew how to evade the slumbering vigilance of the law, and that their victims went to the grave without a suspicion of foul play having been committed. Then the uncertainty of the means used to bring to light doubtless cases was such, that in a great number of instances the innocent suffered with the guilty, or were punished, while the guilty escaped. To-day we find all this changed, and the force of medical evidence has become so strong that it is considered more satisfactory than the concurrent evidence of many witnesses; and the proof of this is found in the general abandonment of poison as a means of committing crime, and the substitution of the pistol or the knife. Those not familiar

with the various processes involved in the analysis of organic substances supposed to be certain poison would be astonished at the slow and laborious steps that are to be taken. In the first place, the action of the poisonous matter has to be tested, so that its peculiar effects and the train of symptoms accompanying its operation may be noted. Animals of the lower order, and in many cases criminals, have been made the subjects of these experiments; and if we could divest the proceedings of a certain cruelty which is inseparable from them, we could not but confess that they are highly interesting and instructive. As a result of these experiments it has been remarked, among other things, that the same poison produces the most different effects on different animals; that hogs feed on henbane, pheasants on stramonium, and goats on water-hemlock, while the same substances are fatal to man. It is said that an elephant in Switzerland took three ounces of prussic acid mixed with ten ounces of brandy and exhibited no evil effects.* The same elephant afterwards took three ounces of arsenic in a mixture of honey and sugar and escaped with equal impunity.† The hedgehog eats the Spanish fly, which is highly poisonous to all other animals. It has been noticed likewise that the dog approaches nearest to man in his susceptibility to noxious agents, while animals of duller nerves differ most from him. More astonishing still is the immunity which some individuals enjoy from the poisonous action of substances which are speedily fatal to the majority of men.

Wolfsbane (*aconitum napellus*) is a deadly poison, ten grains of which produce death with most distressing symptoms. The eyes and teeth become fixed a few moments after it is taken into the stomach, the pulse becomes imperceptible, and the breathing so short as to become almost undistinguishable; the body swells, and the unhappy sufferer dies in delirium. Notwithstanding, we have the authority of one of the first toxicologists‡ for stating that Charles IV of Spain was accustomed to take a drachm of this substance daily without any good or evil effects. He continued to do this to the advanced age of sixty-two, and still was an athletic man with good appetite.

"In the mines of Peru," says Humboldt, "from five to six thousand persons are employed in the amalgamation of

* *Anglada*, p. 40, *Bibliothéque Universelle*.

† *Fodéré*, vol. iv.

‡ *Fodéré*, vol. iii, p. 468.

the minerals, or the preparatory labor. A great number of these individuals pass their lives in walking barefooted over heaps of brayed metal moistened and mixed with muriate of soda, sulphate of iron, and oxide of mercury, with the contact of the atmosphere and the solar rays. It is a remarkable phenomenon to see these men enjoy the most perfect health."* Now, the vapors arising from mercury while undergoing oxidation are highly injurious and often fatal. Dr. Dickson says that the crew of a Spanish vessel laden with mercury were all salivated and some killed by the fumes of the mercury which arose from one or two jars which had been broken in the hold.

One of the most extraordinary instances of the resistance of the human system to the effects of a very deadly poison is found recorded in the works of Dr. Pouqueville, and one which has been the subject of much controversy between Lord Byron and Mr. Thornton. Dr. P. states that an old man residing in Constantinople was in the habit of consuming a drachm of corrosive sublimate daily. Thornton denied the correctness of this statement, and said that the Turkish phrase which Pouqueville took to signify eater of corrosive sublimate, meant nothing but simple eater. Lord Byron, who was well acquainted with the Turkish dialect, confirms the opinion of the Doctor, and emphatically disagrees with Thornton.† The man was still alive in 1800, and collateral evidences have proved the truth of what Dr. Pouqueville advanced. It is well known that the peasants of those countries where arsenic is produced employ this mineral for cosmetic purposes by outward application, and swallow it in quantities which in ordinary cases would prove speedily fatal. Those who reside in the valleys of the Alps use it with the view of enabling them to ascend hills, as it is well known that by means of it their breath lasts them a much longer time.

Dr. Strohmayer relates that a peasant who resided near a convent in the Tyrol took, for a long time, ten grains of arsenic daily with his food; a fact corroborated by the testimony of the monks.‡ These anomalies are difficult of explanation, and many lawyers have sought to invalidate medical

* *Essai politique, &c.*

† Dickson's Practice of Medicine.

‡ Vulr Notes on 11th Canto of Childe Harold.

§ Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, vol. xii, p. 211.

evidence on this ground. Such exceptional cases, however, are entirely insufficient to shake a general law; they are just numerous enough to establish the rule that where traces of an irritant or narcotic poison are observed in human remains death has been the result of such poison. For this reason the decision rendered by the Academy of Berlin in 1752, when it declared the poisonous nature of copper to be uncertain, since many had swallowed it with impunity, is now generally discarded as calculated to destroy the very idea of a poisonous substance.

It has been observed that the action of poisons differs greatly according to the amount taken, or the virulence of the drug. Thus prussic acid kills almost with the rapidity of lightning, while the less active agents allow a longer interval. This difference in the action of poisons has given much rise to conflicting legislation. In England the law supposes that death cannot be traced to any poison after the lapse of one year, while in this country there is no statutory limitation, provided always death may be traced to the operation of the poison in question. In France the law is the same as in this country, with this difference, that where accident or ignorance renders the poison innocuous the criminal is acquitted.*

Such are a few of the general results bearing directly on the subject of poisoning which have been deduced from the investigations made in recent times on this question; and before proceeding further it would be well to state some interesting collateral truths which have been developed in the course of those inquiries. It has been remarked that a mania prevails at times for certain poisons, and that, without regard to the painful symptoms they produce, murderers and suicides evince a decided preference for them. This, indeed, seems to occur in virtue of some law of human nature which makes man imitative of evil as well as of good. Thus we find in the general prison report of England¹, made a few years ago, that in a certain prison near London suicides by hanging were of quite frequent occurrence. A little attention to the circumstances disclosed the strange fact that all hanged themselves from the same nail, and when this nail was removed the suicides suddenly ceased. In poisoning this imitative action is still more strikingly illustrated. In a paper published in the *Journal*

* Devergie, vol. ii, p. 426.

de Chimie Medicale the following statistics of poisoning are exhibited. In 93 cases

54	were by Arsenic.	1	was by Tartar emetic.
7	" Verdigris.	1	" Opium.
5	" Cantharides.	1	" Acetate of lead.
5	" Corrosive sublimate.	1	" White-lead.
4	" Nux Vomica.	1	" Sulphuric acid.
3	" Fly powder.	1	" Sulphate of zinc.
2	" Nitric acid.	1	" Mercurial Ointment.
1	was by Sulphuret of arsenic.	5	unknown.

It is well known that few substances produce so dreadful a train of symptoms as arsenic; and yet, notwithstanding this and the fact that in France many stringent regulations limit its sale, it has been more extensively employed both by suicides and those who attempted the lives of others than opium or any of the narcotic poisons.

In the United States, however, it has been noticed that suicides give the preference to the various preparations of opium, while other criminals employ arsenic and strychnine. The recent cases of poisoning which has been perpetrated by means of these agents and the wonderful train of circumstances which have led to the detection of the poisoners render the study of those deadly drugs especially interesting. Arsenic is probably more extensively used for murderous purposes than any other poison; and a few years ago scarcely a day passed that the community was not startled by the narrative of some dreadful case of arsenic poisoning. The unerring accuracy of Marsh's and Runsch's tests, which have enabled chemists to discover minute traces of arsenic in dead bodies, many years after death, has caused a marked diminution in the number of deaths from this poison, as men felt that an unseen and infallible witness would bear testimony against the poisoner by arsenic. But the delicacy and precision of those tests have not only rendered the detection of crime more certain but have precluded the possibility of those unjust convictions which have disgraced the annals of former times.

We find a very celebrated case of this sort recorded by Dr. Beck in his *Medical Jurisprudence*. Mary Blandy was tried in February, 1752, at Oxford, for poisoning her father with arsenic. It appears that she fell in love with a Captain Cranston; but her father opposed the marriage. Cranston conspired with the daughter to get rid of Mr. Blandy for the purpose of securing the property.

Miss Blandy mingled the arsenic which Cranston had brought her in her father's food, but in small quantities, so as not to produce immediate death. Mr. Blandy's health became rapidly impaired and his teeth underwent decay. Others who had shared the food in which the arsenic was mixed suffered similarly. At last, on August 6, she added a larger quantity than usual, and all the previous symptoms returned with increased violence. The abdomen swelled and there was excessive pain, with a peculiar pricking sensation over every part of his body. On being visited by a physician, the patient's tongue was found swollen, his throat inflamed and excoriated, his eyes tumefied, his pulse low, trembling, and intermittent, and his respiration difficult; there was also an inability to swallow even the smallest quantity. Blood flowed freely from his bowels; he became delirious, and, on the 13th of August, expired. On the 15th the body was examined, when the back and hinder parts of the arms, thighs, and legs were found livid. The heart was variegated with purple spots; the lungs resembled bladders half filled with air and blotted in some places with pale, but mostly, black ink; the liver and spleen were much discolored; the kidneys were stained with livid spots; the stomach and bowels were inflated and appeared, before any incision was made into them, as if they had been pinched, and extravasated blood had stagnated between their membranes.

The first symptom which denotes the presence of arsenic in the system is faintness, which occurs a very few moments after the poison has been swallowed. There is violent pain in the stomach, vomiting, dryness, heat, and lightness in the throat. Hoarseness and difficulty of speech are generally combined with these. Diarrhoea is a common sequel, and where it does not exist the abdomen is tense and exceedingly tender.* These symptoms vary but little, and an interesting question has lately arisen as to whether, from these *ante mortem* indications alone, it could be decided that arsenic had been employed. The question has been decided affirmatively by Drs. Christison and Beck.

These symptoms are observed in every stage and variety among the unhappy convicts who are condemned to work arsenic mines. In Germany the workmen thus engaged

*The muriate of barytes and emetic tartar produce effects on the human system precisely similar to those of arsenic, whether applied to a wound, or taken in sufficient quantity into the stomach.

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rarely live beyond the age of thirty-five, and even then life is worse to them than death. Their hair and teeth are speedily decayed, their bones become diseased, and they are in a constant state of bad health. In order to prolong this miserable existence to the utmost, they are compelled to abstain scrupulously from ardent spirits, and even from meat, and live exclusively on vegetables, fat, and oil. As the poison continues to insinuate itself into their system, all the symptoms we have described begin to show themselves, and they go to their graves miserable wrecks of humanity.

In the Copper Smelting Works of Cornwall and Wales, owing to the presence of arsenic in the crude metal, the same phenomena are observed among the workmen; but here the cattle suffer similarly. Dr. Paris says: "The horses and cows commonly lose their hoofs, and the latter are frequently seen in the neighboring pastures crawling on their knees, and not unfrequently suffering from a cancerous affection in their rumps; while the milch cows, in addition to these miseries, are soon deprived of their milk.* The appearance of the internal organs on dissection is such as we would expect from the action of such a powerful irritant. The stomach and bowels bear especial marks of its virulent operation, large patches of erosion appearing here and there; and sometimes perforation takes place.

In August, 1832, a family named Terrier, living in France, experienced severe colic and nausea, followed by violent vomiting, after having partaken of soup at dinner. The mother and son died, while the daughter-in-law survived, but remained a chronic invalid. The disease was pronounced to be inflammation of the stomach, and no more was heard of the affair. The property went by law to a man named Urbain, who continued in quiet enjoyment of it for some time. Shortly after this, he called on a brother of his, and during dinner the subject of corn came up for discussion. Urbain expressed a desire to examine a sample of that which his brother had lately purchased. He took some in his hand, looked at it closely, and threw it back into the tub, remarking that it was of a superior quality to what he had. Shortly after this, the entire family was taken sick, and when their illness compelled them to forego the use of bread they became better; but when they became well enough to resume it the same symptoms returned. This awakened a suspicion

* Dr. Paris' "Pharmacologia."

that all was not right, and a portion of the bread was taken for chemical examination. Two chemists failed to detect the presence of any deleterious substance, and it was sent to the celebrated toxicologist, Orfila. The bread was steeped in distilled water, which was afterwards filtered and subjected to the action of sulphureted hydrogen. The fluid became instantly yellow on the addition of a few drops of muriatic acid; but only after the lapse of several days was a sulphuret of arsenic obtained in just such a quantity as to account for the symptoms which had been caused by the use of the bread. Not satisfied, however, with this result, Orfila continued his experiments, in order that, if possible, he might discover the poison in the shape in which it was supposed to have been used. For this purpose the sulphuret, which was mingled with certain organic compounds, was washed with ammonia, which dissolved the sulphuret. The solution was now evaporated, and the residuum being subjected to a red heat, the metallic arsenic appeared. Marsh's test gave the same result, and there was no doubt that poisoning had been intended.* It became known that Urbain would have succeeded to the property of his brother, and that he had also purchased a large quantity of arsenic some time prior to the death of the Terrier family. These circumstances led to his arrest and conviction.†

Another interesting case is that of Mino and Mrs. Chapman, in which, though investigations were pursued with a degree of care and minuteness truly surprising, the results were somewhat conflicting, so that one of the accused parties escaped.‡ Orfila and Lesueur have made careful experiments on this subject, and obtained interesting results. They found that acids become neutralized by the

* Another interesting circumstance connected with the tests for arsenic is the resistance to the process of putrefaction which this substance bestows on bodies, thus rendering the application of the test possible many years after death. Dr. Herepath (*Lancet*, May 27, 1843) states that he discovered arsenic in the bones eight years after interment. An extraordinary case of the same sort occurred in France in 1836. The body of a female which had been buried three years was exhumed, owing to suspicions having arisen that she had been foully dealt with. The body was readily identified, owing to the complete state of preservation in which it was found. The surface of the abdomen was untouched, and had merely fallen in on the vertebral column. The entrails had been converted into a mess of membranous flakes. These were tested for various poisons, when the application of the proper test gave evidence of the presence of arsenic. *Annales d'Hygiène*, vol. xviii, p. 466.

† *Annales d'Hygiène*, vol. ix, p. 410.

‡ Trials of Lucretia Chapman and A. E. Y. Mino for the murder of William Chapman.—E. Du Bois : Philadelphia, 1832.

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ammonia which is set free during putrefaction, and are with difficulty discovered if a great length of time has elapsed. On the other hand, opium, cantharides, and arsenic undergo but little change even after the space of many years. Prussic acid disappears in a few days, while strychnia remains unchanged for years.*

Arsenic is much less powerful than hydrocyanic acid. Two-thirds of a grain of this substance have been known to produce death, and taken in larger quantities it paralyzes every function, causing death by *sideration*, or blasting of the vital power. Dr. Heller gives the case of a man who applied a bottle of Scheels's acid to his nose, and he was soon seized with great oppression across the chest and rigidity of the entire body. This state continued for nearly twenty-four hours, and it was with difficulty the sufferer was restored after the administration of powerful stimulants.† When the quantity of prussic acid taken is not sufficient to cause death with the rapidity peculiar to it, the symptoms are still such as readily denote its action. There is giddiness with loss of muscular power; the head droops, the tongue protrudes, and there is a contraction of the throat as if strangulation were taking place. The action of the heart is especially interfered with, and hence the veins become congested; the eyes protrude, become fixed and stare wildly; the face is livid and bloated. Whoever has been present at a case of poisoning by prussic acid is especially struck by the smell of bitter almonds which is extensively diffused through the apartment.‡ Even the blood acquires this odor and retains it for several days. This is one of the most reliable tests for detecting the presence of prussic acid; and when it ceases, all traces of the poison seem to vanish.

In the London Medical Repository we read of a man who took half a table-spoonful at a swallow, and in a few seconds fell to the floor as if he had been shot. His teeth were closed, his respiration difficult, noisy, and rattling; his mouth was distorted, his face and neck red and swollen, his pupils fixed and dilated, and in all respects he seemed like one who

* London Illustrated and Physical Journal, vol. xi, p. 265.

† London Medical and Physical Journal, vol. lvii, p. 63.

‡ Brodie informs us that he felt the instantaneous influence of the poison of bitter almonds on his nervous system, on applying a minute particle of it to his tongue. The probe on which it was had scarcely touched his tongue when he felt an indescribable sensation with a sudden feeling of weakness in his limbs as if he had lost the command of his muscles, and he thought he was about to fall.—*Vide Phil. Trans.* for 1812.

had fallen in a fit of apoplexy. The speedy administration of powerful emetics and injections saved his life after some hours, and he remarked that the most distressing symptom he experienced throughout was one of constriction in the back part of the mouth and down the throat, as if some person were strangling him.

It has been noticed that all animals succumb promptly to its operation, from the humble grasshopper to the elephant, and that all exhibit the same train of symptoms—extreme rigidity of muscles, namely, convulsions. M. Robert poured some on a mattress, and, allowing it to evaporate, placed on the mattrass cats, rabbits, birds, and dogs, all of which died within a very few minutes. Another experimenter observes that when these animals experience the first effects of the poison, they utter "a cry of so peculiar a kind and so indicative of severe distress as to give the idea of consciousness on its part of impending death."

For a long time prussic acid was used by suicides who were acquainted with its rapid action but were not aware that it produced the most intense agony. The many published cases of death, however, with vivid descriptions of the sufferings endured, caused the use of it to be relinquished.

Another preparation in which prussic acid is the noxious agent, and one which, owing to its agreeable smell, has often been mistaken for cordial or *liqueur*, is the distilled water of cherry-laurel. It is now well known that prussic acid exists in an inert state in many plants, as the peach-tree blossom, almonds, and especially cherry-laurel. The acid is easily extracted in its active state from these plants by distillation. While Fodere, who has enriched the science of toxicology by so many valuable discoveries, was still a student at Turin, two servants in a nobleman's family, enticed by the pleasant odor of a certain bottle, purloined it, and, thinking it to be an invigorating cordial, hastily swallowed the contents and expired instantly.*

But one of the most interesting cases of poisoning recorded is that of Sir Theodosius Boughton, who was poisoned by his brother-in-law, Captain Donellan, with cherry-laurel water. The young baronet had not yet attained his majority; and in the event of his dying before that time, a large share of his property would revert to his

* Fodere, vol. iv. p. 27.

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sister, Mrs. Donellan. A short time before he had reached his twenty-first year, Sir T. was under the care of an apothecary for some slight ailment. The apothecary sent him a draught, which he was to take on the following morning. Accordingly, his mother presented him with the medicine at the appointed time, and he swallowed it, remarking after he had done so that he perceived a peculiarly bitter taste in his mouth. His mother likewise was struck by the strong smell of bitter almonds that proceeded from the vessel which contained the potion; but, deeming this a trifling circumstance, she left her son for a while, and on returning to his chamber was horrified to see him with his eyes fixed and staring upward, his teeth clenched and froth issuing from his mouth. In a few minutes after this he died, never having spoken a word from the moment he swallowed the medicine. Captain Donellan gave directions that the bottle which contained the medicine should be thoroughly cleansed, as also a still which he had kept in his room. This awakened suspicion, and Sir William Wheeler, guardian to the young baronet, gave orders to Donellan to have the body examined by competent medical men. Though he assented to this, yet he evaded the inquiry till he could do so no longer without greatly strengthening the suspicions against him. When the body was exhumed it was swollen and distended, the face was black, the lips retracted, showing the gums and thus giving the countenance a grinning expression; the tongue protruded, and the body was covered with spots. In the opinion of four eminent surgeons, these appearances, as well as the condition of the internal organs, strongly indicated poisoning by cherry-laurel water, but one very eminent man refused to express an opinion, and that was the celebrated John Hunter. His testimony in this case is a finished specimen of evasive answering, but does not reflect high credit on his judgment or impartiality. Notwithstanding the favorable effect of Hunter's testimony, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against Captain Donellan in ten minutes, and in a few days after he was executed. The weight of Hunter's negative testimony led many to believe that Donellan was falsely convicted, and that a stroke of apoplexy would have produced precisely similar effects. One well-known surgeon has characterized this case as "a melancholy instance of the unhappy effects of popular prejudice and the fatal consequences of medical ignorance."

A case is recorded in the Transactions of the Medical

Society of London in which a whole family were poisoned by the use of sugar that had been put into a cask previously containing the carbonate of lead. Dr. Christison's experiments have given these results: Distilled water deprived of its gases and excluded from contact with the air is not acted on by lead; but if rain or snow water is thus exposed, the surface of the lead becomes quickly coated and white pearl scales are seen suspended in the liquid. This is the carbonate of lead, and if the water be received into the system in this condition, all the symptoms of lead-poisoning are witnessed. Spring and river water, however, contains a number of mineral salts, many of which, especially the sulphate of lime and the muriate of soda, neutralize the menstrual power of water, so that it can dissolve but a very minute quantity of lead. It is well known that wines and liquors are adulterated extensively with the acetate or sugar of lead, and that their astringent effect on the system is due to this. The ancients knew that the harsh qualities of wine were toned down by the addition of lead, though they used it for this purpose in sparing quantities. During the middle ages wines were so extensively adulterated with this substance that in many states the sale of the article was entirely prohibited. The most injurious effects of lead are observed among painters who are constantly handling it and inhaling the effluvium of white-lead. Paralysis of the fingers and wrists, convulsive motions, prostration of strength, a short dry cough, and entire prostration of strength, indicate the action of the poison.

Whenever oil or any fatty substance has been allowed to stand for a length of time in a copper vessel a compound known as verdigris forms, and this has been the cause of many sad accidents. In 1781 twenty-one Jacobin triars were poisoned in Paris by eating fish which had been cooked in a copper vessel with oil and vinegar, and the history of medical jurisprudence abounds with similar instances. There can be no doubt, then, that copper vessels, which so many good housewives delight to see glistening on their cupboards, contain the germ of death beneath their highly burnished surfaces.

We can no more than glance at the narcotic class of poisons, the principal one of which, as every one knows, is opium. As we have before stated, the ancients were well acquainted with the poisonous qualities of the *papaver*, or poppy, from which opium is extracted. Owing to the

length of time this substance takes to cause death and the ease with which its action on the system is perceived, it has never been much used by poisoners. Suicides, however, have of late years employed it a great deal, especially in the concentrated shape of morphine. It produces profound lethargy when taken in a fatal quantity, contraction of the pupils, slow and labored breathing, and from this state the slumberer rarely recovers.

The effects of narcotic poisons are pretty uniform, so that we might say of them : *Ex uno discit omnes*. There is another class of poisons which combine the irritant and narcotic characters and a prominent *exemplar* of which is strychnine. This is the extract of nux vomica and akin to the *Upas tincte* of Java. It is much employed in the East and is the basis of those dreadful secret poisons which the Asiatics use. Its effect on the system is to cause violent spasms and convulsions. During the spasms the legs are extended and separated, the head and trunk bent backwards, the foot incurvated, the hands clenched, and the arms sometimes extended ; and just before to the paroxysm there is a sense of suffocation, with twitching and trembling of the limbs. It was this poison Wainewright, the celebrated English poisoner, used when he poisoned his niece to obtain the insurance policies on her life.

A late case of poisoning by belladonna, or deadly night-shade, which occurred near New York, will render a word or two on the peculiar properties of this plant not out of place. The first and immediate symptoms it produces are dilatation and immobility of the pupil, total insensibility of the eye to the presence of external objects, prominence of the eye-ball, which generally appears bright and furious ; there is then great dryness of the lips, tongue, and throat ; inability to stand upright, twitching of the hands and fingers, lively delirium, loss of voice, silly laughter ; and when the case does not terminate fatally, a gradual return to health and reason without any recollection of the preceding state.* It is strange that any intelligent person should have had recourse for poisoning purposes to an agent the effects of which are so very striking as to impress even the most unsophisticated persons with the belief that a poison must have been used.

* Orfila's Toxicology, vol. ii, p. 201.

- ART. VI.—1.** *Present State of Hayti.* By J. FRANKLIN. London: 1860.
2. *Histoire d'Haiti depuis sa discouverte jusq'en 1824.* Par CHARLES MALO. Paris.
3. *Notes on Hayti.* By CHARLES MACKENZIE, late English Consul-General to that Island. London: 1851.
4. *Revolutions de Saint-Dominique.* Par M. LACROIX. Paris: 1852.

THERE are few even of the older countries of the world whose political history is more instructive than that of the island of Hayti; it would be particularly valuable to the people of the United States, for various reasons, if they would only study it thoughtfully. If for no other purpose, it ought to be studied for the insight which it gives into the character of the negro as a citizen, possessing and exercising political rights, and as a member of society controlled and influenced only by the members of his own race who are similarly situated. Nowhere else can his characteristics be so fully examined; for we see him in Hayti, first in his native condition, just arrived from the wilds of Africa, then as a slave forced to obey a haughty, if not cruel, master, who regards him as little better than the orang-outang or the ape; then as an insurgent fighting for the rights of man; then as a free man who has accomplished his own freedom in spite of one of the greatest powers in Christendom, and, finally, as a politician, statesman, and sovereign.

Our legislators especially would do well, therefore, to turn their attention to Hayti. It is their solemn duty; but that they do not do it, however, is but too evident from the course they pursue; their speeches and mode of argument—and, above all, the manner in which they boast of what they have accomplished show that they are as ignorant of the events that have transpired in that island, so near our coasts, within the last two centuries, as they are of those which transpired in Tyre or Carthage thousands of years ago.

We have at least five millions of negroes and mulattoes in this country; the number is probably nearer to six millions. Whether one or the other, it is constantly increasing, whatever certain of our political economists say to the contrary. Nothing is more certain than that the negroes born in this country increase in a much larger ratio, in spite

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of their privations, than the native whites. And while the former improve physically from generation to generation, the latter very perceptibly degenerate. If the whites increase in this country much more than the negroes, it is because so many thousands of emigrants are constantly arriving from Europe. In order that the most skeptical may satisfy themselves on this point they have only to look around them and examine the rate of increase or decrease of any of the older families that have been three or four generations in this country. They will be surprised at the proportion of the oldest that have become extinct altogether, or who at best are becoming less and less prolific from one generation to another. Without enlarging on this point we may safely assert that, notwithstanding the severe cold of winter in the northern States, the climate of our country is, upon the whole, more favorable to the negro than it is to the white.

Now that slavery no longer exists, this fact will soon become much more apparent than it has hitherto been; for the experience of all countries shows that, notwithstanding the indiscriminate licentiousness of slaves, they never increase as much as free people. On the contrary, their tendency always is to die out. We need not go beyond the island now under consideration for an illustration of this. The most reliable historians of the Spanish conquests tell us that when Hayti was discovered by Columbus it had a population of nearly three millions, if not more than that number, and it is notorious that in an incredibly short time the whole aboriginal population was exterminated by the cruel manner in which they were treated, in forcing them to perform hard and constant labor, to which their strength was not equal. †

Had this extermination of a whole numerous population taken place in ancient times it would have been regarded at the present day as a fable. But even those of the Spanish historians who are most anxious to conceal the cruelties of their countrymen do not deny the melancholy fact, but admit that it was to take the place of the exterminated aborigines the negroes were brought in such large numbers from Africa. The latter would have become extinct in a similar manner had not new cargoes been arriving constantly. But no sooner did

* *Vide Las Casas.*

† "Traités par les Espagnols," says M. Eyries, "avec une cruauté révolutionnaire, forcés à des travaux qui excédaient leurs forces, pour assouvir l'avarice de leurs conquérants, ces malheureux perirent. Vers le milieu du seizième siècle il ne restait plus un seul indigène à Haïti." — *Histoire d'Haïti*, &c., p. 114.

they free themselves from slavery than they began to exhibit a steady increase, although they no longer received any additions to their number from Africa. If slavery has not exhibited the same phenomenon in our Southern States it is because the Southerners treated their negroes very differently from the Spaniards; yet it is beyond dispute that even under the comparatively mild and indulgent treatment of the former the increase of the negroes was seriously retarded by the institution of slavery.

Another interesting fact which our legislators can learn from the history of Hayti is, that they were by no means the best or most humane men who were the first Abolitionists of modern Europe, except the bloody revolutionists of France —those who murdered helpless women and exhibited their heads on poles—can be regarded in that light; the same men who trampled on the Christian religion, and who set up a nude courtesan as a goddess to be worshipped, and under whose reign of terror fidelity, respectability, and virtue were crimes worthy of the most ignominious death. So early as 1790 the National Assembly of France abolished slavery. As there was some ambiguity in the decree the white colonists would not believe that the liberation of the slaves was really contemplated by the government. At least this was the representation they made; they did not remain inactive, however, but soon formed a Legislative Assembly of their own. A large proportion of negroes were elected to this; but the whites indignantly excluded them, solemnly swearing that they would perish rather than suffer the degradation of being the equals of the blacks.

This declaration was followed by the promulgation of several laws; but the French Governor, Peynier, called on the Colonial Assembly to separate; the members resisted, but the Governor was sustained by the regiment of Colonel Mauduit. As they were now forced to disperse, they resolved to proceed to France in order to state their case in person to the National Assembly; but, instead of giving them any satisfaction, that body had them all arrested and put in prison. Its next care was to pass a decree (October 12, 1791) annulling the decrees of the Colonial Assembly against the negroes, and sending troops to Hayti to enforce it. These troops were so much disgusted with the work they were required to perform that, instead of obeying orders on reaching the island, they formally declared themselves in a state of revolt. Mauduit's regiment, which had previously dispersed the

Colonial Legislature, imitated the example of the newly arrived troops, and on his attempting to remonstrate with them they instantly killed him. When this news reached France the National Assembly passed a new decree which, it was hoped, might be accepted as a compromise by both parties. It provided that the mixed bloods (mulattoes) of all colors, who were born of free parents, were entitled to all the privileges of the whites, and could sit with them in all provincial and colonial assemblies. As might be expected, the negroes were rejoiced at this; but it made the whites more indignant than ever. A new election was ordered; the mulattoes, fully aware of the feelings entertained towards them, armed themselves at once in order to defend their rights, and they were joined by the negroes.

It is almost needless to remark that these proceedings caused the greatest consternation among the whites. On learning the results of its new decree the National Assembly began to comprehend that it had committed a fatal error. Accordingly it despatched commissioners with a proclamation of amnesty to all who would lay down their arms within a specified time, and take the required oath of obedience to the new constitution. But they were pursued by the colored people of all shades with so much fury that they were obliged to return to France as soon as possible. The National Assembly changes its mind again and resolves to adhere to the spirit of its first decree. Accordingly it passes a new decree April 4, 1792, expressly declaring that all colored men are entitled to the same political rights as the whites. Three new commissioners were sent to carry this decree into effect, and they were accompanied with an army of 8,000 men of the élite of the French army. The commissioners with their troops arrive in due time, suppress the Colonial Assembly, arrest the governor, and send him to France, and declare themselves the protectors of the negroes. An intermediate commission is now formed composed of six whites and six mulattoes; by this contrivance peace is maintained for a few weeks, although the whites, as a body, formally refuse to be influenced by it. The commissioners soon find that they can effect nothing, although they are everywhere protected by the negroes against the wrath of the whites. Once more they issue a decree (August 29, 1793) increasing still more the rights and privileges of the negroes. This so much enraged the whites that they did

not hesitate to call to their aid those whom they regarded as the worst enemies of the negro—namely, the British. Nor did the latter refuse to come to their aid.

Be it remembered that the King of England at this time was George III., whose sentiments in regard to slavery are well known. We will, however, state one or two facts which will sufficiently illustrate those sentiments. In the year 1786, during the reign of this sovereign, England carried off 42,000 slaves from Africa. This number may well seem incredible; but let it be borne in mind that she had 130 ships engaged in the slave trade at this time.* There is nothing his Majesty admired in Queen Anne more than “her enlarged views on the subject of black labor.” And what these enlarged views were may be inferred from a despatch which her Majesty once sent the colonial government of New York, directing it to take care “that the Almighty should be devoutly and duly served according to the rites of the Church of England; and also that the *Royal African Company* should be encouraged, and that the colony should have a constant and sufficient supply of *merchantable negroes* at moderate rates.”

We mention these facts because it is very generally supposed in this country that the British were the first to liberate their slaves, whereas the truth is that while the French were abolishing slavery altogether and declaring the negro as free as the white man, even the philanthropists of England were only calling for the abolition of that disgraceful trade in which, as we have seen, 130 British vessels—often more—were regularly engaged. In one month after the French decree in favor of the slave (April, 1791) Mr. Wilberforce’s bill for the abolition of the slave trade was rejected by the British Parliament with indignation†. Seven years after (1798) it was lost by a majority of 88 to 83; and the traffic was not finally abolished until 1807. But slavery remained in full force in the British West Indies for 27 years longer—that is, until August 1, 1834. Now, some idea may be formed of the number of negroes dragged from their homes in Africa by the British from the fact that, although the number of slaves had greatly diminished

* The Abbe Raynal computes that at the time of his writing (1780) 9,000,000 of slaves had been consumed by the Europeans. Cooper, in his *Letters on the Slave Trade* estimates the number destroyed by the traffic at 180,000,000.

† Nothing is more common than to denounce Austria as the enemy of human freedom, etc.; yet Austria abolished slavery in 1782—more than half a century before England did.

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at the time of the emancipation, there still remained 770,280.*

It will thus be understood why it was that the British were invited by the white colonists of Hayti to help them to force back the negroes to slavery. Nor were they mistaken in thinking that such an invitation would readily be responded to. On the 29th of August, 1793, as we have seen, all colored people were declared by the French government to be the political equals, in every respect, of the whites; and on the 9th of the following month several British regiments landed on the island under command of General Maitland. They first pretended to the blacks that their object was only to recover some tracts of territory which had formerly belonged to them; but their statement was not accepted.

It was now that Toussaint Louverture first brought himself prominently before the world as a commander. Hitherto he had fought against the French in the Spanish service; now he turns over to the French, who had liberated all of his race under their control, in order to attack the worst enemies of that race.† Well aware from experience that he was an excellent officer and good soldier, the French made him commander-in-chief of the armies of St. Domingo. The result showed that this was the most judicious appointment yet made in Hayti; for although the British received a reinforcement of 7,000 men just at this time, it was not long until every British soldier was obliged to leave the island.

After expelling the invaders Toussaint turned his attention to the improvement of agriculture, the opening of canals, the making of roads, &c.; and in a short time his efforts proved remarkably successful. But Napoleon, now become First Consul, began to regard his acts as having

* From authentic documents presented to Parliament in 1833, it appeared that 3,500,000 Africans had been torn from their country after 1792, that is after France and Austria had abolished slavery.

† Some think that the Spaniards were worse than the English in their treatment of those under their control, but many Englishmen feel constrained to admit that the fact was otherwise, at least in relation to the negroes (vide Cooper and Butler on the slave trade). Assuming that the Spanish were the first to begin the work of cruelty and inhumanity, it must be admitted as too true that the British showed themselves apt pupils in imitating them in their worst atrocities. Their treatment of the Maroons, of Jamaica will sufficiently illustrate this. Speaking of one of the efforts of the latter to render themselves independent, Mr. Goodrich says: "The negroes were at first successful, but at length the English adopted the practice of the Spaniards *in the extermination of the natives*. They obtained blood hounds from Cuba, by the help of which the Maroons were driven into the mountains, and ultimately obliged to submit." History of all Nations, vol. ii., p. 1190.

a tendency to render the colony independent ; accordingly he sent a fleet of thirty-six war vessels and a large number of transports to subdue the island. When the news reached Toussaint he issued a proclamation, the chief object of which was to allay the fears of his countrymen ; he told them that they should be prepared to receive the expedition, not as enemies, but as friends. The general opinion is that he did not believe the new troops would attack the negroes. Accordingly, General Rochambeau entered Fort Français February 2, 1802, without any resistance ; but General Leclerc found a different state of feeling at Cape Haytien. The commandant here was General Christopher, another colored man ; being called upon to surrender the town he sternly refused. Seeing that the French were preparing to attack it, and knowing that his small army was unable to dispute it with so superior a force, he set the place on fire and retreated into the interior. Several other towns were taken in a similar manner after more or less resistance ; and it was not until now that Toussaint Louverture resolved to oppose the French. But once resolved, it was in vain that Leclerc made him the most tempting promises ; it was in vain that Napoleon sent proclamations in rapid succession, offering a general amnesty, &c. His principal officers deserted him ; a price was set on his head ; still he did not permit himself to be defeated, although several times attacked. However, as all the other commanders of the blacks ceased to make any serious resistance, the French general (Leclerc) regarded the insurrection as put down ; and issued a proclamation, as directed by Napoleon, declaring slavery re-established throughout the island. Now Toussaint attacked the French in earnest ; hitherto he had not believed that any such measure was seriously contemplated.

Shortly after the decree was issued he succeeded in forming a junction with the army under Christopher ; and the combined colored troops soon took possession of every post held by the French, who were forced to make a precipitate retreat to Cape Haytien. But Napoleon, having calculated on this reaction as a consequence of the restoration of slavery, had in the meantime despatched strong reinforcements to Hayti. Leclerc, finding himself reinforced by 4,500 men, again took the field at once ; and this time the negroes were completely overpowered. All submitted and a general amnesty was proclaimed.

Not long after the yellow fever broke out with fearful

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violence amongst the French ; seeing their ranks thus decimated and regarding themselves as cruelly persecuted, the negroes broke out once more in rebellion. Toussaint, being suspected of having favored the new movement, if it was not he that had chiefly instigated it, was arrested at his residence ; and before he was allowed to make any effort to vindicate himself from the charge, he was embarked privately on one of the war vessels and sent to France, where he died in prison only a few months after his arrival (April, 1803). But Leclerc, who had sent him, died before him (November, 1802) in Hayti. The latter was succeeded in the command-in-chief of the French by Rochambeau, and Dessalines, another negro, became general-in-chief of the blacks. The yellow fever continued to make frightful ravages among the French. It was found towards the close of the year that not less than twenty thousand had perished from the combined effects of disease and the sword. There was now but a remnant left of one of the finest armies in the world.

The British, on becoming aware of this state of things, once more made a descent on the island. Finding the small army left already closely invested by an overwhelming force of negroes at Cape Français, a British frigate cast anchor in such a position as to render it impossible for the besieged to receive any aid from the sea. The sufferings of the French were so severe that they were forced to surrender to the British on condition that they would not be massacred by the negroes, but be allowed to remove their sick and wounded. Thus ended the power of the French in the island of Hayti. And that the English were not allowed to gain a very strong foothold upon it is sufficiently evident from the fact that a proclamation was issued by Dessalines, March 29, 1804, for the massacre of all the whites on the island. This fact needs no comment ; it is sufficient to remark, in passing, that it teaches a useful lesson to those who reflect upon it and may have dealings with armed negroes.

The French had scarcely been expelled in the manner indicated when the Haytians formally declared themselves independent and appointed Dessalines governor for life. But Napoleon had declared himself emperor ; and so must Dessalines, who assumes the title of Jacques I. in October, 1804. But even his troops soon became disgusted with his tyranny ;*

* Even when he proclaimed a general amnesty while in power, those against whom he had any spite derived no benefit from that proclamation, but were put to death without mercy.—*Nouvelle Biog., Générale*, vol. xiii., p. 909.

his government was hardly worthy of the name ; it was little better than a system of spoliation and fraud. Before he has completed the second year of his reign a military revolt takes place and the Emperor is assassinated.

The anarchy which prevailed during his reign was much increased now ; for several claimed the right to succeed him, some as merely governor or president, others as king. For nearly a year the various chieftains continued to fight with each other ; finally Christopher succeeded in having himself appointed chief magistrate for life, but only, be it remembered, of the northern part of the island, for Pétion became president at the same time of the southern part.

In this we have another instructive lesson ; as there were no longer any whites the colored people must form themselves into separate nationalities, Christopher becoming the head of the black republic and Pétion the head of the mulatto republic. No two races ever hated each other more cordially than these, and, accordingly, they were perpetually at war. Christopher, like his predecessor, soon became tired of the democratic title of president, and declared himself king in 1811, after which he is known as Henry I. It may be doubted whether a baser tyrant has ever ruled even in Ashantee ; a revolt takes place in October against his authority. Knowing how much he was execrated and having no means of escape, he shot himself in order to avoid a more horrible and ignominious death.

In order that the situation of the island at this time may be fully understood, it is necessary to bear in mind that in 1795 Spain had ceded her part of it to France ; as the latter was too much engaged elsewhere to avail herself of the gift, the former reoccupied her old colony in 1808. She derived very little benefit from it, however ; her possession of it was little more than nominal, her chief object in it being to have at least a good landing-place so near Cuba. It was sufficient, however, to give the blacks an opportunity of once more declaring themselves free and independent ; and Spain scarcely made any opposition to their doing so. The change created some disturbance, however. Boyer, the successor of Pétion, as President of the mulatto Republic, took advantage of this and marched an army into the disturbed districts, and was so successful that in 1822 the whole of the island was united under his government.

But was it anything the better for this ? Instead of improving under Boyer it grew worse and worse from year to

year. The prevailing anarchy increased to such an extent that Charles X. thought he could accomplish in Hayti what failed Napoleon—that is, force submission to such terms as it suited his plans to offer. The only excuse the government of France had at this time was that it had never recognized the independence of Hayti. On this pretext M. De Mackau was despatched to Hayti in 1825, with an ordinance of three articles. Article 1st provided that the ports of the French part of the island should be opened to the ships of all nations and that the taxes levied on those arriving and sailing should be uniform, except in the case of French vessels, which should be required to pay only one-half; article 2d required an indemnity of one hundred and fifty millions (150,000,000) of francs, payable in five instalments; article 3d accorded full independence to the Haytian government on these conditions.

Absurd as this proposition was, it was acceded to by the frightened President and his Legislature, because it was sustained by a squadron of two ships of the line, eight frigates and five brigs, which appeared before Port-au-Prince. Thirty-two years previously a fleet three times as large was sent more than once, in vain, by the greatest conqueror of modern times. Now the proposed treaty was signed at once, (July 11, 1825), and the same year the first instalment was paid by means of a loan obtained on high interest from French capitalists. In addition to this the Chamber of Representatives was required to pass a law recognizing the remainder of the indemnity as a national debt. But when the next instalment became due the government had become so insolvent and demoralized that it could get no loan. Thus did matters stand until 1838, when a new treaty was formed, France agreeing to reduce the indemnity to 60 millions, payable in six instalments, the last to be paid in 1867 (the present year); but only two instalments were paid when a revolution broke out (1842), which forced Boyer to flee.

This revolution resulted in dividing the colony once more into two republics—the black and the mulatto—one called the Haytian Republic, the other the Dominican Republic. The president of the former marched into the territory of the latter with 20,000 men for the avowed purpose of conquering it; but he was soon anxious to return as speedily as possible to his own part of the island. The failure decided his fate, for he was immediately banished. He was succeeded by Guerrier who died in less than a year; some say that grief at the wretched state of his country was the cause of his death, while others

attribute it to poison. Pierrot was appointed to succeed him, but he only conducted the affairs of the government for a few weeks, when he resigned his power and retired into private life, regarding it as a hopeless task to bring order out of such chaos.

Pierrot was succeeded by Riché, who died so suddenly after being installed as President that there seemed good reason to believe that he was poisoned. The next president was Faustin Soulouque. Faustin, like several of his predecessors, did not like to see any republic in Hayti but his own; and, accordingly, one of his first exploits was to invade the eastern territory with an army of 5,000 blacks. He was opposed by a mulatto named Santana, with only 400 men; but the number was sufficient, for Faustin was completely defeated April 21, 1849, at Las Carreras and forced to make a precipitate retreat to his capital. He informed his people that he declined to fight, not because he had any fear of 10,000 mulattoes, but he feared that the French, English, and Americans had all combined to subdue Hayti and divide it amongst them. Of course, then, his best policy both as a general, a statesman, and a patriot, was to return home as rapidly as possible, and prepare to meet the treacherous combination that was being made against his country.

Absurd as the story was, it was readily accepted. He affected to make great preparations to resist the allied armies of Europe and America, and suggested that, as a strong government was essential in such a crisis, it was best for him to become Emperor; not that he cared anything for the title—he preferred that of president—but he was always ready to sacrifice his own wishes for the good of his country! All this, too, was believed by the large majority of the people; and, accordingly, he mounted the imperial throne in August of the same year, assuming the title of Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti.

It would be impossible to burlesque the court with which the new sovereign surrounded himself; not only did he appoint princes and princesses of the blood, dukes, marquises, counts, lords, barons, &c.; he also founded two orders of knighthood, that of St. Faustin and the Legion of Honor. But all this had its serious as well as its ludicrous side; for, to support such pomp money was required, and accordingly the people were plundered without remorse. They endured the systematic robberies perpetrated upon them in virtue of arbitrary edicts—sometimes without any edict—until they could do so no longer. Then another insur-

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rection takes place, headed by Geffrard, one of the imperial generals ; Faustin is forced to fly, and Geffrard declares the republic and himself restored its President. This was in February, 1859 ; but in September of the same year the new ruler was attacked at his own residence as a tyrant, and his daughter was shot, through a window, having been mistaken for himself by the conspirators.

Brief as this sketch is, it may well seem a caricature ; it is, however, but too true; indeed, it gives but a faint idea of the miserable, gloomy, constantly retrograding condition of the negroes in Hayti under negro rule. Far be it from us to attribute this to the emancipation of the slaves; we entertain no such theory; although certain it is that the people in general were much better off while slavery existed than they are now. But they were so not on account of slavery, but in spite of its baneful influence ; they were so because they had then the white man to think for them, to guide them, and show them how the products of their rich and prolific soil could be made available.

It may seem strange how well the negroes fought in their wars with the French, Spaniards, and English; how often they defeated some of the best troops in the world. But they had not then entirely discarded the guidance of the whites ; and be it remembered that the black generals who distinguished themselves so well had the advantage of the best military instruction in the world. If they defeated the French by overwhelming superiority of numbers it was the French themselves who had taught them to do so. Several of them had been thoroughly educated in France,* and many who had never been in that country had been educated at home by French, Spaniards and English. When the degenerate rulers, not content with banishing the whites, caused large numbers of them to be massacred in cold blood, it is not difficult to understand that the condition of the country became worse and worse from year to year.

* This was true, for example, of Vincent Ogé, who was educated in Paris, and after his return to Hayti in 1790, was broken on the wheel with his brother, while 21 of his followers were hanged for having excited an insurrection.

Toussaint Louverture was well educated by his master, M. Bailly, captain of a French merchant ship, who had purchased him from his former owner with the intention of preparing him for his liberty. In short he allowed him all the opportunities possessed by his son, including the use of a good library. While Toussaint was reading the Abbé Raynal's *Histoire des deux Indes*, he met with the passage which says that "One day a black would appear whose mission it would be to avenge his outraged race," and passionately exclaimed, "*Raynal est prophète à moi.*"

For the proof of this we have not to depend upon mere assertion ; the vastly diminished products of industry prove it. The change that has taken place in this respect would seem utterly incredible were it not supported by the concurrent testimony of all the commercial nations in the world. Nay, the markets alone, or the statistics of exports and imports of France, England, and the United States, would place the fact beyond doubt. Thus, will it be believed that the exports of Hayti were *eight times as great seventy years ago as they are now*, while the population is nearly, if not quite, twice as large now as it was then ? In 1798 the exportations of the island amounted to 135,000,000 of francs, while its importations from France alone amounted to 54,000,000. In short, the products of its industry kept in busy occupation 710 vessels, manned by 18,400 sailors. But how many do they occupy at the present day ? Certainly not more than one hundred, if so many.

A few plain figures which may be found in any of the works placed at the head of this article will explain the difference. Thus in 1791, the year the National Assembly passed a decree declaring the blacks equal to the whites, the exports of coffee for the island amounted to 68,151,180 francs ; the sugar exported the same year amounted to 163,405,220. In 1804 the former had diminished more than one-half—to 31,000,000 ; and the latter in nearly the same proportion—to 47,600,000. In 1822 the exportation of sugar had diminished to 625,541 lbs.

At the present day there is no sugar worth mentioning exported from Hayti ; the amount of coffee is not one-fourth as much as it used to be, and the amount of cotton is not one-tenth as much. Instead of cultivating sugar, coffee, cotton, and other commodities which would enrich the country, while they would contribute much to the comforts of the people of every country in Europe and America, both the blacks and mulattoes devote their attention to cutting wood and to the crudest kind of agriculture.

In a word, the negro has abandoned the plantation for the forest ; and hence it is that almost the only exports worth mentioning made by either of the two republics, which divide the island, and between which there is just now a sort of armed truce, are different kinds of wood. These few plain, undisputed facts afford more instruction as to what negroes will do, and what they will come to when left to themselves, and taught to believe that they are the equals of the whites, than any amount of declamatory speeching.

ART. VII. 1. *United States Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere during the Years 1849, '50, '51, '52. Vol. III. The Solar Parallaxes.* By Lieut. J. M. GILLISS, LL. D., Superintendent Pub. Doc. Washington: 1856.

2. *Astronomical and Meteorological Observations made at the United States Naval Observatory during the Year 1863.* By CAPTAIN J. M. GILLISS, U. S. N., Superintendent Pub. Doc. Washington: 1865.

NEXT to the earth the sun is to us the most important body in the universe. A body on which so much of our physical happiness depends must, at an early age, have stimulated mankind to make exertions to ascertain its distance. At first appearance it might have seemed impossible to measure the distance of a body to which it is impossible for us to go. But the ingenuity of man seems to know no bounds; and when he has once determined to solve a question, the means of doing it are certain to be discovered.

"The measure of the sun's distance," says the English Astronomer Royal, Airy, "has always been considered the noblest problem in astronomy." To this Dr. Gould adds: "This distance, known or unknown, is, and must ever be, the standard length in which every linear measure of a celestial object beyond the moon is directly or indirectly expressed; whether it be the distance of a satellite, a comet, or a fixed star; the dimensions of a planet, or the gauge of a nebula. It is the astronomical unit, and every stellar distance is only known as a proportional one until this unit is established. It is, therefore, manifestly the duty of astronomers to flinch from no labor which gives a remote prospect of increasing the precision of our measurement of this fundamental quantity."

Let us now sketch the history of the many attempts that have been made by astronomers in all ages of the world, from the most ancient of which we have any account down to the most recent, to determine the sun's distance. We shall thus learn how one difficulty after another has been overcome in approximating to the solution of this important but difficult problem. Those who have no knowledge of the fundamental principles on which the solution of this problem is based can have but a faint conception of the reliance to be placed on the astronomer's determination of this very important astronomical unit.

In order to find the distance of the sun from the earth, we must, in general, know the numerical value of his *parallax*. Parallax may be defined to be the apparent change of place of an object in consequence of being viewed from different points not in the same straight line with that object. These are the methods of finding the distance of the sun from the earth without finding the parallax directly; we shall mention each in its proper place.

Cleomedes offered the following argument to prove that the sun is *larger* than it appears to be, and, consequently, that his distance must be considerable. He said that when the sun is rising behind a mountain the edges of his disc are often, at the same time, seen on the opposite sides of the mountain; and he inferred that the sun, which appears no more than a foot in diameter, must in reality be larger than the mountain.

Aristarchus, who flourished about 230 years B. C., proposed a method for determining the distance of the sun by comparing his distance with that of the moon, and, consequently, finding it without knowing the solar parallax. If we could tell exactly when the moon's disc is dichotomized, or half enlightened, we should then know that the triangle formed by lines connecting the centres of the earth, sun, and moon, would be right-angled at the moon; and as the sun and moon are then frequently both above the horizon, the angular distance between them can be measured, and thus the three angles of the triangle will become known and the relation of the sides will be known, and hence the ratio of the sun's distance to that of the moon will also be known. As the distance of the moon is pretty accurately known, the distance of the sun can be found. This is the first method of finding the sun's distance without a knowledge of his parallax. Aristarchus attempted to put it into practice. He found the angular distance between the sun and the moon equal to 87° , or the angle at the centre of the sun equal to 3° . This makes the distance of the sun nineteen times as great as that of the moon.* This we now know to be far from correct, but it must have assisted materially in enabling the ancients to form a conception of the approximate magnitude of the universe. The great difficulty with the method of Aristarchus consisted in determining exactly when the moon's disc was dichotomized, and in

* The Origin and Progress of Astronomy, by John Narrien, F. R. A. S., pp. 206-207.

measuring the angular distance between the sun and moon with such instruments as he possessed. Instead of the angle at the sun being 3° , as found by Aristarchus, we now know it to be no more than $8'$ or $9'$.

Although the modern astronomer could approximate much more nearly to the relative distances of the sun and moon by this method, yet he would meet with too many obstacles in the way of bringing it practically into use to make it valuable in these days of exact determination. In consequence of the roughness of the lunar surface, which is brought out as soon as it is examined with a telescope of moderate power, the line which divides the dark from the illuminated part becomes so broken that it would be with no little difficulty that the time could be determined when it exactly bisects the lunar disc. Again, the unequal refraction to which the sun and moon are subject when they are both above the horizon renders the exact determination of the angular distance of the sun from the moon a matter of considerable difficulty.

Succeeding philosophers, by employing the method of Aristarchus and making more exact measurements, arrived at much more approximate results. Pliny informs us that Posidonius found the distance of the sun and moon from the earth to be respectively 500,000,000 and 2,000,000 stadia, which determination makes the distance of the sun 250 times that of the moon — a result far from the truth, but a great step towards an exact determination. It is thought, however, that this result was brought out only by a fortunate compensation of errors.

The Arabian astronomers have given numbers expressing the distance of the sun from the earth, but these seem to be derived from theory rather than from direct measurement. Alfraganus makes the distance of the sun equal to 610 diameters of the earth; and Ibn Junis increased it to 883 diameters.* These numbers, although far from being correct, served to convey more accurate ideas of the magnitude of the physical universe.

Copernicus adopted a value of the sun's distance corresponding to 571 diameters of the earth. A distance nearly the same was adopted by other astronomers that lived about his time or a little later. Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, by his accurate observations, laid the foundation for more exact knowledge respecting the sun's distance.

* Narrien's Origin and Progress of Astronomy, p. 307.

While Kepler was engaged in his celebrated researches on the planet Mars, and by means of which he discovered two of the well-known laws of physical astronomy, which bear his name, he took the opportunity to institute a searching scrutiny into the value of the solar parallax by reducing in the most careful way the numerous observations of Tycho Brahé. The conclusion to which he finally arrived was that the solar parallax did not exceed one minute of arc. This value of the sun's parallax makes his distance only the one-seventh of what it is now known to be. In 1609, in his "New Astronomy, or Commentaries on the Motions of Mars," he regarded it difficult to assign limits to the solar parallax nearer than $0^{\circ} 4' 55''$ and $0^{\circ} 1' 45''$, corresponding to a distance of 350 and 1,000 diameters of the earth. "In his Ephemerides for 1617 and 1617, he supposed the parallax to be $2' 29''$, according to Tycho Brahé, who deduced it from observations of the moon. Peter Crüger, Kepler's intimate friend, upbraided him for removing the sun 'to such a huge distance,' which would destroy the value of all Tycho's tables, after he had himself adopted the Tychonian value in the Ephemeris a few years before; but Kepler replied that he had studied the subject with care, and did not hesitate to reduce Tycho's parallax by $1' 40''$, or two-thirds of its whole amount."^{*} Kepler finally adopted a value of the sun's distance equal to 1,800 diameters of the earth, corresponding to a parallax of $49''$. This parallax is still five-and-a-half times too great.

In 1647 Godfrey Wendelin, a Belgian astronomer, deduced a parallax from morning and evening observations of the moon equal to $15''$ at the outside. This corresponds to a distance of 6,870 diameters of the earth. He fixed, as the most probable number, 7,328 diameters. In 1665 Ricciolus thought the above value of the sun's distance too great, and fixed upon a value of the solar parallax between $25''$ and $30''$, and concluded that neither of these values could be more than a few seconds of arc from the truth.

The next attempt to determine the solar parallax was made by Cassini and Richer. The former resolved to attack the problem indirectly by finding the parallax of the planet Mars. When Mars is in opposition he

Gould's Treatise on the Solar Parallax, U. S. Naval Ast. Expedition, p. lxi; and Grant's Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 211.

is much nearer the earth than the sun; and by finding the parallax, and thence the distance of Mars, we can arrive at the distance of the sun from the earth by means of Kepler's third law. In consequence of the great eccentricity of the orbit of Mars, his distance from the earth at different oppositions is very various, as may be seen by the following table. If the earth's distance from the sun be called unity, the distance of Mars from the earth will be at the opposition in—

1860, about July 21.....	= 0.38
1862, " October 1.....	= 0.39
1869, " February 13.....	= 0.68
1871, " March 22.....	= 0.64
1877, " September 3.....	= 0.37

We thus see that the distance of Mars at one opposition may be little more than half of what it is at another.*

The French Academy sent M. Richer, in 1672, to Cayenne, in South America, to make observations on Mars, then in opposition, while Cassini, Picard, and Roemer made observations upon the planet at Paris and Brion. "The planet had been compared, both at Cayenne and Paris, with *Aquarius* ≈, but Cassini did not succeed in obtaining any good value, farther than deducing an upper limit of 9", if the observations were to be trusted. In 1684, however, Cassini published a memoir revising his computations from the materials, and from correspondent observations, in 1672, September 5th, 9th, and 24th, deduced as the equatorial horizontal parallax of Mars, $25\frac{1}{2}'' = 3''$, corresponding to a solar parallax of 9". $5 = 1''$, or a distance from the earth of 21,600 terrestrial semi-diameters, and with a possible error of 2,000 or 3,000 semi-diameters. From these values he inferred the true diameter of the sun to be just one hundred times that of the earth.†

We have now given an account of the first set of observations that gave the observers a value of the parallax which we may call approximate, since we know it to be embraced within the limits of the probable error of the result.

If the planet Mars or any other celestial body be viewed when it rises, and also when it sets, it will not be seen in the same direction, even if the body and the earth

* See Smithsonian Report for 1859, p. 295.

† Gould, U. S. N. Ast. Ex., p. lxiii.

were to remain stationary in their orbits during the interval between rising and setting, since the observer will be carried by the rotation of the earth over a space of many miles during the time that elapses between the former and the latter observation. In this way it can be seen that a parallax could be measured if the body be near enough to have a measurable parallax.

About the time when the observations mentioned above were made, Cassini, with Roemer and Sedileau, tried the method of parallaxes in right ascension; a method which he first suggested and which he employed to ascertain the distance of the great comet of 1680. As satisfactory observations cannot be made on a celestial body when near the horizon, it is necessary to make the required observations when the body is at some distance above it. Cassini's method was to take observations made on opposite sides of the meridian, and by comparing them to deduce a geocentric parallax, or a parallax as viewed from the centre of the earth. He was unable, however, to arrive at any satisfactory result, although he bestowed a great amount of labor on the investigation.

Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal of England, recommends this method as not only worthy of a fair trial, but as the best of all methods for finding the parallax of Mars. It affords a longer base-line, which gives the parallactic angle "than the best which can be obtained by meridional combination of two observations. At Madras, in India, the angle to be measured would be about $44''$. To this it is to be added that the method is attended with no expense whatever; that the observations, which are compared, are made with the same telescope and by the same observer or the same series of observers; that there is none of the tediousness, the wearying correspondence, or the doubt which is inseparable from observations requiring distant co-operation; and that the observer is supported by the feeling that his own unassisted observations will give a perfect system of means for deciding one of the most important questions in astronomy." *

Flamstead, who had been observing in England, compared his observations on Mars with those of Richer, and he fixed the upper limit of the parallax of Mars at $25''$, so that the solar parallax could not exceed $10''$, or the distance 21,000 terrestrial semi-diameters.

* Smithsonian Report for 1859, p. 296.

The transit of Mercury across the sun's disc in 1677, October 28th, was observed by Dr. Halley at St. Helena, but the result was not satisfactory. Mercury is too near the sun to render his transit of any value in determining the solar parallax. The reason is that he is nearer the sun than he is to the earth.

In the year 1740 La Caille went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he made a large number of observations of the declination of Mars in opposition; and by comparing these with corresponding observations made in the northern hemisphere, extending through six weeks, he deduced $10''.2$ as the value of the solar parallax. In 1741 he repeated the investigation with about the same result. In 1751 he computed the mean of four correspondent observations on Venus at her inferior conjunction and deduced the value $10''.38$ as the equatorial, horizontal parallax of the sun; and he thought that $10''.25$ might be taken as a value of the solar parallax, not differing either way from the truth more than $0''.25$.

In 1760 Tobias Mayer tried a new method for determining the solar parallax; he did so by means of the lunar theory. In carrying the approximations in the lunar theory to the third order a term arises in the perturbations in the longitude whose argument simply depends on the angular distance between the sun and moon, and one of the factors of the coefficient of which is the ratio of the mean distance of the sun and moon from the earth.* This coefficient had up to that time been computed by employing a value of the solar parallax equal to $10''.8$. Mayer, by deriving the value of this coefficient from observation was enabled to deduce a value of the solar parallax equal to $7''.8$ and this he thought could not differ from the truth more than a twenty-fourth of its value. This is the second method of finding the distance of the sun without a previous knowledge of the solar parallax, the moon's distance being accurately known. Since Mayer's day other mathematicians have attained more accurate values of the solar parallax by this method than he had.†

James Gregory, a very celebrated English philosopher and mathematician, first pointed out the utility of the transits of Venus for finding the value of the solar parallax.‡ Although

* Airy's *Math. Tracts*, p. 57.

† *Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde*. For Pontécoulant, vol. iv, p. 606.

‡ Grant's *Hist. Phys. Ast.*, p. 428.

Gregory was the first to show that the transits of Venus might be used to determine the sun's parallax, yet it was Dr. Edmund Halley who urged astronomers to make all necessary preparation to observe so important a phenomenon. Halley's earliest reference to the subject was in 1679. Subsequently he took up the subject again in the volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1694 and 1716. Gregory mentioned the subject as early as 1663. The ability with which Halley expounded the peculiar advantages of the transits of Venus, for determining the distance of the sun from the earth, had the effect to arouse the different governments of Europe to send expeditions to several parts of the world to observe the transits of 1761 and 1769.

If we imagine the planet Venus to pass between the earth and the sun, it will appear to traverse the disc of the latter in a straight line, and the position of this line on the solar disc will depend on the observer's place on the earth. If there were two observers, one situated as far north and the other situated as far south of the plane of the ecliptic as possible, and that they would observe the transit well, then the two lines along which the planet would appear to move would be separated from each other by a considerable distance; and by being able to determine this distance the astronomer could then calculate the solar parallax. The distance of Venus from the earth at the time of a transit is to the distance of Venus from the sun very nearly as 7 is to 18; and it will readily be seen that the distance between the observers (measured in a straight line) is to the distance between the lines of transit on the solar disc in the same ratio.

We thus see that the distance which has to be measured on the sun's disc, is more than two and a half times as great as the distance between the observers. This is one advantage of the transit of Venus for finding the solar parallax. The angle formed at the centre of the planet by the two lines reaching from that point to the two observers is her parallax. This parallax, then, will be about two-and-a-half times as great as the corresponding one of the sun. We thus see that if there was an error of one second of arc in measuring the parallax of Venus, it would effect the value of the solar parallax to the amount of but two-fifths of a second of arc. Besides this advantage, the parallax of Venus can be measured more accurately by observing the beginning and duration of the transit than by measuring the

parallax directly, other things being equal. This shows that many things conspire to render the transits of Venus very important phenomena for determining the solar parallax. As soon as the distance of Venus from the earth is made known that of the sun from the earth results at once by means of Kepler's third law.

A sufficient time before the transit of June the 6th, 1761, several European governments despatched astronomers to suitable situations in different parts of the earth to observe it. The English sent Dr. Maskelyne to St. Helena; and Mason and Dixon (who subsequently measured an arc of the meridian in this country) were destined for Sumatra; but, fortunately for astronomy, a want of time induced them to stop at the Cape of Good Hope, which proved to be a much more desirable situation. The French Academy sent Pingré to Rodrigues, in the Indian Ocean. Another French astronomer (Chappé) was sent by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences to Tobolsk, in Siberia; and a Russian astronomer, (Rumowski) to Selinghiusk, near Lake Baikal, on the Mongolian frontier. Besides these, all the observatories in Europe were put in requisition, and observations were made at several missionary stations in Southern and Eastern Asia.

The various observations were published and the solar parallax computed, but the results were anything else than harmonious. The value of the parallax deduced varies from $8^{\circ}.33$ to $10^{\circ}.10$. In short, the transit of 1761 did not add much to our knowledge of the astronomical unit. We believe that the only American observation on this transit was made by professor John Winthrop, of Harvard University. For the purpose of finding a favorable station he repaired to St. John's, New Brunswick. His observations were published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of London* for 1764.

The failure of the transit of 1761 to add much to our knowledge of the solar parallax without doubt possessed some advantage, for it stimulated astronomers to make greater exertions to observe the transit of 1769 with the greatest possible accuracy; and, besides, it was known that more than a century must pass before another such opportunity would present itself. In other respects the transit of 1769 was more favorable for determining the solar parallax than its immediate predecessor. The best stations were occupied, and "both ingress and egress were visible at numerous and widely remote points, which was not the

case in 1761. Finally, an eclipse of the sun followed close after the transit, affording an excellent opportunity for fixing the longitude of the places of observation."

Every exertion was put forward by the votaries of astronomy to obtain accurate results; and well has the late M. Eueke said: "Whatever may be the future judgment as to the actual issue, posterity will never be able to reproach either the astronomers or the governments of that period with having neglected to call sufficiently careful attention to the more important points, or with having failed to further and support scientific efforts with sufficient readiness."

The transit of 1769 took place on the 3rd of June, and a sufficient time previous to it the different governments of Europe sent observers to the most eligible points to observe it. The famous expedition of Captain Cook to the South Sea was for that purpose, when the transit was observed by Mr. Green, the astronomer, Captain Cook, and Dr. Solander, the botanist to the expedition. Wales and Dymond were sent to Hudson's Bay; Mason and Dixon observed in Ireland; and an expedition under the direction of Mr. Call was sent to Madras.

The French Academy sent Pingré to St. Domingo and the Abbé Chappe to California. Chappe died there in August following, but his observations were preserved by one of his assistants and sent to Paris. The St. Petersburg Academy sent astronomers to three different stations in Lapland—to one on the banks of the Lena, to another on the shores of the Caspian, and to several in the interior of Asia.

The King of Denmark sent M. Hell, Professor of Astronomy in Vienna, to Wardhus, at the northern extremity of Norway. Sauman observed in Finland. In this country the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, under the lead of the learned Dr. Rittenhouse, who had charge of the stations at Norriston; Dr. Ewing of the one in Philadelphia; and Mr. Biddle of one near Cape Henlopen. The day was fine and good observations were taken.

The solar parallax was deduced from the published observations by different computers, who obtained different results, differing, however, much less from one another than from the transit of 1761. Plamann found $8''.43$ as the value of the equatorial horizontal parallax of the sun; Lalande; $8''.50$; Smith, $8''.605$; Lexell, $8''.68$; Maskelyne, $8''.723$, Pingré, $8''.81$; Hornsby, $8''.78$; and Euler, $8''.82$. In 1808

Ferrer subjected the observations to a new discussion, and obtained the result $8".615$; and again, in 1815, to a very thorough discussion, which was posthumously published in 1832, from which he found for the value of the parallax $8".577 = 0".3$. The highest authority, however, and the one now followed, is the discussion of the late Professor Encke, of Berlin. In 1822 he published a volume containing a review and thorough discussion of the observations of the transit of 1761, June 6th, deducing the final value $8".4905 = 0".607$. In 1824 he published a second volume containing a similar critical examination and discussion of the observations of the transit of 1769, June the 3rd. In this volume he makes a certain correction disregarded in the first volume, and finally obtains as the value of the equatorial horizontal parallax of the sun the following values:

From the transit of 1761.....	$8".5309 - 0".0623$
From the transit of 1769.....	$1".6030 - 0".0460$
From the two together	$8".5776 - 0".0370$

The station at Wardhus, or Wardo Island, in the Arctic Ocean, at the northeastern extremity of Norway, was a very important one for the observation of the transit of 1769, and to this place, as has already been mentioned, Hell was sent. Numerous circumstances tended to throw suspicion on his published observations. Without stopping to detail everything that was afterwards discovered, suffice it to say that, in 1834, Prof. Littron, of Vienna, learned that some of the papers of Hell were in the possession of an Austrian gentleman. With a desire to obtain some clue to the Wardhus observations, Prof. Littron asked permission to consult them. This was not only granted, but all of Hell's MSS. were presented to the Vienna Observatory. Prof. Littron found among them Hell's astronomical note-book for the days June the 2d-4th, 1769. He found that the record of the original observations of the transit had been erased. He was only able to find two observations, one of ingress and the other of egress, upon which reliance appears warrantable. Hell substituted other figures, derived from calculation, for the original record. After obtaining these facts, Encke recomputed the solar parallax and obtained the final result from both transits, equal to $8".57116 - 0".0370$, and this is the value now employed. It gives the mean distance of the sun from the earth 95,-

360,000 — 412,000 miles; or the probable error is less than half a million of miles.

In 1824, Burg, following the footsteps of Mayer, deduced a value of the solar parallax from the Lunar Theory equal to 8".62. In the same manner La Place obtained 8".61; Pontécoulant, 8".63; Lubbock, 8".84 and 8".81; Hansen, 8".88; Leverrier, 8".95.

As the reader will see, the results derived from all the methods mentioned give a somewhat uncertain value to the solar parallax, and the need of a more exact determination of this important element was for some time felt. The next transit of Venus will not take place till the year 1874, and it was thought advisable to try some other method by means of which the adopted value might either be confirmed or corrected. To effect this Dr. Gerling, of the Marburg University, proposed to make observations on the planet Venus about the period of her stationary points and retrograde motion, in opposite hemispheres (northern and southern) and nearly under the same meridian.* Dr. Gerling wrote to Lieut. J. M. Gilliss in 1847, explaining his method and urging him to undertake observations for this purpose. After much correspondence, and two years spent in preparation, Prof. Gilliss finally set sail on the 16th August, 1849, of for the western coast of South America. A detailed account of the origin of the expedition, and many other things connected with it, will be found in the Introduction to the volume referred to, at the foot of page 16. After an absence of thirty-nine months, Prof. Gilliss reached home, having made the necessary observations, together with many others not having a direct bearing on the determination of the solar parallax. The mass of observations was placed in the hands of Dr. B. A. Gould, a young but able astronomer and mathematician; and he treated the subject in a most thorough manner, subjecting the whole series to a rigid scrutiny. From this discussion he deduced, as the value of the *equatorial horizontal parallax* of the sun, 8".5, a value a little less than that deduced by Encke from the transits of Venus, and corresponding to a distance from the earth of 96,160,000 statute miles.

The opposition of Mars in 1862 being favorable for the determination of his parallax,† Captain Gilliss determined

* See vol. iii, p. iii, of the U. S. N. Ast. Exp. to Chili in South America.
† See page 6.

to take the advantage of that circumstance, and invited the directors of different observatories to co-operate with him in making observations during the months of September and October of that year on his position. These observations give for the sun's parallax the value $8".8415$, a result corresponding very nearly with that deduced by Subboch from the Lunar Theory. The error is supposed not to exceed one-tenth of a second of arc. This parallax corresponds to a distance of 92,400,000 miles. Experiments on the velocity of light made by M. Foucault give a parallax equal to $8".86$; and similar experiments by M. Fizeau give $8".52$ *

The mean height of the barometer is connected with the velocity of the earth's rotation, and with its velocity in its orbit, and hence with the distance of the sun. As yet, this method can only give a rough approximation to the distance of the sun, but it is valuable as affording the means, when the necessary observations accumulate, of corroborating the results of other methods. Pliny Earle Chase finds by this the mean distance of the sun to be about 91,000,000 miles.† This is the third method of finding the sun's distance without a knowledge of the parallax.

We thus see that several different methods give very nearly the same value of the sun's equatorial, horizontal parallax, and all future observations must be directed to the reduction of the small probable error which now exists in the most accurate determination of the sun's distance.

The next transit of Venus will take place in 1874, followed by another in 1882. All civilized nations will doubtless vie with each other in making accurate observations on so important a phenomenon; and, although the late Professor Encke said that nothing but the utmost accuracy in the observations can compensate for the unfavorable circumstances of the transits as compared with that of 1769, yet we expect a more exact determination than any previous. Of the next two transits that of 1882 will be the most favorable one for the determination of the sun's parallax.

* Silliman's Journal, vol. xxxvi (1869), p. 171.

† *Ibid.* vol. xxxvii, p. 411.

ART. VIII.—1. *Annual Reports of Insurance Companies for 1866.*
New York, Hartford, Boston, and Philadelphia.

2. *Report on the Condition of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company,*
Albany: February, 1867.

In the original prospectus to our journal issued more than seven years ago, we promised our readers and friends that we would "fearlessly discuss every subject in which the public had an interest, and expose charlatanism and fraud in whatever forms they presented themselves." In accordance with this promise we gave that attention to insurance which we thought its importance claimed. We were, however, in no hurry to obtrude our views on the public; we had issued nine quarterly numbers before we uttered one word on the subject. In the meantime we exposed various systems of imposition, and criticised whatever seemed reprehensible to us in the working of several institutions, public and private. We did not thus postpone the consideration of Insurance for more than two years because we thought it less important to the public than the other subjects which we had discussed before it, but because it required more investigation and reflection. We were not the less impressed with the advisableness of this hesitancy from the fact that years previously we had made a careful study of the theory of insurance, although we have never been connected directly or indirectly with any company, in Europe or America.

Our first article on insurance, published in September number, 1862, was entitled "Quackery of Insurance Companies." We had the pleasure of seeing this copied by the newspapers in all parts of the country; at the same time we were subjected to the greatest abuse by the insurance papers which derived their chief means of subsistence from the very parties whose *modus operandi* we exposed. Not content with this the latter had attacks on us inserted in the form of advertisements in such of the morning papers as they could not bribe to lend them their editorial columns for that purpose. As a specimen of these advertisements our readers will perhaps, remember one which appeared in the "Daily Times" of this city a few days after the publication of the number containing the article alluded to. All this, however, did us much more good than harm, for the more our article was read by intelligent men the better it was liked, although many thought that we must have been mistaken in some particulars. None thanked us more warmly than the officers of insurance companies that were, and still are, honestly disposed. These, one and all, offered us every facility in their power to investigate the subject, and expressed their regret that such an exposure had not been made years earlier.

In this article we did not designate any company as fraudulent,* but this was not necessary in order to excite the ire of a large number who, from their writhings, showed but too plainly that the cap fitted them. We confess it surprised us not a little to find that among those who evinced most indignation towards us for our "impertinence" was the President of the Sun Mutual-Marine. When we went to him, as we did to other underwriters, to seek facts and statistics for our second article, he acted much more like a bully in an ale-house, than like a gentleman engaged in a respectable and honest business. Nor did we shrink from saying so at the time. Neither his boasted millions, nor his threats, deterred us from giving our impressions of himself and his company. Up to this time we had not concerned ourselves in any manner about one or the other; we knew no more about Mr. Grinnell, personally, than we did about the king of Ashantee, and we knew as little about "the Sun Mutual" as we did about the privy council of that despot. But feeling satisfied that there must be something wrong, we resolved to learn what we could and give the results to the public. What success we had will best appear from an extract or two. We take the following passage from our second article entitled "Insurance Quackery and its Organs."

"While he had been waiting to see the president, a messenger came to announce that a vessel insured by the company had been partly or wholly wrecked. If our memory does not fail us, the ship mentioned was the *Planter*. At once the president had it that she was a bad vessel; that she was not seaworthy—in short, everything was wrong with her! The captain, too, must have neglected his duty. Who was he? What other vessels had he commanded? or who had recommended him? &c. When our friend saw how he was treated he ventured to remark that he was surprised that the president of a company *professing to have so large a capital* could have induced him to occupy his time by calling on three different occasions, and then refuse to keep his word, because he did not get what he wanted cheaper than anybody else. 'I confess,' said he, 'that if I were insured by your company, I should have some fear in the event of the money falling due; for I am inclined to think that those who would quibble and "back out" for a matter of twenty or thirty dollars would be apt to give some trouble in case of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. If I am not right,' added he, 'then the remarks I have just heard in regard to the wrecked ship are somewhat inexplicable.' These may not have been the exact words used; but they are substantially the same. It struck us, who witnessed the scene, that if one of our most distinguished gladiators had been the president, and that his 'office' had been an oyster saloon in the Bowery, he could hardly have made a more prompt exhibition of his fighting propensities. He took care to confine himself to menaces and gestures, however, although our friend afforded him ample time to give vent to his fury before he turned on his heel to leave, wondering whether he could believe his eyes or his memory, that he was really in an insurance office in Wall street, and not in one of those places in our back streets where it is said one is liable to be knocked down any moment for attempting to express any opinion which happens to be distasteful to the master of the establishment or its patrons.

"After having witnessed such an exhibition as this, we were naturally curi-

* The only company we mentioned at all was the New York Life, which we regarded then, as we do now, a model. Because we did so we were accused of having been bribed; although we have never received and never asked a cent for it.

ous to know who are the trustees of a company whose president feels it incumbent upon him to vindicate its honor and redeem his own word by a demonstration of this kind. We had only to turn to any of the insurance organs in order to be enlightened on this point. Nor have we failed to do so; and among the names which the public are to regard as a *tower of strength* are the following: Louis Lorut, Joseph Foulke, Jr., Peter Poirier, William Oothout, Henry A. Coit, Oliver State, Jr., John A. Iselin, Drake Mills, Ernest Caylus, Elias Ponvert, &c."

In the same article we suggested to all concerned that "the *Moon Mutual*" would be a much more appropriate title for the corporation referred to than "the *Sun Mutual*." Many told us that we must be mistaken; that the Sun was the oldest and soundest company in America, &c. All we chose to say in reply was that time would prove whether we were right or not. Just one year after (March, 1864) we alluded to the condition of the same company, in another article on Insurance, and added the following observations:

"This would not be the case, we are assured, were it not that the President of the solar corporation is too much occupied in politics, and too anxious to be a prominent member of various societies to find much time for the business of underwriting. Even when at his post he is somewhat querulous and slightly rude. This also may have something to do with *those spots on the sun which have grown so large lately that they may be seen almost with the naked eye*, while all the light which in connection with the eclipsing bodies alluded to, they allow us to enjoy may be readily mistaken for *moonshine*."

It will be admitted that this was plain enough; and it could not be denied at the time, much less can it now, that it was true. These, however, were not the only warnings we gave the public during the past five years, in reference to "the *Sun Mutual*"; yet, when a part of the truth came out at the beginning of the present year—when it could no longer be concealed—many who pretend to surpass all others in their knowledge of insurance were overwhelmed with astonishment. But this did not save the large number of dupes who had fancied themselves enriched by the "scrip" of the "*Sun Mutual*." Most of our readers remember the meetings held by those scrip-holders with the view of coming to some conclusion as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. From a report of one of these meetings, given in the "*New York Herald*" of February 3, we take the following passage, which will give some idea of the views generally entertained of the *Sun Mutual* and its president by those who were best acquainted with both:

"A gentleman said it struck him that the last speaker was present as a representative of the *Sun Insurance Company* and of the stockholders. This was a meeting of scrip-holders only, whose interests were at stake. It was simply proposed by the resolution of the committee to request Mr. Barnes to investigate the case, and no harm ought possibly to result from that.

"Another gentleman said that the company had stated in December, when they called for more capital, that they had not \$250,000 but \$800,000. He knew a person who had subscribed \$250,000, on the strength of that assertion.

"A voice.—I subscribed \$10,000 on the statement of Mr. Grinnell that there was \$800,000 which must be used before the new stock could be touched.

"A second voice.—I subscribed \$5,000 on similar representations.

"A third voice.—And I subscribed \$25,000 in the same way.

"A gentleman said he was a scrip-holder and held no stock; but he was unwilling that, for the sake of getting a few dollars, the security of the Sun Company should be endangered. The failure of that institution would be perilous to the interests of the commercial men of New York.

"A gentleman then began to speak against the resolution, but was soon interrupted by a cry from the middle of the audience, 'We don't want any policy-holders here.' This is a scrip-holders' meeting.'

"A gentleman said he was both a stockholder and a scrip-holder, and he was in favor of stopping the company, because he had no confidence in their statements. (Loud cries of 'Question, question.') He believed it would be a great benefit to the community to have a company like this, which had proved itself unworthy of confidence, wound up. He wanted to get his money back, and so long as he got that, he did not care whose interests were prejudiced. (Loud applause.)"

The phrase, now become so trite, "this establishment does not advertise in the 'Herald'" does not apply here; for that journal was peculiarly favored by the Sun at this very time, Mr. Grinnell inserting in it daily nearly a whole column until it was seen that it was no use. The matter was then referred to the State Superintendent of the insurance department. It does not appear that Mr. Barnes had ever suspected that there was anything wrong with the Sun Mutual; on the contrary, he seems to have regarded it as a flourishing and excellent institution. It is not strange, therefore, that he is rather benevolently disposed towards it now; were he otherwise, might not his vigilance be called into question? We have often spoken of the superintendent in the language of approbation; we have also criticised some of his actions, treating him in each case simply as we thought he deserved. In the present instance we can regard his "Examination into the condition of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company" only as what is vulgarly called a white-washing operation; although the most he can say in its favor is that it may be permitted to live another while. Referring to the "assets," he concludes his report with the following words: "I hereby find them to be sufficient to justify its continuance in business in the city of New York as a Mutual Marine Insurance Company, *with an additional cash capital of five hundred thousand dollars.*"

This, after all, is not very much; although we are assured that Mr. Barnes is a great friend of Mr. Grinnell's, and that the latter does not thank him because he (Mr. G.) has so much to do with Albany affairs; has so much influence on the politicians who occasionally meet there; but whether this has had anything to do with the tender-hearted, friendly tone of the report, or not, we cannot undertake to say. Be the fact as it may, the superintendent announces that he has made the "examination" "at the request of the President of the company, and after several conferences with a Committee representing a considerable proportion of the scrip-holders." Who would not be lenient under such circumstances? and accordingly Mr. Barnes is of opinion that it would be a great pity ("a public calamity") to let the Sun die! At the same time his own statements,

tenderly as they are made, go far to prove the contrary. Thus, among the items given as "assets" by the Sun he notes the following :

Balance of a claim against the United States Government,	\$40,907 09
Claim for losses, &c., against the Columbian Insurance Company.....	188,515 92
Claims against the British Government for damages by privateers :	
Alabama.....	87,841 66
Florida.....	128,804 00
Shenandoah.....	38,809 00
Total	\$484,877 58

Need we say that three-fourths of this money might almost as well have been entered against the real moon and called "assets." But all the comment Mr. Barnes has to make on these "claims" is the following : "The superintendent would reduce the estimated value of these claims to \$50,000"—that is, nearly to one-tenth their pretended value ; but if he reduced them to one-fiftieth he would be much nearer the truth. But assuming that Mr. Barnes is right in his estimate, does not even this show that the company has been guilty of false representations? It may, however, be a pity to let the Sun die, as the superintendent says. At all events its dissolution would afford us no gratification. If the public continue to confide in it, that is their own affair ; perhaps it will pursue the right course after this ; still we must beg leave to persist in regarding it as the *Moon Mutual* ; although one of the most experienced and accomplished underwriters in New York has urged the objection to this title, that it is popularly supposed there is a *man* in the moon, whereas if there had been a *man* in the company under consideration neither Mr. Barnes nor anybody else would have had to beg for its life.

Before we take leave of this branch of the subject, we will take occasion to remark that if our Superintendent had proposed as many questions to the Sun, Metropolitan, etc., during the last four years as he has lately proposed in one "blank form" to our Life companies, he might not have had as intricate and "painful" an examination to make now, as that alluded to above. To us it seems very absurd to overwhelm companies like the New York Life, Equitable, Knickerbocker, New England Mutual, Connecticut Mutual, etc., with interrogatories, while the rotten concerns are allowed to impose on the public from year to year. Be it remembered that those questions are not only needlessly offensive in many instances, but involve the company who have to answer them in considerable expense.

There is not one of the other companies which are in a predicament somewhat similar to that of the Sun which we did not warn the public against several years ago, and on different occasions since. It is now, we believe, more than four years since the President of the Metropolitan (Fire and Marine) wrote us a long letter informing us how sadly ignorant

we were of Insurance matters. It was impossible a mere editor could be otherwise, he told us, as we had served no apprenticeship to the business. But what placed our ignorance beyond doubt in his mind was, that we regarded the Mercantile Mutual (Marine) and the Security (Fire and Marine) as much safer companies than the Metropolitan. Notwithstanding our utter lack of insurance knowledge, however, the gentleman alluded to favored us with a portion of his patronage, assuring us that it would be greatly increased under certain conditions; but as we still failed to see that the Metropolitan was equal—much less superior—to either of the other companies mentioned, we were given up as hopelessly stupid and the patronage was withdrawn. Yet time has proved quite as clearly, as in the case of the Sun that we were right, and that if those who charged us with ignorance were not ignorant or stupid themselves, they were guilty of a more reprehensible fault—that of knowingly and wilfully deceiving the public.

One reason why Life Insurance is a much more successful business than either Fire or Marine Insurance is, that, in general, those engaged in the former are more intelligent than those engaged in the latter. It is true that none understand their business better than the officers of the Mercantile Mutual, the Security, the Washington, the Etna of Hartford, and some two or three other companies.* These would be regarded anywhere gentlemen as well as men of intelligence; and, accordingly, whatever losses they may sustain, they will at least retain sufficient to deal fairly with their patrons. The Security has always been more intelligently managed than its namesake of the Life department, and it has been more successful in proportion; and none who know its new Secretary and President need be informed that it was never better managed, even under the auspices of the justly lamented and excellent Mr. Walker, than it is now. If the Washington Fire (not Marine) be compared with the Washington Life a similar admission must be made in favor of the former, who have sufficient proof that knowledge is power, and that it is favorable to good taste, in the fact that it needs no drygoods or grocery merchants to recommend it to the public, but has abundant assets to meet its liabilities.

Still greater will be the contrast if we compare either the Mercantile Mutual or the Hartford Etna to the Guardian Life, although the latter boasts a "doctor" among its officers and several politicians among its directors. Several other instances could be added in which the preponderance in intelligence, brains, and honesty, is decidedly in favor of the fire and marine

* The Hope has done quite well during the year, its gain having exceeded its losses by \$56,413. Thus Mr. Reese fully vindicates his character as a shrewd underwriter, for it must be remembered that he has never had the advantage of a large capital. But one who pays \$186,773 losses in one year without whining must be entitled to credit.

The Putnam of Hartford has also furnished satisfactory evidence that it is intelligently and judiciously managed. After having paid quite its share of losses for 1866 in proportion to its \$500,000 cash capital, we see it had a surplus of more than half a million to commence the new year with.

branches. All are but exceptions, however; for one fire or marine company that can lay claim to this character, there are at least ten whose officers are much better qualified for the grocery or provision business than for the profession of underwriting. The first two companies that occur to us to illustrate this are the New England Mutual Life and the New England Fire; but who need ask a more striking contrast? That this does not occur because the principal office of one is at the Modern Athens, the capital of New England, whereas that of the other is at the small inland town of Hartford, is easily proved, since there are no better companies anywhere, either fire or life, than there are at this modest, unpretending little place—a fact which we will take occasion to illustrate by statistics before we close. We do not suppose that the officers of the New England Fire, more than those of the New England Mutual Life, are disposed to cheat those who deal with them. What constitutes the chief difference between them is that the latter have about ten times as much knowledge, general and particular, as the former. It seems to be pretty generally understood that the ratio of integrity between the two is nearly, if not quite, the same as that of the knowledge. This, however, we cannot vouch for further than to say that it is highly probable, according to the law of cause and effect which appertains in such cases. Be this as it may, we thank the officers of the New England Fire, in passing, for having fulfilled one of our predictions made nearly five years ago; for, in our first article on "Insurance Quackery," we made the following observation: "In time they (the quacks) will undertake to insure anything; they will revive speculations still more ruinous and ludicrous than those of the South Sea bubbles, when the companies of our English cousins used to undertake to insure female virtue, engaging to pay a handsome sum in case the chastity of the insured lady should suffer any serious detriment. Among the different kinds of insurance which we mentioned on the authority of Francis—author of "Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: a Chronicle of Life Insurance"—was an "Insurance office for horses dying natural deaths, stolen or disabled, Crown Tavern, Smithfield," and which was advertised as follows:

" You that keep horses to preserve your ease
And pads to please your wives and mistresses,
Insure their lives; and if they die we'll make
Full satisfaction, or be bound to break."

It will be seen from this that, far from being a new idea, the Horse Insurance Company, established by the functionaries of the New England Life, may boast of a prototype which existed, though only for a short time, about two hundred years ago. The new institution may prove entirely successful, however, for about half the intelligence necessary to insure houses and other kinds of property is sufficient to insure horses; besides, there are a great many who would rather lose the insurance on a

horse than go to law about it, for the reason that the lawyers might cost them more than the original price of the animal.

But leaving horses and donkeys out of the question, we need not have gone beyond Hartford for a complete illustration of our theory. If the Security Fire and Marine of New York is vastly superior to the Security Life of the same city, the Phoenix Mutual Life of Hartford is quite as much superior to the Phoenix Fire of the same city, and for the same reason. We might present many other contrasts, but we think we have presented sufficient to justify us in the opinion that, after all, want of intelligence and of ability has more to do with the failure of so many of our fire and marine companies than any unusual amount of fires or other disasters. We know that many will dissent from this at first sight, but a little reflection will convince them that they ought to pause before doing so.

Be it remembered that at worst only some of the houses and vessels that are insured will even be destroyed or injured in the manner provided against. According to M. Ampère, of the French Academy, not more than nine per cent., on an average, render it necessary for the Insurance Companies to pay.* But let us suppose that this eminent mathematician is wrong; that twenty, twenty-five, nay, fifty per cent., render the companies liable; still, half would be safe. But what man or woman will escape death? Is there a single policy issued by a life company which, if the conditions of it are only fulfilled by the party holding it, will not, sooner or later, oblige the company to pay a large sum? Thus, suppose that every house in New York and every ship in our harbor are insured; let us suppose, also, that the life of every owner is insured. Even if a general conflagration took place some or both of the houses and ships would be saved; whereas there is not a single one of their owners, let him be rich or poor, young or old, to whom death is not certain, and for whom, accordingly, the insurance company will not have to pay. Whence, then, all this whining on the part of Fire companies? Why not look around and see that among Fire companies, at home as well as abroad, are some of the wealthiest corporations in the world? How did these get their riches? Do not their riches increase from year to year? But let us ask another question or two. How is it that, with two or three exceptions, it is only the third, fourth, and fifth-rate companies that make an outcry about their losses, and ask, with trembling voice, what is to happen next? There is not one of those that do so who would not be miserable at heart under any circumstances. If the life underwriters meet in convention, it is not to whine; but rather to laugh at some of the mountebanks which creep in amongst them, as amongst

* See his *Considérations sur la théorie mathématique du jeu*, p. 27. See also De Montmort's *Essai d'analyse sur les jeux de hazard*, p. 128.

others; remembering that the wisest kings and emperors were never so profoundly occupied with state affairs, but they could amuse themselves for an hour or so with the speeches of the court fool.

It is now time that we should note some particulars, judging the tree by its fruit. The first annual report that has reached us this year, as on former occasions, is that of the New England Mutual Life; and, as usual, it is a thoughtful, cheerful, and encouraging document. The first information we receive from it is that "The year just closed presents as much greater increase of business than any of its predecessors, both in the number of policies issued and in the amounts thereby insured." Equally characteristic and interesting is the following:

"The whole number of policies issued and paid for from November 30, 1863, to November 30, 1866, is 8,798, which is in excess of the number issued during the preceding eight years. The number issued in 1866 is nearly double that of the preceding year, and is greater than the combined number of 1864 and 1865. The amount of claims paid upon one hundred and six policies, during the year, is \$314,400, while in 1865 the amount paid was \$324,028 upon one hundred and thirteen policies. The number of policies outstanding on the books of the company is 12,296, and the amount insured \$38,270,130. The accumulation for the year ending November 30, 1866, after paying claims and expenses and providing for claims not yet due, is \$1,145,889.78. The net assets at this date are \$4,753,875.91."

Many of our life underwriters would do well to read the whole report of the New England Mutual, for it contains many suggestions which would be useful to them if they only knew how to profit by them. Thus, for example, what will the gentlemen of the United States Life, the North America, the Guardian, and the Washington say to the following?—

"The growth of life insurance in this country has brought with it some evils which are to be deplored. One is a *misrepresentation* by which innocent persons are lured into companies through the medium of *glaring statements* of large dividends, etc., without having given the subject that attention which its importance demands. Applicants have been made to believe, by plausible statements of parties whose sole aim is to obtain a commission, that in an exceedingly short space of time no further premium would be required, and consequently their policies would be self-sustaining." p. 15.

We think the Mutual Life, too, would do well to take the hint; if it will not, however, the public ought to take it on its part; for, notwithstanding the adage to the contrary, figures do lie most egregiously sometimes. Besides, we have had some recent illustrations of the fact that it is not those who boast most either of their millions of assets or their antiquity that have most vitality. Neither the Equitable, the New York, the Knickerbocker, nor the Manhattan, claims any miraculous power for its policies, or pretends that there ought to be no other company but itself. We believe that no officer belonging to any of the four finds it necessary to have himself proclaimed as the President, Vice-President, or Secretary, of any pious body for the purpose of showing that the widow and the orphan may rely upon him at the critical moment. But if we come to

examine the number of suits instituted against the fire companies mentioned for non-payment of widows' and orphans' claims we shall, perhaps, be surprised at the difference between sending the Bible to the heathen off in Africa or Thibet and doing one's duty nearer home.

As we have given some illustrations of this on former occasions it will be sufficient to show now that the four companies alluded to do not seem to thrive anything the worse for paying all just claims without any suit. Thus the Equitable has accumulated a fund of over three millions in seven years, increasing its annual income from year to year to such an extent that it is now over \$2,000,000. Nearly half of this was added during 1866, when it insured by new policies thirty-two millions (\$32,000,000). Still larger is the pile of the New York, though no company in Europe or America, of its age, has been more successful than the Equitable. The assets of the New York are now over seven millions (\$7,009,092). This, it will be admitted is a handsome remainder after paying nearly half a million (\$480,197.33) for losses by death during the year. Add to these items its 7,296 new policies, insuring \$22,734,308, and its scrip dividend of fifty per cent. and what is the clear inference?

Yet neither company casts the Knickerbocker into the shade. The latter issued 5,450 policies in 1866, insuring thereby \$17,000,000. This exhibits an increase over the former year of 2,918, the increase in amount insured being \$9,621,550. Only two or three years ago the total assets of the Knickerbocker were less than half a million; they are now more than a million and a half. It is now insuring members of societies at a reduced rate; also army and navy officers without extra premium, while in either case the insured may travel and reside in any civilized part of the country without additional charge. It is hardly to be wondered at then that it is now averaging 40 policies a day, having issued 1,500 from the first of January last to the close of February.

The record of the Manhattan is not quite so brilliant; at the same time, it exhibits remarkable progress. Had its present officers had the management of it from the beginning, even the companies just retired could hardly have surpassed it. A fact or two which we are about to state would go far to prove this by themselves; during the past year it issued 3,717 policies, insuring \$13,000,450 and receiving in cash \$1,710,000, thus adding to its assets \$100,000.

Each of these companies recognizes the principle that knowledge is power; although all do not do so alike, or to the same extent. Until lately the Manhattan seemed to have some doubts on the subject, but within the last year all scepticism has ceased; hence the increase in assets, income, etc., indicated above. In short there is not one of our underwriters who has improved more than Mr. Wemple. It would do one good to see the old gentlemen serving the junior members of the institution at the lunch table, as we saw him once. Again and again did he

rise from the table, taking a cup of coffee to one, a limb of a turkey to another, or a piece of lobster to another, etc. We mention this little incident partly because it seemed to us highly interesting in itself, and partly because it is characteristic of the man ; and it has been the more deeply impressed on our mind by another incident brought to our attention on the same occasion. Mr. Wemple related to us that he was struck with the intelligent and respectable appearance of a lady who called at the office to sell a book. After purchasing a copy he asked whether she would not like to interest herself in life insurance. She replied regretfully that her husband had long been most anxious to have his life insured, but that she persistently prevented him, having a vague notion that it might cause his death. He died, without being insured, about a year ago, leaving her two children, and thus it was that she was obliged to peddle books for a scanty support, whereas, had she encouraged, instead of preventing, him she might have been worth \$10,000 to-day.

None but an educated person can obtain even a clerkship in the office of the New York Life. In this respect, as well as in many others, Mr. Franklin acts on the ~~re~~cepts of the great American philosopher, his namesake. Thus, for example, one of the assistant secretaries is Col. Staar, a graduate of Oxford University, and the author of an interesting book on Cuba. Then the talent and ability of the Equitable are familiar to all. One officer had long been the President of a State Senate; his colleague is quite a young man; but a veteran as an underwriter. He is thoroughly educated, and is characterised by an off-handed, graceful generosity, worthy of the ancient ducal house of which he is a descendant. In order to illustrate the estimation in which this company holds knowledge and ability, it is sufficient to say that it has secured the services, as its Secretary, of the head of one of the most eminent law firms in New York, namely, James W. Alexander, formerly of the firm of Alexander & Green, Wall streets.

Reasons equally satisfactory can be shown for the success of the Kniekerbocker. Even those who would become its agents must be educated men. Wherever Mr. Lyman meets a man of talent who understands insurance he spares no expense to secure, at least, as much of his services as he needs. Thus, he has recently added to his well-trained corps Dr. H. Lassing, who appropriately occupies the position of Manager of Agencies at the company's principal office; and the Actuary of the company is the Hon. Elizur Wright, late Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts.

We have already remarked that neither in New York nor any other place are ~~there~~ better Life Companies than in Hartford. The Aetna possesses all the strength and stability of its Fire namesake; and those who know the latter would require no more substantial guarantee. The number of policies issued by the Aetna Life in 1866 exceeds 14,000; the amount of cash received during the same period was \$3,555,836.70.

This enables it to add nearly two millions and a half to its assets, which amount now to the handsome pile of \$4,401,833.86. What is, perhaps, better than all, the cash is in judicious, faithful hands.

One of the oldest Life Companies in the country is the Connecticut Mutual, whose principal office is in the same city; nor has any company gained strength or inspired confidence more steadily as its experience increased. Otherwise its accumulated assets would not now have amounted to \$13,000,000, nor would it have secured an annual income of \$6,500,000.

We confess we should much rather have this and the prestige which accompanies it than the boasted twenty millions of the Mutual Life of New York, together with its ostentatious marble palace, &c. Most assuredly we would prefer to have a policy for \$10,000 from Mr. Phelps than from Mr. Winston; although we have never had the pleasure of seeing the former gentleman; whereas we see the latter almost daily, and have more than once heard him deliver a very loud speech in favor of sending Bibles and tracts to the heathen.

We may here remark, that we have more than once seen the Mutual Benefit also, compared to the Connecticut Mutual; but we are not prepared at the present moment to form any opinion of the justice or injustice of the comparison. While awaiting the facts and figures suffice it to say that the Vice-President of the Mutual Benefit has the reputation of being nearly as pious and "prayerful" as Mr. Winston. It may be as good a company as the Connecticut (for we have considerable confidence in the intelligence and good sense of Mr. Grover); but we are convinced that it is not better.

But there are yet to be mentioned one or two Hartford companies whose policies are as sure, when fully due, as bank checks. This is eminently true of the Phoenix Mutual, which has recently adopted several new rules that embrace all the best features in life insurance. The directors have declared every policy non-forfeiting; they also give the holders of endowment policies peculiar advantages. That they can afford to do so may be seen from the fact that the assets of the company now amount to a million and a half, its income for the past year having approximated pretty closely to a million (\$848,607.71). We have no recent statistics before us which would enable us to form an opinion of the present condition of the Traveller's, but we have good reason to believe that it still continues to serve both the public and itself quite as much as any company of its age.

Here an interesting question occurs—How is it that there are so many flourishing Life companies in Hartford while there is scarcely one in Philadelphia? Is it not because those who undertake the business in the former city are qualified for it, while those who undertake it in the latter

are not? We do not institute the comparison for the purpose of depreciating the "Quaker City," which in many respects deserves to be ranked with the most enlightened cities in the world. We only speak of its underwriters; that these are inferior in intelligence to those of Hartford is beyond dispute. First, their education is vastly inferior; still more inferior is their knowledge of insurance.

Perhaps they need not feel hurt at this, however, as with one or two exceptions, the underwriters of the Modern Athens are no better than they. We frankly admit that if there is a single first-class underwriter in Boston, either Life or Fire, always excepting those belonging to the New England Mutual Life, we are not aware of the fact. Not but educated men abound in Boston; there is no lack of such; the difficulty is that they happen to prefer other pursuits.

The same is the case in Philadelphia; the fraternity has got such a dubious name—there are so many ex-grocers and ex-provision dealers amongst them; that the right class keep aloof. Hence it is that so many of the Quaker City companies bring ruin on themselves and others. In Hartford, upon the other hand, insurance is regarded as a profession and one of the most honorable; accordingly men of the highest education, talent and political and social influence engage in it. We may be permitted to express our regret, in passing, that one member of the fraternity is about to withdraw for the purpose of engaging in a more active mode of life—we mean the accomplished Vice-President of the Phoenix Mutual Life—a gentleman whose agreeable manners and amiable disposition have endeared him, not only to his colleagues, but to a wide circle of friends.

Notwithstanding the remarkable progress made in Insurance, we repeat that the public cannot be too earnestly cautioned against having too much confidence in a certain class of new companies. By this we mean no reflection on Hartford companies more than others; indeed, there are two of the new Hartford companies which we regard as very likely to succeed; we mean the Connecticut General and the Continental; although we possess no statistics which would enable us to form any definite opinion of either. If the former will only emulate the course of the Connecticut Mutual it will not be long before it takes rank among our first companies.

Speaking of the Continental reminds us that we have a new institution of the same name in New York, one, too, which is no mere experiment, but whose success is not doubted by any intelligent person who knows its offices; not to mention its directors, several of whom are among our most prominent merchants, and shrewdest business men. Everybody in New York knows our late assistant-postmaster, Mr. J. P. Rogers, the gentleman who really performed the duties of New York post-master for years, and who gave more universal satisfaction than any one who had previously occupied that important and onerous position. Some time ago Mr.

Rogers retired from the Post-office and aided in establishing the present company, of which, with peculiar fitness, he is now the Secretary. It affords us pleasure to add that he already exhibits an encouraging record. Thus, the company issued its first policy on the 10th of May last; and up to the close of last month it issued 1,832, insuring the handsome total of \$5,241,400—its receipts during the same brief period amounting to \$310,044. We have not had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Justus Lawrence, the President of the Continental, personally, but those for whose opinion we have the highest respect rank him in the first class of Life underwriters. His experience has been ample; having been connected for many years with the Manhattan; and it is he who, in his capacity of Vice-President, has been instrumental in giving the North America whatever influence it possesses among the intelligent portion of the public.

The Globe Mutual Life of New York continues to exhibit remarkable progress. It has now issued many more policies, and done a much larger business, than one of the most successful companies in the world had at the same age—we mean the Equitable. Is not its prospect, then, a brilliant one if it will only equal that sterling institution five years hence? In this case, be it remembered, it would have an income of two millions, and a surplus fund of three millions. Already its assets amount to nearly a million (\$789,248.62) after having paid losses for the year to the amount of \$94,338.30.

We fear the Universal, which commenced operations about the same time does not do so well with its two vice-presidents; although we believe it no longer insures people laboring under consumption, inflammation of the brain, and those various other maladies against which it was originally intended to afford protection. Its distinguished officers find that after all Winston's theories of probabilities are slightly defective, we believe they have discovered that those of Freeman and Bloss of the Globe are much safer and more philosophical in the long run. Accordingly only "first-class healthy lives" will be insured by the Universal in future; that is, it has ceased to be Universal!

Now, if we could only make so free as to give the learned and accomplished underwriters who conduct it a word of advice, we would tell them that the best thing they could do would be to amalgamate with the gentlemen of the National Life. This would give them control of handsome assets at once; nearly, if not quite, \$208,000; nor would either Mr. Jones, or Mr. Halsey, ask them to return to their old plan of insuring patients in the last stage of disease; nay, they might proclaim in as large type as they wished, that "none but persons sound in wind and limb need apply." But we see that Mr. Raymond, of the "Daily Times," is one of the directors of the National; and he is rather shrewd and wide awake to be caught with "Mutual" chaff.

NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION.

Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language.
By M. SCHELE DE VERE, LL. D., Professor of Modern Languages in
the University of Virginia. 12mo., pp. 365. New York: Charles
Scribner & Co. 1867.

We have taken up this volume with a disposition to do full justice to its merits; for the courtesies which we experienced during a tour in the South, while visiting its principal educational institutions, strongly possessed us in favor of the Southern professors as a body. We had the pleasure of meeting amongst them men of high attainments and culture from almost every country in Europe, as well as from New England and our Middle States; although none impressed us more favorably either as educators or gentlemen than native Southerners. Of no part of the South have we more agreeable reminiscences than of Old Virginia; we regret, therefore, that we cannot speak of Professor de Vere's book in the language of approbation. It has so much disappointed us that even after we had the trouble of carefully examining it we would have laid it aside rather than make unpleasant criticisms, but the interest which we take in education precludes us from conniving at what is calculated to retard its progress so far as it exercises any influence.

Our author is much too flippant—too ready to deny the existence of certain things for no better reason than that he has not extended his researches sufficiently far to become acquainted with them. Because he has examined about a dozen of the English poets from Chaucer to Milton and about as many more English prose writers, he regards himself as competent to decide *ex cathedra*, not only on the characteristics of what he calls the Anglo-Saxon, but also on those of about a score of other languages, ancient and modern. It is true that he may have examined works in each of these, too, but we do not see the least evidence of the fact; we think that if he had he would have been much more careful in his statements, and done more credit to himself as a public instructor; that his style would not have been so bombastic as it is; in a word, we think he would have written the language which he praises so highly much more grammatically than he does.

No respectable English author speaks of the English language as "the Anglo-Saxon," but several have condemned the habit of doing so on the part of a certain class, as the result of a vulgar, clannish spirit. Johnson, Addison, Hume, Clarendon, Burke, Smollet, Goldsmith, Coleridge, and Macaulay, speak of our language as "the English," not the Anglo-Saxon. And have not our own greatest thinkers, whether authors or orators, pursued the same course? Surely our language was as much Anglo-

Saxon in the time of Franklin, Henry, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, as it is now; but all those distinguished men were content to call it English. Even the most ignorant of the people of England do not consider themselves Anglo-Saxons, but Englishmen; and if they are not Anglo-Saxons, surely still less are we who are the most heterogeneous of all nations. We very properly call ourselves Americans; then if we must change the title of our language, let us call it the American. There would be some sense in this, but there is really no sense, but a good deal of puerility, in calling it Anglo-Saxon.

This, however, is one of the smallest faults of Professor De Vere. We mention it first, only because it gives an idea of the extent, or rather want of extent, of our author's information. Boys at school may be excused for indulging in exaggerated praise of everything they happen to like. This is a characteristic of youth, but it is one which it is the duty of the Professor to check as much as possible. We may ask, does our author do so when he tells us in the very first sentence of his book that "our great and noble language has yet spread farthest over the globe and now rules the world without a rival." In proof of this we are informed that "more than fifty millions speak it, as their native and only tongue." If the number of millions who speak it is to be regarded as a criterion of its excellence, what shall we say of the Chinese, which, according to the most recent estimates, is spoken by three hundred and ninety millions (390,000,000).

We have the same sort of information on every subject. The Professor tells us, among other things that will be new to most of our readers that "our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had as artistic a fabric of cases for their nouns as Greek grammarian ever recorded" (p. 172). But only a few lines further down in the same page the following observation occurs: "It seems unfortunate enough that we should in our day, and in a living, actively thriving idiom, yet resort to the *quaint artifices and the almost childish language of the ancients, who knew no grammar.*" It is only moderns like Professor De Vere who know grammar. This we are reminded of not once, but several times; but one instance more will be sufficient. We are gravely informed, at page 68, that "the Greeks knew no grammar at all prior to the Alexandrian age."

After some other statements of a similar character, our author asks the very logical question: "How, then, could our poor, ignorant Saxons have one of their own?" It is almost superfluous to remind anyone acquainted with the classic languages that there were Greek grammarians as early as the time of Hesiod, not to mention that of Homer. No scholar who has ever read the Homeric poems has any doubt as to the grammatical knowledge of the author.* Beck tells us that the Greeks, instead

*Vide Schöll. Lit. Gr.; also Koch's Comment. de Rei Critica Epochis, &c.

of paying no attention to grammar, "made the study of the national language as the main scope of literary exertion."^{*} Eschenburg, another learned German philologist remarks that "in the system of mental training, or education, *one of the first parts was grammar*. Although," he adds, "this had reference solely to their native tongue, it was as yet a study comprehending much more than is now usually understood. *The art of speaking and writing correctly, which was made a primary thing in the Greek system*, was termed *Γραμματοτική*, and the teacher *Γραμματογένης*.[†]"

We have evidence of the same fact in the writings of both Plato[‡] and Aristotle.[§] Has not the latter deduced his celebrated Laws from the Homeric poems? Then, on the part of the Romans, who, according to our author, were equally ignorant of grammar, we have the testimony of Quintilian, *passim*. There is no subject on which that excellent author is more explicit and emphatic than on the utility of grammar.^{||}

From the fact that Prof. De Vere speaks so confidently of the grammatical ignorance of the ancients it might be inferred that his own language is a model of grammatical accuracy; but it is so much the reverse that we hope that when he finds such expressions in the compositions of his students, as he frequently uses, he does not hesitate to expunge them. In his very first page he has the following sentence after one of those quotations from the poets which he has always at hand to settle disputed points: "The prophecy *has come true*; and whenever on this wide earth *men* may meet in the *merchant's busy marts*, or on the prairies and pampas of America, amid the nomadic tribes of Asia, or *in the mysterious heart of the land of Ham*, ice-bound in polar regions, or becalmed under the tropics—everywhere *they* may hear words familiar to their ear and dear to their heart."

Our author charges the classic Greeks and Romans with using "childish language;" but what sort of language is this? We know many children who can speak much more lucidly and more grammatically. Not one member of the sentence we have quoted is correct. It is bad "Anglo-Saxon" to say "the prophecy has come true." Are there any other "marts" than "merchants'?" Are there lawyer's marts, physician's marts, or clergymen's marts? As well say "a soldier's cannon." Passing over "the mysterious heart of the land of Ham" in the same sentence, we come to inquire, who are the favored people that "may hear everywhere

^{*} Comment. de literis et auctoribus Graec. atque Latin.

[†] Archaeology of Greek Literature; Part IV. p. 338.

[‡] See dialogue between Socrates, Philebus and Protarchus. Plato's Works, vol. iv., p. 20.

[§] "But purity in speaking our language," says the Stagirite, "is the foundation of all style, &c. Aristotle's Rhetoric, vol. iii., chap. iv.

^{||} Primus in eo, qui legendi scribendiisque adeptus erit facultatem, grammaticis, est locus. Nec refert, de Graeco aut de Latino loquar; quanquam Gracem esse priorem placet. Lib. I., c. iv. See also Lib. IX. 1, 4; X., 1, 52, 54, &c.

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words familiar to their ear and dear to their hearts?" The answer is "men." If there be no men but those who speak the Anglo-Saxon, then this part of the sentence is intelligible; otherwise we confess it passes our comprehension. Page 28 happens to open to us, and we find in it such grammar as, "and from *there* into Wales, &c." Turning over three or four pages more we read as follows: "The King and his followers, the courts of justice, the haughty barons and the insolent soldiers—they all spoke Latin-French" (p. 33). Elsewhere our author speaks of the dissemination of training (p. 46), as if training were a thing one could sow (*semino*) like seed (*semen*). In our own country the "almost universal training" thus disseminated is producing some wonderful results. "Here," says our author, "even the masses have learned to understand, or at least instinctively to feel, the meaning of words like *extempore*, *sine qua non*, *status in quo*, *vice versa*, &c., &c." (p. 46).

It must be admitted that "masses" who "feel the meaning" of Latin words by instinct are very clever; their instinct must be nearly as fully developed as their reason. Be this as it may, we would suggest to our author that he would do well to revise his "Studies in English" before another edition is called for; but we think he would do better if he got some discreet friend to aid him. He must not think that he awakens any prejudice in us by praising the "Anglo-Saxon" language; it is our mother-tongue as well as his, though we call it a different name. We yield to none in our admiration of its many good qualities; but this is no reason why we should declare it superior to all other dialects ancient and modern, and think "*it would certainly be the best fitted for universal adoption*," "were it not obscured by its *whimsically antiquated orthography*" (p. 67).

A Pictorial History of the United States, with notices of other portions of America, North and South. By S. G. GOODRICH, author of "Peter Parley's Tales." 12mo., pp. 516. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co., 1867.

No school history has more agreeably surprised us than this, although we have examined a pretty large number on both sides of the Atlantic within the last twenty years. The author has not merely managed to compress into it an incredible amount of information; he has omitted no important incident or fact which transpired in this country from the landing of Columbus to the beginning of the present year. The narratives of events and the comments upon them; the descriptions of particular scenes and memorable places, and the personal sketches of those who have in any manner, directly or indirectly, distinguished themselves in connection with the New World, are all necessarily brief; but so graphic and lucid as to present no difficulty to the young student while impressing him with a lively, enlightened interest in the story of his country—a result is greatly facilitated by the pictorial illustrations, which include por-

traits of all historical personages from Christopher Columbus to President Johnson, together with maps, battle scenes, etc., etc.

We have narratives of all our wars in this edition, including our last —just sufficient particulars being given to induce the intelligent reader to extend his researches; for it will be used as a hand-book in the family library as well as a text-book in schools and academies. It is rendered all the more worthy of this general appreciation from the decidedly liberal, cosmopolitan spirit which everywhere pervades it. Far from pandering to the prejudices of any sect, party, or clique, its tendency is to show that we should all be tolerant of each other's opinions, and that, if we act differently, we shall sooner or later render ourselves odious or ridiculous. In illustration of this characteristic of the work we refer to the account, in Chapter LI, on "Religious Persecution in New England." There is no enlightened New Englander who would not blush for his fanatical ancestors on reading this. It reminds us that the Puritans learned no lesson of tolerance or humanity from their own experience in having been forced by persecution to abandon their country forever and seek new homes beyond the Atlantic, in a place that was literally a wilderness; but no sooner found themselves settled in America than they began to practise a still more absurd and cruel persecution themselves. At the head of this chapter is a cut, which ludicrously enough represents a Quaker trial; and we are told in the text that "the penalty of bringing a Quaker into the province was one hundred pounds sterling, and the Quaker himself was to receive twenty lashes, and be sentenced to hard labor."

This, it will be admitted, was rather rough treatment; but we quote another remark or two: "Still worse than even this afterward happened. In 1657 it was decreed that Quakers coming into the province *should have their tongues bored with a hot iron* and be banished." (p. 116.) It was not in Massachusetts or New England alone that laws of this kind were enacted in colonial times. The volume before us records the fact that, "in 1700 the Assembly of New York passed an act against 'Jesuits and Popish priests,' which was followed by a similar law in Massachusetts the same year. These were accordingly compelled to leave those provinces." It need hardly be remarked that it was the Puritans who did the intolerant work in both cases. The chapter on persecution concludes with the following judicious remark: "It required many years of experience and reflection, even in America, to make the people see the folly of persecution on account of religious opinions." We trust that there will never again be anything of the kind; and books of this kind are well calculated to prevent it.

No State has made so much progress in enlightenment as Massachusetts, and it is pleasant to add that precisely in proportion as her schools and colleges have improved has the spirit of intolerance and

persecution diminished among her people. If it be not yet entirely extinct, we are bound to remember that no system of education, however excellent, has ever yet succeeded in enlightening all having an opportunity of enjoying its advantages. At the present day the majority of the people of Massachusetts are intelligent; hence it is that there is no longer any persecution. Had the contrary been the case, the enlightened portion, however liberal and tolerant, could not have prevented it any more than the sages and philosophers of Athens, aided by their numerous disciples and students, could have prevented the execution of Socrates and Phocian, and the banishment of Themistocles, Plato, Aristotle, and many other illustrious men.

Another commendable feature in the volume before us is, that it makes no invidious comparisons between different races or nationalities, but treats all branches of the great Caucasian family alike. No effort is made to impress on the youthful mind the theory, at once vulgar, erroneous, and pernicious, that the Anglo-Saxon is superior to all others. Instead of exciting discord and strife in this manner among a people so heterogeneous as ours, the "Pictorial History of the United States" does justice to the good qualities of each race, treating all who have distinguished themselves in the service of their Republic, not as English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, &c., but as men to whom the gratitude of the nation is due, and who, whatever may be their race, deserve to be ranked with the noblest of mankind.

The negro is treated with the same intelligent regard for the lessons of experience. No attempt is made to depreciate his characteristics, nor yet to inspire him with a feeling of self-importance, which could only tend to injure his prospects and embitter his life, although the temptation to the latter is very strong at the present day. Nor is the subject of slavery passed over; but it is not made the pretext of either abusing or eulogizing any people; in other words, it is treated in an historical, not in a partisan, spirit. We are reminded in a note that "the practice of holding human beings as slaves appears to have existed from the earliest ages;" that "it existed among the Jews even before the time of Moses;" also among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans.

It is well that our youths should be made aware that no particular odium should attach to the recent slaveholders of the South more than to any other people, since the greatest and most refined nations of the ancient and modern world have maintained slavery as an institution—not alone negro slavery, but also that of whites conquered in battle. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been needless; now, however, when the negro has, all of a sudden, become so very dear to a certain class, it may be added that if some mulattoes of a tolerably white skin have been sold into slavery, as we are so often informed, some of the noblest of the Caucasian race have been sold in a similar manner, including even the divine Plato.

None are more glad than we that slavery is abolished; we have never regarded it in any better light than a misfortune in which the slaveholding state fully participated by the injury inflicted on its civilization. At the same time, we have never thought that any slaveholding people should be blamed for it more than another, except so far as their treatment of their slaves was more cruel; and we believe it is universally admitted that, except in rare instances, none have been so indulgent to their negro slaves as the people of our Southern States. But had it been otherwise, it would have been bad policy to continue to reproach them for it. And the same remark applies with equal force to the late rebellion, which is treated in a similar spirit in the "Pictorial History of the United States." None can question the loyalty of the author; but it is the most loyal who are most conciliatory and least disposed to vengeance in such circumstances, when sensible men. Even despots find it their own interest to grant general amnesties to those who have sought to overthrow their government. We have shown more than once in these pages that this is the course advised by the most eminent writers on the law of nations; we have shown that there are no worse enemies to a nation, whatever may be their intentions, than those who excite strife and discord between the different parties who compose it, whether on account of polities, religion, or difference of race. We have urged, upon the other hand, that there can be no true restoration of the Union until all who have influence on the public mind exercise that influence in favor of mutual forgiveness and good will between North and South.

There can be no better medium for this than a school history which is likely to be generally adopted as such both in the South and North; and thus it is that we have taken these pains with the volume before us. We have never agreed with those who think that a school-book should be dismissed with a few brief remarks; we think, on the contrary, that there are few novels, or even poems, which claim so much attention, since the instruction we receive at school, especially what we are taught in the history of our own country, has an enduring influence on our feelings, whether for good or evil.

The value of the present enlarged edition is much enhanced by its copious index and pronouncing dictionary of proper names. Its annotations also form an excellent feature; as is often the case in the best works, these footnotes often contain more important and more interesting information than the text. The questions for examination are comparatively few; this we regard as a decided improvement in view of the fact that most school-books of the present day are overburdened with questions not one-third of which are either appropriate or useful. In general they bewilder the student rather than aid him. In the present volume only such questions are given as seem necessary to impress the more important facts in the text more fully on the mind than a mere perusal, however careful,

would be likely to accomplish. It is needless to recommend to our readers a text-book of this character; its intrinsic merits are a sufficient recommendation to all intelligent parents and teachers.

Physiology and the Laws of Health. For the use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By EDWARD JARVIS, M. D. 12mo., pp. 427. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1866.

Our academies and colleges should feel highly complimented by having a work of this character prepared for their use; if not, the author must think that they are easily satisfied with a text book. Be this as it may, his work has no just claim to be considered a treatise on physiology. What it is in reality might be inferred from the preface, which commences thus: "Every human being is appointed to take the charge of his own body. He must supply its wants, direct its powers, regulate its actions, and thus sustain his life. This responsibility for the care of health takes precedence of all others, and requires the earliest attention to prepare to meet it. Before any one can have any use for other knowledge he must know how to live."

Perhaps the Doctor could tell us what time this appointment is made, or how is the charge taken? If "every human being" *must* do all that is said in the second sentence, then he needs no learned or unlearned doctor to instruct him. But can any man "direct" the "powers" or "regulate" the "actions" of his body? We think not, and we will assign a reason or two for our opinion. None will deny that the circulation of the blood is one of the "actions" of the body; but who is so wise or so learned that he can always regulate his own circulation? There are various secretions formed in our bodies for different purposes; but which of us can "regulate" them? Which of us can "direct the powers" of our lungs, heart, or even stomach? Nay, is it true of the body, even, that every human being must supply its wants? Is it not notorious, alas! that there are many who *cannot* and, therefore, *must* not? But the most absurd remark in the passage we have quoted is the last: "Before any one can have any use for other knowledge he must know how to live." This theory might suit the work before us very well. If the student were ignorant of everything else, then he might learn from Jarvis's "Physiology" how to live—that is, as the vegetables do. But does it not require some knowledge even to read and understand Dr. Jarvis? Would he say that there is no use for such?

The two or three sentences which we have thus transcribed from the preface give a very good idea, brief as they are, of what we *may expect* in the body of the work. We do not mean, however, that it contains nothing useful or worthy of attention, for this would be neither correct nor just. What we do mean is that it is unfit to be used in any respectable school as a text-book, not to mention either an academy or college, for the reason that it simply consists of extracts taken from different

"popular" works, relating chiefly to food and its digestion, exercise and rest, respiration, &c.; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that it is compiled from such publications.

Now, be it observed that we would not have it thrown aside on this account. Nor would we advise any one not to buy it. On the contrary, we would recommend it to those parents in the country who have not the opportunity or the means to have their children properly instructed in physiology. Such would find many useful hints in it and derive benefit from its perusal. But it lacks that systematic arrangement, appropriateness of expression, and accuracy of statement which are essential to a text-book. The compiler is too fond of illustrating his theories by tedious stories, which are rather suggestive of the quacks who have always wonderful cures to relate as an encouragement to others to take "a few bottles more." Thus, "A young man at Waltham, Massachusetts, was very feeble, but not sick," &c. (p. 289). He walked more than a thousand miles in forty-two days, and this cured him. The first day three miles fatigued him, and the last day he felt sufficient energy to visit his young friends in the neighborhood after having walked forty miles. (p. 290.) Does not this show that the "movement cure" is no humbug? Again, we have an account of a student who preferred to study rather than play about. Although nothing remarkable happened to him for several years, the day of retribution came at last, and how awfully he did suffer, according to our author! None have more confidence than we in proper exercise as a means of preserving or improving the health. But we have no confidence in sensational stories, but think they are out of place in text-books.

Dr. Jarvis gives no index to his "Physiology;" but in lieu thereof we have twenty-eight small type pages of "questions." Not a few of these are curious, such, for example, as "How long may we safely eat?" "Who will not err in his diet?" "What is one proof of Divine benevolence and wisdom?" "What question is still discussed?" "What is the general belief in regard to diet?" &c. But enough. We have no personal knowledge of the author. We wish to do him no ill. We condemn his Physiology as a text-book simply because it is one of the worst we have ever examined and because there is no need to use such while really good works are to be had quite as cheap as this.

A Grammar of the Latin Language for the use of Schools, with Exercises and Vocabularies. By WILLIAM BINGHAM, A. M., Superintendent of the Bingham School. 12mo, pp. 338. Philadelphia: E. H. BUTLER & Co: 1867.

WE are much pleased with this work, and we think that any intelligent teacher who examines it as carefully as we have done will be similarly impressed by its merits. It first attracted our attention as being in

strict accordance with the system of teaching Latin which we have frequently recommended in these pages. The great fault of the Latin grammars generally used in our colleges as well as high schools, at the present day, is that they treat that majestic and noble tongue as if it were one of the occult sciences; they give the students nothing but "rules and exceptions;" no specimens of the language to familiarize them with its form and structure, and encourage them to persevere in its study. Thus, they are expected to commit to memory an enormous amount of dry details *about* Latin before any real effort is made to show them what Latin is.

Even in natural history, no description of an animal, however graphic, will give us so clear an idea of his color, size, general outline, and strength, as an ocular examination of him. Supposing we agree with those who, not content with calling the Latin a dead language, call it a fossil, what naturalist is so learned and skilful as to be able to determine the precise species to which the fossil of an animal belongs if he is only presented with some small fragments of bone—no vertebra, no femur, no tibia, no complete section of the skull? A few Latin words here and there, conjugated or declined, can give the student as little idea of the language of Cicero and Virgil as a few splinters from the extremities of the bones of the mastodon can give of the form and strength of that ancient animal.

In those European countries in which Latin is best taught and known this principle is generally recognized by those who compile Latin grammars; accordingly, most of them not only give extracts from Latin authors as specimens; they also give a large proportion of the rules in Latin, so as to render it necessary that the student habituate himself to the use of the language. So far as we have seen, this has not been attempted hitherto in this country. The nearest approach to it is made by Professor Bingham in the work now before us; and we may add that it is perhaps the nearest approach to it which is yet called for, or which would be justified by the extent to which the language is studied amongst us. We think this will be admitted by intelligent professors when we remark that in the volume before us, Latin extracts from the classic authors, together with vocabularies, are presented to the student at the end of every series of rules, alternating with passages in English to be translated into Latin; each simple and brief at the beginning and becoming somewhat difficult and elaborate in proportion as the rules are learned and the general principles of the language become familiar. Thus, the synthetical and analytical processes are happily combined by Professor Bingham.

We do not mean that the system is new; indeed, it is an old system in Europe with the best teachers; and, what is more, no system has succeeded so well. The credit due to the author of the present volume is

that of introducing it into this country in a manner that must recommend it to all who are capable of appreciating the difference between a wilderness of rules and exceptions, and a judicious combination of rules, exceptions, and practical illustrations. Indeed, the only fault we have to find with "Bingham's Latin Grammar" is that it has no alphabetical index. It is true that its table of contents is both copious and admirably arranged. We also do the author the justice to admit that we know teachers eminent for their success who are of opinion that a full alphabetical index to an elementary text-book has a tendency to produce indolent habits. Be this as it may, if Prof. Bingham has not furnished an index, he has given in its stead what has cost him much more labor than a complete index would have cost—namely, a Latin-English and an English-Latin vocabulary. This occupies forty-four pages, double column, and small type—the whole characterized by remarkable accuracy. The work has several other features which it would afford us pleasure to point out were we not limited just now in time and space; but we think that the characteristics which we have indicated fully justify us in recommending the work as one which will prove a desideratum both to teacher and student.

TRAVELS.

New America. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. 12mo., pp. 495. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1867.

The gentlemen who reprint this work are always ready to help themselves to any foreign book which they think will pay without paying anything for it save the cost of publication, while none give less encouragement to American authors. Accordingly we sometimes find their imprint on a good foreign work, but very rarely on a good American work, because, in general, the author of the latter has to be paid a decent price, whereas the Messrs. Lippincott want to get everything "cheap." The difficulty is that in searching the foreign market for something taking, their judgment which is rather defective at best, is apt to fail them. This has been the case in the present instance.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon writes in very respectable English. He is undoubtedly an educated, intelligent man; but nevertheless his "New America" is an exceedingly dull book. Although originally published in England, it is evident that it was chiefly intended for American readers. His countrymen can hardly blame Mr. Dixon for this, since they did not appreciate his former productions. He wrote his "Holy Land" and "William Penn," and John Bull persistently refused to read either. What less could our author do, then, than to eulogise "New America?" Did not Tacitus do something similar to "spite" the Romans? He travelled into Germany and portrayed the ancient Germans as a model people in every

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respect, except that they were not yet quite so refined or temperate as they might be. The startled Romans immediately betook themselves to the perusal of the historian's previous works. Perhaps the present performance will have a similar effect. Be this as it may, certain it is that we were never praised before as we are by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Instead of the rude, vulgar, half-witted people without either decency or honesty, we used to be only a few brief years ago, we are now refined, high-minded, conscientious, &c., &c.; in short, we are worthy of the great Anglo-Saxon people from whom we have sprung; nay, we are Anglo-Saxons of the pure breed, and this is the only thing that will, or rather may, save us from the domination of the blacks, which would be inevitable in a very short time did we belong to any less noble race!

As we are, even our vices have redeeming features—at least those of the genuine Anglo-Saxon type. This is true, for example, of Mormonism; and, accordingly, our author rather admires itself and its prophets and prophetesses. It seems that Brigham Young has been grossly misrepresented. What if he has a score or two of wives and as many concubines as he cares for; he is, nevertheless, an honest, conscientious man, and the tendency of his system seems salutary upon the whole. Spiritualism, negroism, and even the excrescence which so many of ourselves regard as a blemish on our civilization—are treated by our author in the same *couleur de rose* style.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Dixon wants to remind us that we are not quite equal, in some important respects, to the great people "at home;" but he would not say so himself for the world; he only gives the opinion of some Bostonian, New Yorker, or Philadelphian, whose perception and taste are in advance of those of his neighbors. Of course, we cannot be offended at what one of ourselves thinks of us, even though he depreciates our ladies, because they have not as large bosoms as their English grandmothers, or have certain other faults.

Some will question whether this course is proper or manly. Many will ask, if a critic sees faults, why not point them out openly and criticise them? And it must be remembered that it is as a critic Mr. Dixon wishes to be known; although the *Athenæum*, of which he is the editor, has become rather eulogistic than critical under his auspices. But taking "New America" as it is, who will say that it will do us as much good as any of the books that have openly criticised us, not excepting Dickens's "American Notes." Indiscriminate eulogies on nations never answer any useful purpose, except as a lesson to future eulogists. Take, for example, the book which of all others mostly resembles this, namely, Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories;" what good has it accomplished anywhere? Of all the author's productions it has been the least read; even those whom it praised most thought she was rather unprofitably employed in writing it; and Mrs. Stowe has far more talent, and is a much more acute observer than Mr. Dixon.

We will give a specimen or two of the sort of information which the world receives in the volume before us. In mourning over the vice that prevails in New York—which like almost every place in New America, is highly praised—our author kindly says that although we are more vicious than the denizens of any other city, we should hardly be blamed for it, since it is caused by the disparity of the sexes; that is, we have not women enough to furnish wives for all the men who want to marry. This will be news to our census commissioners, who tell us that far from being in the minority, the women of our large cities are more numerous than the men; and had they made any different report, daily observation would have satisfied any intelligent person that it was erroneous. But let our author speak for himself:

"Think what this large excess of men over women entails, in the way of trial, on American society—think what a state that country must be in which counts up in its fields, in its cities, seven hundred and thirty thousand unmarried men !

"Bear in mind that these crowds of prosperous fellows are not bachelors by choice, selfish dogs, woman-haters, men useless to themselves and to the world in which they live. They are average young men, busy and pushing; fellows who would rather fall into love than into sin; who would be fond of their wives and proud of their children if society would only provide them with lawful mates. What are they now? An army of monks without the defense of a religious vow. These seven hundred and thirty-thousand bachelors have never promised to be chaste; many of them, it may be feared, regard the tenth commandment as little more than a paper law. You say to them in effect, 'You are not to pluck these flowers, not to trample on these borders, if you please.' Suppose that they will not please? How is the unwedded youth to be hindered from coveting his neighbor's wife? You know what Naples is, what Munich is. You have seen the condition of Liverpool, Cadiz, Antwerp, Livorno; of every city, of every port, in which there is a floating population of single men; but in which of these cities do you find any approach to New York, in the show of open and triumphant vice?"

"Men who know New York far worse than myself, assure me that in depth and darkness of iniquity, neither Paris in its private haunts, nor London in its open streets, can hold a candle to it. Paris may be subtler, London may be grosser, in its vices; but for largeness of depravity, for domineering insolence of sin, for rowdy callousness to censure, they tell me the Atlantic city finds no rival on the earth."—pp. 266 and 267.

This, to be sure, is a gloomy picture, but we are graciously excused for being so much more vicious than others, because women are so scarce among us! Singularly enough, all our "isms" are produced by the same cause. Because our ladies are so few they must be engaged in all kinds of naughty tricks. An ordinary philosopher would view the subject in the opposite light; that is, he would infer from the vagaries alluded to that the ladies had nothing better to do—no husbands to please, consequently no babies to take care of, no pies to make, &c. But Mr. Hepworth Dixon knows better than this.

"On the other side, this demand for mates who can never be supplied, not in one place only, but in every place alike, affects the female mind with a variety of plagues; driving your sister into a thousand restless agita-

tions about her rights and powers ; into debating woman's era in history, woman's place in creation, woman's mission in the family ; into public hysteria, into table-rapping, into anti-wedlock societies, into theories about free love, natural marriage, and artistic maternity ; into anti-offspring resolutions, into sectarian polygamy, into free trade of the affections, into community of wives. Some part of this wild disturbance of the female mind, it may be urged, is due to the freedom and prosperity which women find in America as compared against what they enjoy in Europe ; but this freedom, this prosperity, are in some degree, at least, the consequences of that disparity in numbers which makes the hand of every young girl in the United States a positive prize."—p. 268.

What a handsome compliment is here paid to the ladies ! May they not now regard themselves as having a *carte blanche* to do—what they like ? Whatever unhandsome thing they may do, it is evidently not their fault, but their misfortune, because there is not enough of them to keep quiet ! Accordingly our author would not say a word against them. He will only put the lash into the hands of "a bluff yankee," somewhat bedaubing it before he does so. First we are told, on the authority of an American that "the American lady has made no American home;" this of course he does not believe ; but he proceeds to give the opinions of others, as follows :

" What do you say, now, to our ladies ? " said to me a bluff Yankee, as we sat last night under the veranda, here in the hotel at Saratoga. " Charming," of course, I answered, " pale, delicate, bewitching ; dashing, too, and radiant." " Hoo ! " cried he, putting up his hands ; " they are just not worth a d——. They can't walk, they can't ride, they can't nurse." " Ah, you have no wife," said I, in a soothing tone. " A wife !" he shouted ; " I should kill her." " With kindness ? " " Ugh ! " he answered ; " with a poker. Look at these chits here, dawdling by the fountain. What are they doing now ? what have they done all day ? Fed and dressed. They have changed their clothes three times, and had their hair washed, combed, and curled three times. That is their life. Have they been out for a walk, for a ride ? Have they read a book ? have they sewn a seam ? Not a bit of it. How do your ladies spend their time ? They put on good boots, they tuck up their skirts, and hark away through the country lanes. I was in Hampshire once ; my host was a duke ; his wife was out before breakfast, with clogs on her feet and roses on her cheeks ; she rode to the hunt, she walked to the copse ; a ditch would not frighten her, a hedge would not turn her back. Why, our women, poor, pale——." " Come," I said, " they are very lovely." " Ugh ! " said the saucy fellow, " they have no bone, no fibre, no juice ; they have only nerves ; but what can you expect ? They eat pearlash for bread ; they drink ice-water for wine ; they wear tight stays, thin shoes, and barrel skirts. Such things are not fit to live, and, thank God, in a hundred years not one of their descendants will be left alive."—pp. 269 and 270.

How conveniently Mr. Dixon meets with "a bluff Yankee" who thinks so much of the women of England and so little of his own countrywomen ! Of course "he had got an inkling of the truth"—"there must be lack of vital power," &c. But there is a class of American women which has pleased our author quite well ; more than once he becomes quite enthusiastic in his admiration of the Mormon women. Thus, in speaking of one, he says : " The most famous, perhaps, of these

ladies is Eliza Snow, the poetess, a lady universally respected for her fine character, universally applauded for her fine talents."—(p. 205.)

In short, our author thinks as highly of the Mormons, male and female, as he does of the blacks, and it will be seen in due time that the latter are a great people in his estimation. Now, let it be remembered, what is the chief cause of vice in New York, according to Mr. Dixon—that we are vicious because we have not women enough. We do not attend to our business on this account, and the worst consequences follow as natural results. With admirable consistency he presents us the other side of the picture in Utah: "They (the Mormons) live and thrive, and men who live by their own labor, thrive by their own enterprise, cannot be altogether mad. Their streets are clean, their houses bright, their gardens fruitful. Peace reigns in their cities. Harlots and drunkards are unknown there. They keep open more common schools than any other sect in the United States" (p. 171). What an excellent people! who would not like to live amongst them? But is it not remarkable that while this disparity of the sexes produces such deplorable results in New York and Philadelphia, especially the former, its effects in Utah are so favorable?

A paucity of men, it seems, does no injury to a country, but rather good, provided that each individual has from four to ten wives. "But granted," says our author, "that by either good or evil means they could get the women into their church, it is idle to deny that the possession of *such a treasure* gives them enormous powers of increase. One man may be the father of a hundred children. One woman can hardly be the mother of a score!" (p. 211.) Thus, in New York, where women are so scarce, they occupy themselves with all kinds of vagaries, whereas in Utah, where they are so abundant in proportion to the other sex, they have time for nothing but rearing children, &c. We are bound to believe, therefore, that a hundred women with a hundred husbands have more time to run about, deliver lectures, make tables turn, discuss free love and "artistic maternity," than if they had only twenty or even a dozen husbands between them!

There is neither liar, hypocrite, nor rogue to be seen among the Mormons (p. 208); and, accordingly, they are very much like the English, as, indeed, are all good or great people. Brigham himself is quite a respectable personage. Ergo, his type is to be found "at home," and so is that of his wife for a similar reason, as may be seen from the following description:

"We saw Brigham Young for the first time in his private box. A large head, broad, fair face, with blue eyes, light-brown hair, good nose and merry mouth; a man plainly dressed, in black coat and pantaloons, white waistcoat and cravat, gold studs and sleeve-links, English in build and looks,—but English of the middle class and of a provincial town: such was the Mormon prophet, pope, and king, as we first saw him in the theatre among his people. A lady, one of his wives, whom we afterwards came

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to know as Amelia, sat with him in the box ; she, too, was dressed in a quiet English style ; and now and then she eyed the audience from behind her curtain, through an opera glass, as English ladies are apt to do at home. She was pretty, and appeared to us then rather pensive and poetical."—p. 146.

In short, our author likes the Mormons so well, that he devotes eighteen chapters to them—a considerable proportion of his book ; but much more could have been put into one chapter by a graphic, terse pen than he gives altogether ; and if he has noted anything that will be new even in England, or which the English public as well as ourselves have not been familiar with for years, it has escaped our attention, always excepting such "facts" as those we have noted.

If the black were only an Anglo-Saxon, he would be equal to the Mormon, at least in elevation of character. "The fact is," we are told, "the negro is the coming man" (p. 467). It is added that he is already "courted, flattered, cajoled," and reasons which are substantial, if true, are assigned for the fact (*Ib.*). Our author mentions several qualities which he tells us fit the negro for a very high form of civil life. "Some negroes," he adds, "are rich and learned, practice at the bar, preach from the pulpit, strut upon the stage" (p. 468). In proof of the justice of his estimate he gives us an account of a conversation he had with a negro of his acquaintance, with whom he went about Richmond to see the negro schools. Since the negroes are such bright, brave, excellent people as they are described by Mr. Dixon, it is not strange that so many Northerners have so long been of opinion that the white Southerners would be improved by inter-marriage with the blacks, though the fact will be new to many of our readers. But let us hear our author :

" Many good people in the North had begun to think it would be well for these pale and bilious shadows of the South, to marry their sons and daughters to such highly-gifted and emotional creatures, with a view to restoring the strength and thickening the fibre of their race. When the war broke out, this feeling spread ; as it raged and stormed, this feeling deepened : and now, when the war is over, and the South lies prostrate, there is a party in New England, counting women in its ranks, who would be glad, if they could find a way, to marry the whole white population, living south of Richmond, to the blacks. Again and again I have heard men, grave of face and clean of life, declare in public, and to sympathizing hearers, that a marriage of white and black would improve the paler stock."—p. 466.

We feel that we have occupied far too much space and time with "New America;" which, let us regard it in any light we may, is a decided failure. Whatever may be the faults of our English cousins, no genuine Englishman is without more or less of that quality which he himself, happily enough, calls "pluck." If he entertains adverse opinions of any country or people, he says so honestly and fearlessly, and does not seek to fatter them on "a bluff Yankee" or anybody else. In short, neither the sneaking insinuation nor the fulsome toadyism of this book is British in any sense.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Calvary—Virginia. Tragedies. By LAUGHTON OSBORN. 12mo., pp. 200, New York : Doolady. 1857.

In general Mr. Doolady exhibits considerable judgment in his selections; it is but seldom that we have had any serious fault to find with his publications. Nor does the one now before us form an exception; although we do not think that Laughton Osborn will ever occupy a high rank among tragic writers. He may succeed in other departments of literature, but we can assure him in all kindness that tragedy is not his forte; nor is poetry in any form. After making full allowance for the disadvantages under which he has labored in treating the subjects he has chosen, we see nothing to justify us in the opinion that he would have succeeded under more favorable circumstances.

The incidents which he has attempted to dramatise in "Calvary" are at once too familiar and too mysterious. Even Milton has failed in his "Paradise Regained." The life and death of Christ are so fully detailed in the New Testament that it would require a genius of a high order to invest the subject with that air of novelty which is essential to the drama. This is admirably illustrated in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, although not a drama in the strict sense of the term. There is no intelligent person who has read that truly sublime poem who has not observed a vast difference between the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*; but a still greater difference between the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, the latter being greatly inferior to either of the former.

The reason is obvious enough; while neither sacred nor profane history has much to say on what passes in purgatory or hell, each is quite copious on what relates to paradise considered as the happiness derived by man from the death of Christ.

If, however, it be urged that paradise is not familiar, being *extra terram*, the same claim cannot be made for Calvary. That the events which took place at Calvary were in the highest degree tragic is beyond dispute; but, as already observed, all the incidents and circumstances that led to it are so fully described that but little room is left for the exercise of the fancy. Were it otherwise, we think there would still be some objection to the exhibition of Jesus, the Archangels, Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene Simon Peter, &c., on the stage, at least in the style in which it is done in Laughton Osborn's "Calvary."

Milton was content to commence his *Paradise Lost* with what took place on our own sphere—"man's first disobedience," &c. Homer soared no higher at the outset than the wrath of Achilles. Nor has Virgil attempted a different course. But our present author lays his first scene in heaven, and his first speakers are Raphael and Michael, who have a

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chorus of angels, though, in sooth, rather a discordant one. In Scene III. Jesus, Mary and Martha appear, the *locus* being "A room in the dwelling of Jesus' Mother." If the dialogue which takes place between the Saviour of mankind and his Mother had been intended for a burlesque it could hardly have seemed to us more profane. But we cheerfully do the author the justice to believe that he means well throughout. Mary addresses Jesus, "O my darling!" and tells him that what He says is to happen makes her "blood curdle." In another part of the same dialogue she is made to say :

"I am thy mother, Jesus, and my heart
Warms to thee now as when I first beheld thee
After my weary travails," &c.—(p. 9.)

When Martha enters Mary appeals to her, as if she had more influence on Jesus than herself, thus :

"Kneel with me, Martha ! *He has love for thee.*
Tell him he kills me ! Tell him !—"

The first scene of the second act is laid in hell, and the interlocutors are Lucifer and Beelzebub, who have a chorus of evil spirits which differs very slightly, if anything, from the chorus of angels, except that the former is, perhaps, a little more lugubrious than the latter. Next come Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene. Judas speaks quite idiomatically. "Ugh!" he says, "and the lamp looks dying." She replies : "Be not displeas'd, dear Judas." (p. 15.) Further on in the same dialogue she addresses him :

"That starv'd look worries me ; and, oh ! the chill
Of this unwholesome lodging !"—(p. 15.)

We have not yet got beyond the second act ; and the tragedy extends to five acts, occupying seventy-four pages. Under these circumstances we think our readers will excuse us if we cannot proceed any farther in this direction.

Virginina is a better effort than "Calvary," but we are very much afraid that it will not succeed as a tragedy. The Romans, male and female, are made to express themselves considerably more like New Yorkers than is in strict accordance with the truth of history. The following is a pretty favorable specimen :

Icili.—"I am Icilius, and should the people
The sole legitimate source of sovereign rule,
For that they are the many, and their thews
Strain to heave up, to prop and keep sustain'd
The edifice whose chambers ye but fill."—(p. 103.)

Fernando Wood could hardly have expressed himself more democratically or more patriotically than this when a candidate for Governor of the State. We cheerfully admit, however, that there are some good passages in *Virginina*, but we hope we shall be excused if we prefer to let the reader discover them for himself.

Before we conclude we beg to give the author one word of advice, which we trust he will accept in the same friendly, benevolent spirit in which it is offered. He announces to us on one of the fly-leaves of this volume that the two pieces we have just glanced at "are the first of a series of *nineteen*, which, with the exception of two, are now completed and ready for the press." This is followed by the titles of ten tragedies and seven comedies! We have no doubt that Mr. Osborn is as much at home in comedy as he is in tragedy; nay, we think he is more successful in exciting laughter even when he does not mean to do so, than he is in drawing forth tears when most tragically inclined. At the same time, we would advise him to withhold his "*Silver Head*" and "*Double Deceit*" (comedies) until the people are much more predisposed to laughter than they are at present, and have more time and money to spare.

1. *Snow Flakes: A Chapter from the Book of Nature.* 4^{to}, pp. 146.

2. *Frank's Search for Sea Shells.* 24mo., pp. 352.
Boston : American Tract Society.

These two volumes deserve to stand side by side in the most select family library. Each is devoted to a particular series of the beauties of nature; and it is difficult to decide to which we should give the preference for the just admiration it excites for the works of the Creator, even in what we are wont to regard as their simplest forms. A snow flake is a beautiful object to look upon under any circumstances; but it is only when viewed with the microscope that it reveals to us those chaste and elegant outlines in which Nature surpasses the highest perfection of art.

In the first volume, at the head of these remarks, there are several finely executed engravings, which represent a large variety of snow-crystals sketched at different times during the last century by navigators and scientific men. The specimens thus given are taken principally from those described by Dr. Nettis, Captain Scoresby, and Mr. James Glaisher, of Lewisham, England—gentlemen whose skill and accuracy in this curious department of science have secured for them a European fame, which is now extended, by this tasteful and attractive volume, to the New World.

The plates, which are really worth the price of the whole volume, are each accompanied by appropriate passages in poetry and prose, selected from various authors who have written more or less on the beauties of the snow. Among these selections is a fine poem from the Dublin University Magazine, entitled "The Spirit of the Snow," which many of our readers will remember; but it is one of those happy effusions replete with beauty, grace and melody which have an enduring freshness for the lover of

poetry. Other gems of similar water are Longfellow's "Winter," Whittier's "Pass of the Sierra," Bryant's "Snow Shower," and Eliza Cook's "Time of Snow." It always affords us sincere pleasure to examine a book of this kind; and we are satisfied that there is no intelligent person to whom we recommend it who will not feel disposed to thank us for doing so.

The transition from the Snow Flakes to the Sea Shells presents an agreeable contrast. In the one as well as in the other we see the hand of the same all-wise Artificer. Beautiful beyond description as the snow-crystals are, they are not more so than many of the shells which are found on the seashore and on the banks of large rivers. None but those who have paid some attention to conchology can fully appreciate this fact, or form any approximate idea of the pains taken by the Creator in at once adorning and protecting creatures which, were they not thus distinguished, would often seem unworthy of the least attention. Apart from the curious and interesting information which this little volume contains it is admirably calculated to dispose the youthful mind to study and reflection; and yet it is by no means what is understood by the phrase "child's book." Except the experienced naturalist or conchologist, there is no one so old or so learned but that he can pass an agreeable hour in comparing the descriptions in "Frank's Search" with the pictorial illustrations. The table of contents is well arranged, and the study of the volume is still more facilitated by an alphabetical pronouncing index.

1. *Gracie's Mission. A Tale of Norway.* By HELEN WALL PIERSON, author of "Bertha," "Edith Vaughan," &c. 18mo., pp. 255.
2. *Bessie at Stony Lonesome; or, Charlie's Mission.* By the author of "Margarethe and Waldemar." 18mo., pp. 316.
3. *Auntie's Christmas Trees. The Child's Gift-book for the Holidays.* 18mo., pp. 308. New York: Gen. Prot. Epis. S. S. Union. 1867.

It would be a superfluous task to analyze books like these; were there anything profound or complex in their construction, they would be unsuitable for the purpose for which they are designed—namely, the instruction and amusement of children. A curiously woven plot, requiring an effort of the understanding to unravel, would be a positive defect in such books; elaborate portraiture of character would be equally needless. All that is required in writing for the young is to embody good principles and useful lessons in simple but attractive language.

There may be an excess of wisdom in such books; as for philosophy, it

would be out of place. Those who would succeed in making lasting impressions on the young by means of books must, above all things, aim at simplicity in language; but this alone will not do; there must be vivacity and sprightliness. The most thoughtful child is repelled by a lugubrious style; he may listen to a dry sermon without falling asleep, but he cannot be induced to read it; if an effort is made to force him the probability is that he will take a dislike to all books.

The writers of these three volumes seem to understand all this; for they speak to the little ones, not like philosophers, or learned people, but they assume for the occasion the language and mode of thought of the children themselves, only taking care to be more correct, and more suggestive in each. Those addressed in "Grace's Mission" are not mere children; accordingly the story is constructed with more art than that of either of the other two; there is also more delineation of character, and the young reader is made to depend more on his own understanding—he has to reflect and understand more, yet by no means so much as in a novel, or in a didactic work intended for adults or even for those who are not expected to possess more than ordinary intelligence. We do not mention this as a defect; on the contrary, we regard it as a merit, since we should address all whom we would instruct in a language which is familiar to them.

On the same principle we like the two smaller books. "Bessie at Stony Lonesome" is designed for a younger class than "Grace's Mission," and it is simpler in proportion. The author is already agreeably known in connection with "Margarethe and Waldemar;" but we think the present volume will prove still more popular. In no other which we have examined for some time are the precepts of religion and morality clothed in a more attractive garb.

Although "Auntie's Christmas Trees" is intended for the holidays, it may be read with profit at any season. In none of the three do we find anything sectarian; indeed, it is characteristic of this Society to be well disposed and conciliatory toward all Christian sects; that commendable spirit pervades all its publications.

The Sabbath at Home: an Illustrated Religious Magazine for the Family.
March, 1867. Boston: American Tract Society.

Judging by the numbers we have seen, the title of this monthly describes its character without any affectation or exaggeration. The number before us contains sixty-five neatly printed double-column pages of reading matter, embracing a considerable variety of pieces in prose and poetry which

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are at once entertaining and instructive. Indeed, we do not think that any intelligent person who took up the present number of "The Sabbath at Home" and examined it carefully—not omitting to glance at its pictorial illustrations in passing—would have any hesitancy, let his theological views be what they might, in presenting it to his family as a source of useful knowledge and harmless amusement which, from its simplicity of language as well as cheapness, is within the reach of all.

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1867.

TWENTY-SECOND

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK

Life Insurance Company,

Nos. 112 and 114 Broadway.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL - - - - \$7,009,092.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

Amount of assets January 1, 1866.....	\$4,881,919 70
Amount of premiums received during 1866.....	\$2,736,062 43
Amount of interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, &c.....	352,742 04— 3,088,804 47
Total	\$7,970,724 17

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid losses by death	\$480,197 33
Paid on account of deposit for minors.....	71 44
Paid for redemption of dividends, annuities, and surrendered and canceled policies	327,878 49
Paid salaries, printing, and office expenses	91,378 95
Paid commissions and agency expenses.....	280,796 95
Paid for advertising and medical examinations.....	38,616 62
Paid taxes, Internal Revenue stamps, and law expenses...	24,007,281— 1,242,907 52
	<hr/>
	\$6,727,816 65

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW ADVERTISER.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.—(CONTINUED.)

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in bank, and deposited in the Union Trust Company	\$532,154 79
Invested in United States stocks, cost (Market value, \$2,023,753.25.)	2,099,591 94
Invested in New York City Bank stocks, cost (Market value, \$37,518.)	52,561 50
Invested in New York State stocks, cost (Market value, \$325,390.)	791,436 54
Invested in other stocks, cost (Market value, \$30,000.)	21,687 50
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks..... (Market value, \$381,526.)	344,600 00
Real estate..... (Market value, \$225,000.)	115,608 87
Bonds and mortgages.....	402,450 00
Premium notes on existing policies bearing interest.....	1,384,821 40
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums due subsequent to January 1, 1867.....	336,428 89
Accrued interest, not due, to January 1, 1867.....	54,346 25
Accrued rents, not due, to January 1, 1867.....	2,474 33
Premiums on policies in hands of agents and in course of transmission.....	289,745 35
	\$6,727,816 65

The Trustees have declared a return premium as follows: A scrip dividend of FIFTY PER CENT. upon all participating premiums on existing policies which were issued twelve months prior to January 1, 1867, and the redemption of the dividends declared in 1865.

Certificates will be redeemed in cash on and after the first MONDAY in MARCH next on presentation at the home office. Policies subject to notes will be credited with the redemption on the settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

During the year 7,296 new policies were issued, insuring \$22,734,308.

BALANCE-SHEET OF THE COMPANY JANUARY 1, 1867.

Assets as above, at cost.....	\$6,727,816 65
Market value	\$7,009,092 25
Disposed of as follows:	
Reserved for losses due subsequent to January 1, 1867.....	\$64,291 45
Reserved for reported losses, awaiting proofs, &c.	40,000 00
Amount reserved for reinsurance on all existing policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest net premium.....	4,979,867 99
Return premium, declared prior to 1864, payable on demand,	93,394 96
Return premium, 1865 [now to be paid].	331,643 56
Return premium, 1866 [present value].	429,817 86
Return premium, 1867 [present value].	597,392 00
Special reserve [not divided].....	191,408 83
Reserve undivided, reckoning securities at market value..	\$6,727,816 65
	\$472,898 75

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WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

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PHÆNIX MUTUAL

 LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF
 HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS OVER - - - - - \$1,500,000
 INCOME for the past year - - - - - \$848,607.71

DIVIDEND January 1, 1867, 50 per Cent.

EVERY POLICY ISSUED BY THE COMPANY IS NON-FORFEITING FOR THE FULL AMOUNT OF PREMIUM PAID IN EVEN DOLLARS, A LIBERALITY NOT SURPASSED BY ANY OTHER COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY HAS PAID IN LOSSES \$408,150.

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PUPILS WILL BE CHARGED FROM THE TIME OF ENTERING TO THE END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR;

for those who leave before the close a substitute will be accepted. The term for the following year will begin September 18, November 27, 1865; February 5, April 16, 1866.

Terms of Tuition:

Collegiate Department, including Latin, French, Vocal Music, and Stationery	\$200	per annum.
Academic Department, including as above	150	do
Junior Department	100	do
Infant Class	60	do
Fuel	4	do
Charge for Drawing	32	do
Charge for Oil Painting	60	do

Charges for Spanish, Italian, and German Languages, and for instrumental Music, will depend upon the terms of the Professors employed.

Admission to Lectures for Ladies not members of the Institute, \$3.

TUITION BILLS TO BE PAID EACH TERM IN ADVANCE, WITH NO DEDUCTIONS FOR ABSENCE.

A limited number of Boarding Pupils will be received at an additional charge of \$450 per annum.

The Principals assure their patrons that no effort shall be wanting to incite their pupils to diligence, and inspire them with an ardent desire for knowledge.

**CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.

Annual Income	\$6,500,000
Accumulated Assets January 1, 1867, over	\$13,000,000

Receipts during the year ending, January 1, 1867.

Premiums.....	\$5,380,894 13
Interest.....	1,125,126 74
Total.....	\$6,506,020 87

Amount of Losses paid.....	\$928,688 11
Amount of Dividends paid.....	531,458 00

The number of Policies issued during the year ending January 1, 1867, is **13,766**. After payment of the Annual Dividend to the Assured of **SIXTY PER CENT.**, and the payment of all losses during the year, the capital has increased over **Three Millions of Dollars**, being nearly **\$16,000** per day; showing a prosperity unequalled—even in its own previous history. It has now over **Forty Thousand Policy Holders**, and is the largest Company in this country.

The following letter from Bankers who are insured in the CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY shows how the promises of the CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY are performed:

TROY, October 20, 1866.

Messrs. PECK & HILLMAN, GENERAL AGENTS OF CONN. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.:

GENTLEMEN—The undersigned, policy-holders in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, feel that it is too late in the day for this Company to need any recommendation from us. Yet, in view of the fact that rival companies are jealous of her unparalleled success and are making an effort to disparage her, we take great pleasure in saying that the Connecticut Mutual has done better by us than was promised. Your representations to us have been more than realized. The non-forfeitable feature adopted by your Company—the great economy and prudence in the management of its business—the large dividends annually paid to us, and especially the sixty per cent. dividend paid this year—also the change made by which in the settlement of policies at death, not even a single note comes out of the policy—all combine to increase (if any increase is possible) our confidence in your Company. And we cheerfully recommend it to all desiring to get their lives insured. We would not change our insurance in this for one in any other company.

Respectfully yours,

JARED S. WEED, President Troy Savings Bank.
 WILLARD GAY, Cashier National State Bank, Troy.
 C. M. WELLINGTON, Cashier Manufacturers' National Bank, Troy.
 G. F. SIMS, Cashier Troy City National Bank.
 P. M. CORBIN, Cashier Union National Bank, Troy.
 S. TAPPAN, Cashier National Exchange Bank, Troy.
 J. B. KELLOGG, Cashier Central National Bank, Troy.
 F. SIMS, Cashier Merchants' and Mechanics' National Bank, Troy.
 GEORGE A. STONE, Cashier Mutual National Bank, Troy.
 C. P. WILLIAMS, Cashier National Albany Exchange Bank.
 A. WALSH, Cashier National Bank of Lansingburgh.
 C. P. HARTT, Cashier Second National Bank, New York.

This Company was organized DECEMBER, 1846, and has been in existence twenty years.

During this period it has accumulated a capital of.....	\$13,363,275 11
Has paid losses to the amount of.....	5,151,356 00
Has paid dividends to its members to the amount of.....	3,625,919 00
And has now a membership of over.....	40,000

WHY THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL SHOULD BE PREFERRED.

BECAUSE IT IS THE LARGEST, SAFEST, CHEAPEST, BEST.

It has been demonstrated to be

THE GREAT LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF THIS COUNTRY.

- I. It has the *largest* number of members.
- II. It has the *largest* amount insured.
- III. It has the *largest* surplus.
- IV. It has the *largest* divisible surplus.
- V. It has the *largest* business.
- VI. It has the *largest* income.
- VII. It has had through its whole history the *smallest* average expenses.
- VIII. It obtains the *largest* average rates of interest on its investments.
- IX. It therefore furnishes insurance at *less cost* than any other company.

All Policies issued by this Company are either non-forfeitable by their terms, or may be converted into those which are so, at the option of the insured.

None but strictly unexceptionable risks accepted; and only upon ages between YOUNG and SIXTY.

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JANUARY 1, 1867.

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III.—Mexican Antiquities.
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V.—Popular Botany.

- VI.—The Saracen Civilization in Spain.
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IV.—Food and its Preparation.

VI.—Hungary, her Literature and her Prospects.

VII.—Indecent Publications.

VIII.—Education in Congress.

IX.—Notices and Criticisms.

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Amount of Cash on hand and in bank.....	\$128,272 94
" " in hands of agents and in course of transmission.....	151,773 89
Government Stocks.....	281,562 50
Other Stocks owned by the Company. Market value.....	99,810 00
Loans on Bonds and Mortgages.....	498,184 00
Loans on United States Stocks and Bonds, payable on demand.....	106,300 00
Other property, miscellaneous items.....	148,888 70
Due for Premiums on Policies issued at Office (Fire, Inland, and Marine).....	19,575 06
Bills receivable for Premiums on Marine and Inland Navigation Risks.....	54,966 81
Interest accrued on 1st of January, 1867.....	10,412 17
Salvages on Inland Marine Losses.....	15,870 12
Claims for Losses on Reinsurance Policies in other Companies.....	5,709 20
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The lease of the Ferry to be established from the foot of Twenty-third street, North river, to Pavonia, N. J.

The said several ferry leases will be sold with all the rights, privileges, and advantages thereof, belonging to the Corporation of the city of New York.

Terms and conditions of sale may be had upon application at the Comptroller's office.

By order of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

RICHARD B. CONNOLLY,

Comptroller.

CITY OF NEW YORK, DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, }
February 14, 1867. }

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TO RENT.

The Comptroller of the city of New York will receive proposals until Saturday March 16, 1867, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the letting for one year of such wharves, piers, houses, &c., the leases of which expire May 1, 1867.

Information concerning the location of property may be had upon application to the Collector of City Revenue at this office.

By order of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

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February 14, 1867. }

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ASSETS, FEBRUARY 1, 1867.

U. S. and State Bonds (market value).....	\$352,622 00
Bonds and Mortgages.....	83,745 50
Demand Loans.....	192,855 00
Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents.....	39,198 63
Unpaid Premiums.....	19,248 16
Miscellaneous.....	53,467 65
	<hr/>
	\$741,116 94
Unsettled Losses - - - - -	29,916 94
	<hr/>
Capital and Surplus - - - - -	\$711,200 00

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ALSO, A SCRIP DIVIDEND OF (10) TEN PER CENT. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1866.

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Cash Capital,	- - - - -	\$200 000 00
Assets, May 1, 1866	- - - - -	249 320 10
Liabilities,	- - - - -	14 650 00

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Once more the editor returns his sincere thanks to the daily and weekly press for the cheering words with which it has received every number, from the first to the last issued. Among the more intelligent and respectable class of American journals we do not know a single one that has spoken of our journal in any other terms than those of approbation and encouragement; and never were cheering words more disinterestedly spoken. We are also indebted to several of the ablest journals of Great Britain, France, and British America for very flattering estimates of our labor.

EXTRACTS

From reviews and notices of our last (December, 1866) number by leading journals representing the most opposite opinions both in politics and religion.

Out of eight separate articles here we give highest credit to that upon "Indecent Publications"—the subject being the reprint, in this country, of a volume of very loose verses, entitled "Laus Veneris and other Poems and Ballads." * * * * The American publishers, who had reprinted his former books, refused to reproduce it, but another house brought it out, and the severe but justifiable criticism in this Review clearly shows what manner of book this is, thereby greatly serving the cause of morality and religion.—*Philadelphia Press*.

There is also an admirably written review of Swinburne's works, of proper tone and style; and the notices of new books are written in a spirit of fairness which is refreshing when seen in a Northern magazine. We shall make some extracts from these at another time.—*Richmond Examiner*.

"Indecent Publications"—a scathing review of Laus Veneris. This Review is always brilliant, fearless, and aggressive, and is one of the most thoroughly American of our periodicals.—*New York Citizen*.

The Acquisition of Knowledge Impeded by our Legislators, a sharp and able attack on the high taxes and other impediments to the cheapness and consequent general publication and circulation of books in our country; Indecent Publications, a very severe review of Swinburne's Laus Veneris.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

It is sufficient to say of the *National* that it fully sustains its well-earned reputation, and that its caustic articles upon insurance are worth twice its price to the underwriters of this country. The manner in which this topic is treated in the present number we commend to the especial consideration of Mr. Morgan. It solves the seeming paradox—at least so far as that gentleman is concerned—that ingestible proverber may sometimes become "wholesome witties."—*Baltimore Underwriter*.

It is rich in stores of learning and criticism. * * * The more we see it the more highly we think of it.—*Cleveland Christian Standard*.

The December number of the *National Quarterly Review* contains an able and instructive article on this subject. We have read it with infinite pleasure, and cannot withhold our highest praise for the fearless and thorough exposure of the motives which could actuate publishers in such flagrant violations of public decency as issuing from their press the abominable tissue of obscenity and dulness to which Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne has given the title "Laus Veneris and other Poems and Ballads."—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

This Review comes to us, as of old, with its well-known marks of interest and power. Its independent position should recommend it to all scholars, who will find in its pages ample food for thought.—*N. Y. Protestant Churchman*.

The seventh article, evidently from the pen of Mr. Sears, is just what we would expect from the high character of the reviewer and the trenchant impartiality of his criticisms. We are glad to find the first review in the country denouncing, in fitting terms, the flight to the American public, which is couched in the issuance of indecent publications. It deserves the gratitude of every man and woman who reveres literature, and who could not, without sorrow, see it degraded into a handmaiden of vice.—*N. Y. Metropolitan Record*.

We can commend it to our friends with sincerity as the best source of instruction and entertainment of a high order of literary and practical impulses that we know of at the same or even any cost. We have no personal acquaintance with its able editor, who is also proprietor, nor with his antecedents, but he seems to have launched his own bark at his own hazard, and conscious of his own ability to navigate it, with a studious eye to the good of his readers as the polar star of his individual interests in it. For all this daring we honor him. And to say that his readers have thus far had a satisfactory success in it is what we are sure of; and we hope that the infatigable editor has found his individual recompense also in labor well performed for the public advancement in useful knowledge and liberal, tolerant, catholic views.—*Portland Advertiser*.

The *National Quarterly* very good-humoredly criticises two of the "war" books* which have recently appeared, and takes the opportunity of exposing the ignorance of those who attempt to describe the manners of the Southern people with no better knowledge than they could obtain in the course of a "great march" or hurried "raid."—*Charleston Mercury*.

The seventh article, while condemning Swinburne, denounces his American publisher, Mr. Carleton, as an offender against public morals. The truth is, our critics have confined their attention too closely to authors. The public ought to be warned against the publisher who will issue an immoral book. * * * * The Review is always sound, moral, and conservative in its principles and teachings.—*The Home Monthly*.

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